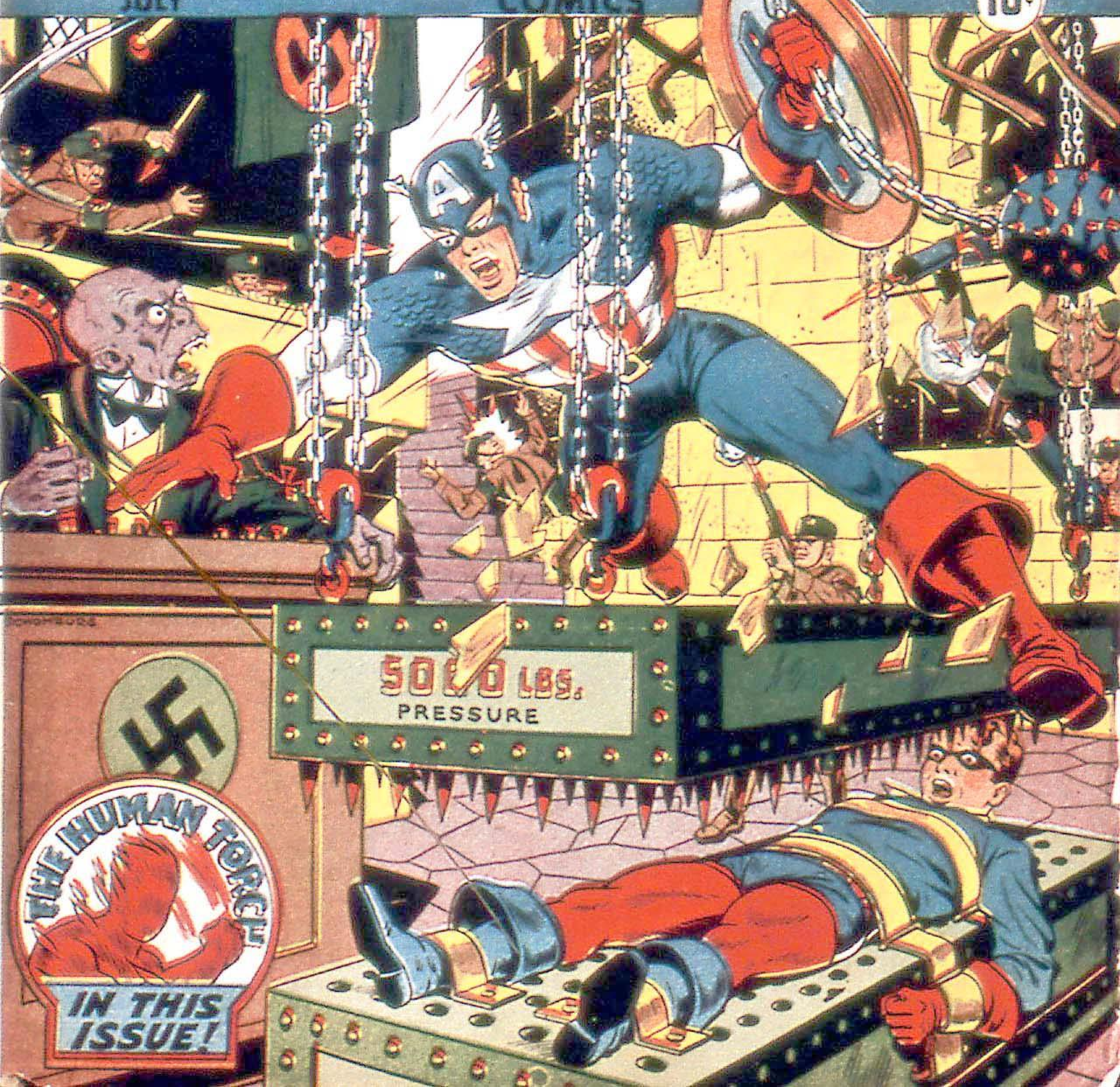
NO. 28

CAPTAIN AMERICA

JULY COMICS 10¢


5000 LBS. PRESSURE
THE HUMAN TORCH
IN THIS ISSUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

Vince Fago,
Managing Editor

Number 28

Syd Shores
Associate Editor

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

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MORE THRILLING
ADVENTURES OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY
also APPPEAR
in
U.S.A. COMICS
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
10¢

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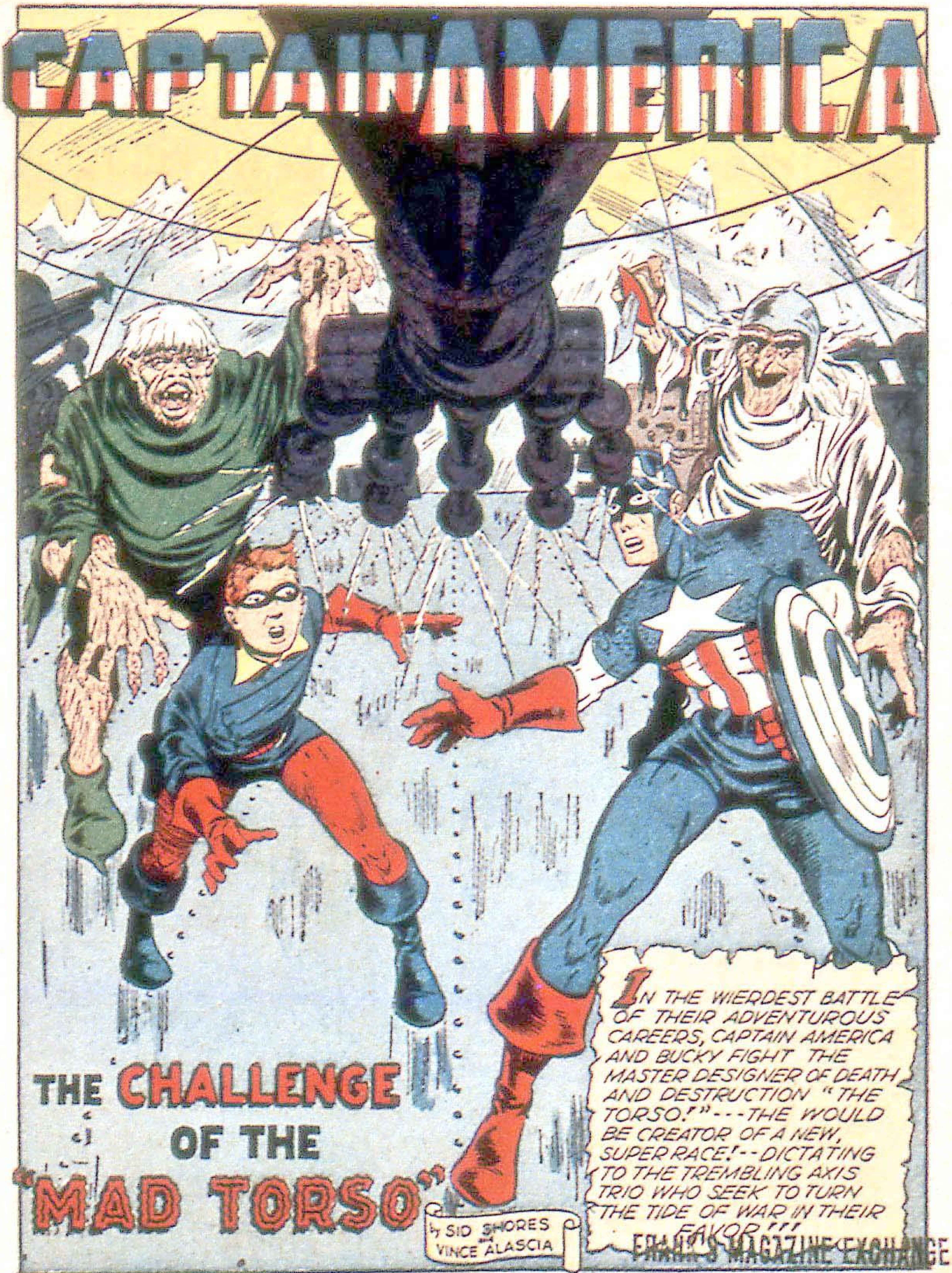
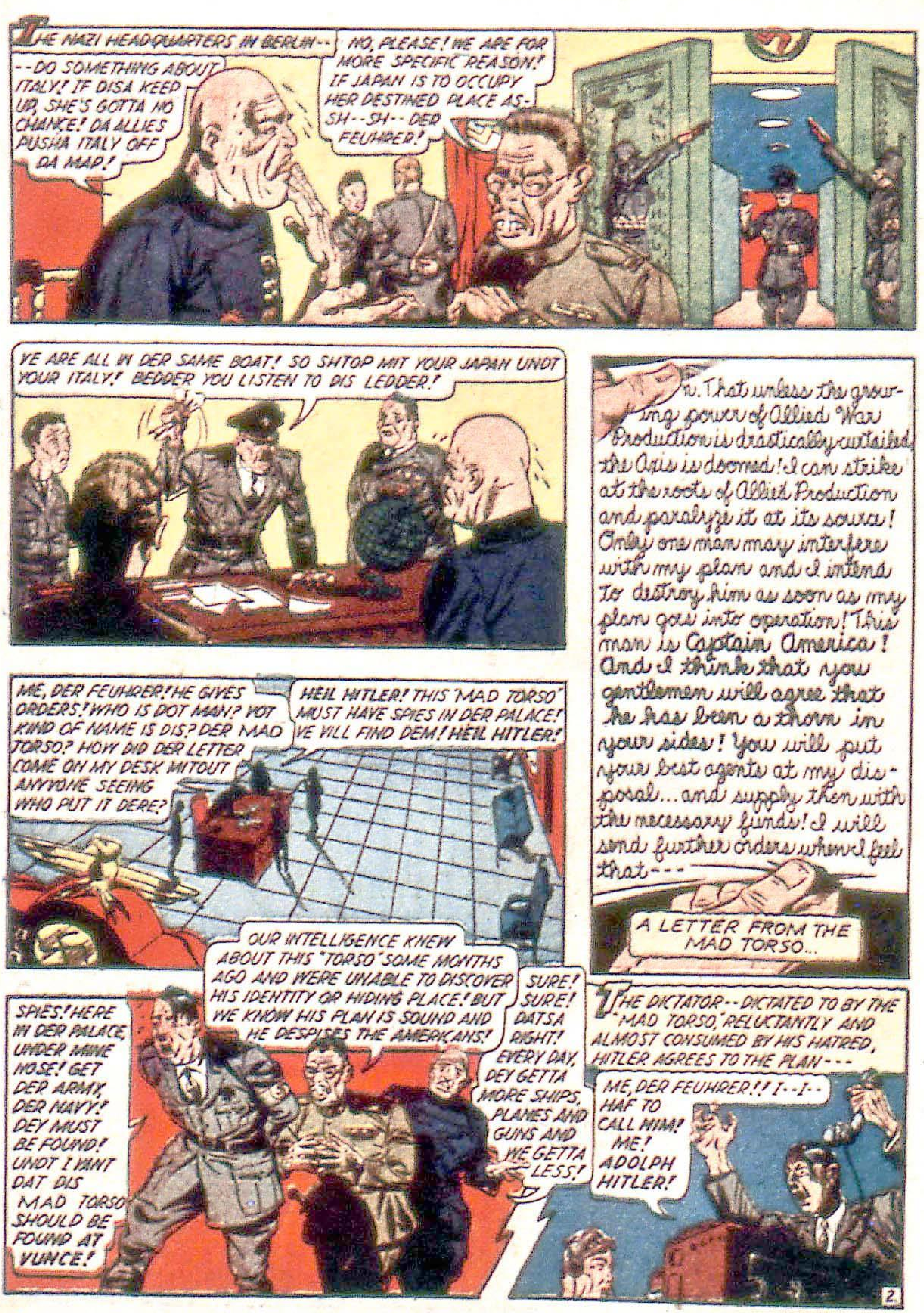
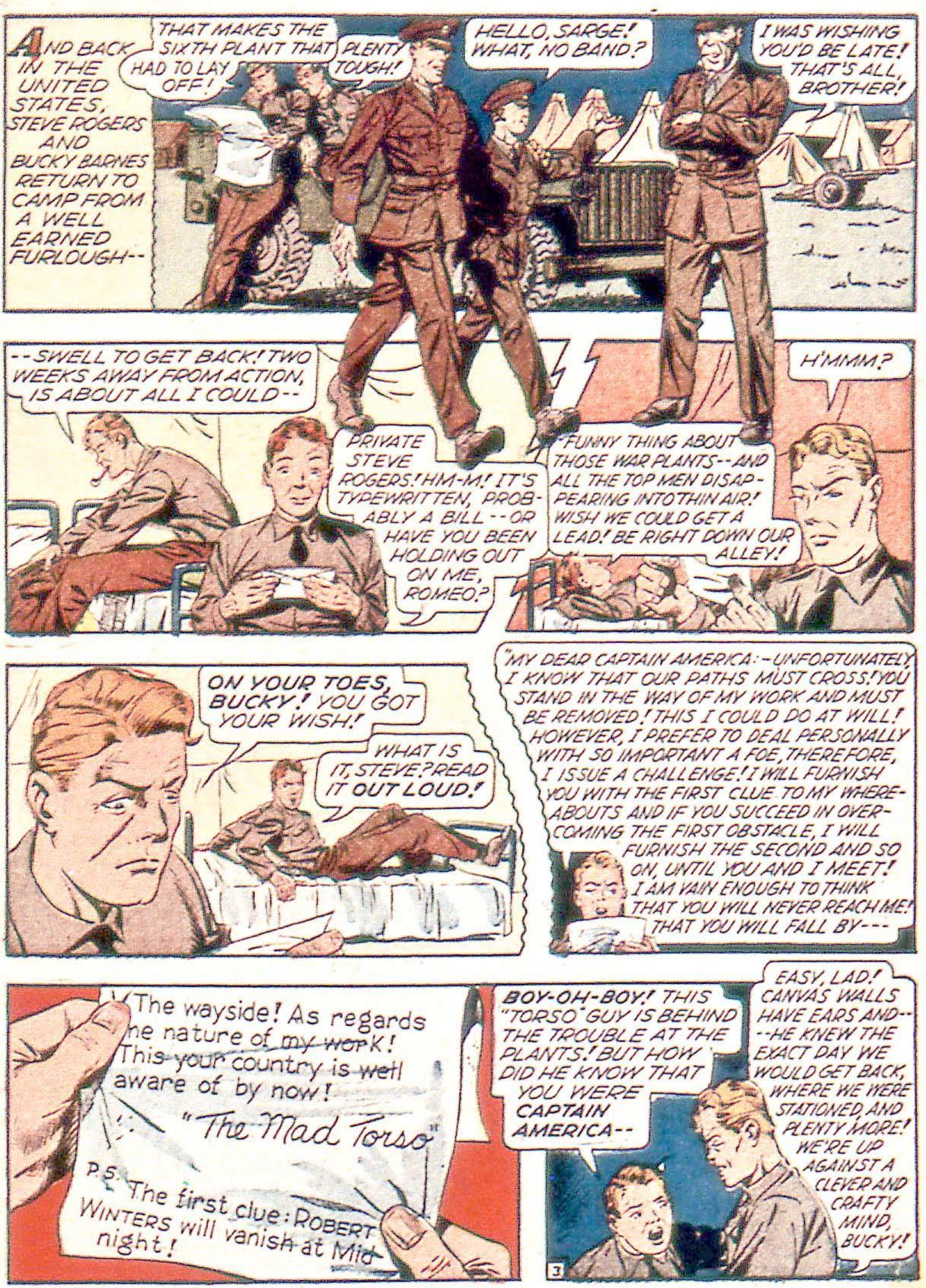

CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE CHALLENGE OF THE "MAD TORSO"
by SID SHORES & VINCE ALASCIA
IN THE WIERDEST BATTLE OF THEIR ADVENTUROUS CAREERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIGHT THE MASTER DESIGNER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION "THE TORSO!"---THE WOULD BE CREATOR OF A NEW, SUPER RACE!--DICTATING TO THE TREMBLING AXIS TRIO WHO SEEK TO TURN THE TIDE OF WAR IN THEIR FAVOR!!!

FRANK'S MAGAZINE EXCHANGE
MODEL SUPPLIES


THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN--
--DO SOMETHING ABOUT ITALY! IF DISA KEEP UP, SHE'S GOTTA NO CHANCE! DA ALLIES PUSHA ITALY OFF DA MAP!
NO, PLEASE! WE ARE FOR MORE SPECIFIC REASON! IF JAPAN IS TO OCCUPY HER DESTINED PLACE AS-SH--SH-- DER FEUHRER!
VE ARE ALL IN DER SAME BOAT! SO SHTOP MIT YOUR JAPAN UNDT YOUR ITALY! BEDDER YOU LISTEN TO DIS LEDDER!
n. That unless the growing power of Allied War Production is drastically curtailed the Axis is doomed! I can strike at the roots of Allied Production and paralyze it at its source! Only one man may interfere with my plan and I intend to destroy him as soon as my plan goes into operation! This man is Captain America! And I think that you gentlemen will agree that he has been a thorn in your sides! You will put your best agents at my disposal... and supply them with the necessary funds! I will send further orders when I feel that---
A LETTER FROM THE MAD TORSO...
ME, DER FEUHRER! HE GIVES ORDERS! WHO IS DOT MAN? VOT KIND OF NAME IS DIS? DER MAD TORSO? HOW DID DER LETTER COME ON MY DESK MITOUT ANYONE SEEING WHO PUT IT DERE?
HEIL HITLER! THIS "MAD TORSO" MUST HAVE SPIES IN DER PALACE! VE VILL FIND DEM! HEIL HITLER!
SPIES! HERE IN DER PALACE, UNDER MINE NOSE! GET DER ARMY, DER NAVY! DEY MUST BE FOUND! UNDT I VANT DAT DIS MAD TORSO SHOULD BE FOUND AT VUNCE!
OUR INTELLIGENCE KNEW ABOUT THIS "TORSO" SOME MONTHS AGO AND WERE UNABLE TO DISCOVER HIS IDENTITY OR HIDING PLACE! BUT WE KNOW HIS PLAN IS SOUND AND HE DESPISES THE AMERICANS!
SURE! SURE! DATSA RIGHT! EVERY DAY, DEY GETTA MORE SHIPS, PLANES AND GUNS AND WE GETTA LESS!
THE DICTATOR--DICTATED TO BY THE "MAD TORSO," RELUCTANTLY AND ALMOST CONSUMED BY HIS HATRED, HITLER AGREES TO THE PLAN---
ME, DER FEUHRER!! I--I-- HAF TO CALL HIM! ME! ADOLPH HITLER!

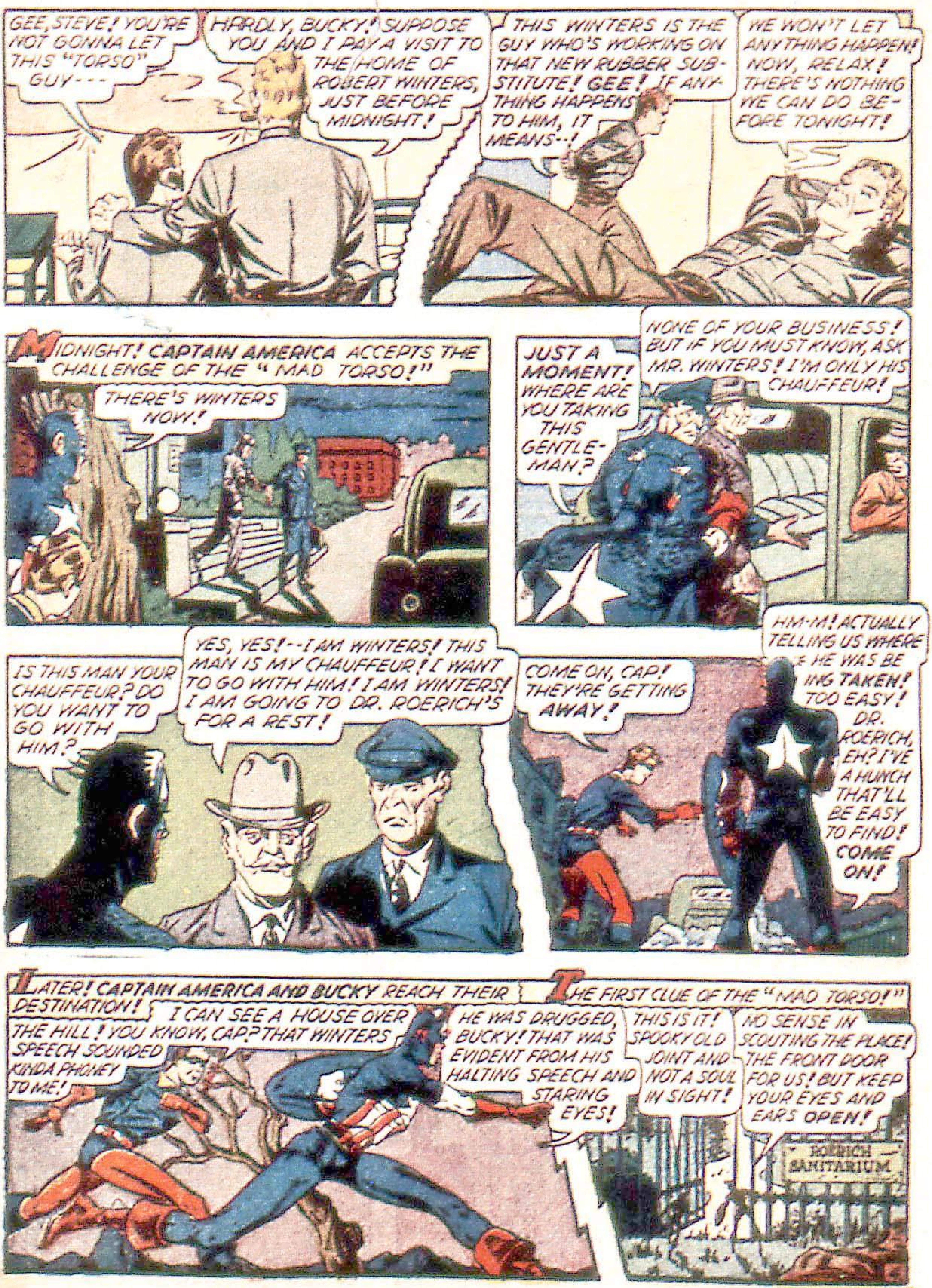

AND BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES RETURN TO CAMP FROM A WELL EARNED FURLOUGH--
THAT MAKES THE SIXTH PLANT THAT HAD TO LAY OFF!
PLENTY TOUGH!
HELLO, SARGE! WHAT, NO BAND?
I WAS WISHING YOU'D BE LATE! THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!
--SWELL TO GET BACK! TWO WEEKS AWAY FROM ACTION, IS ABOUT ALL I COULD--
PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS! HM-M! IT'S TYPEWRITTEN, PROBABLY A BILL--OR HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME, ROMEO?
H'MMM?
FUNNY THING ABOUT THOSE WAR PLANTS--AND ALL THE TOP MEN DISAPPEARING INTO THIN AIR! WISH WE COULD GET A LEAD! BE RIGHT DOWN OUR ALLEY!
ON YOUR TOES, BUCKY! YOU GOT YOUR WISH!
WHAT IS IT, STEVE? READ IT OUT LOUD!
"MY DEAR CAPTAIN AMERICA:--UNFORTUNATELY, I KNOW THAT OUR PATHS MUST CROSS! YOU STAND IN THE WAY OF MY WORK AND MUST BE REMOVED! THIS I COULD DO AT WILL! HOWEVER, I PREFER TO DEAL PERSONALLY WITH SO IMPORTANT A FOE, THEREFORE, I ISSUE A CHALLENGE! I WILL FURNISH YOU WITH THE FIRST CLUE TO MY WHEREABOUTS AND IF YOU SUCCEED IN OVERCOMING THE FIRST OBSTACLE, I WILL FURNISH THE SECOND AND SO ON, UNTIL YOU AND I MEET! I AM VAIN ENOUGH TO THINK THAT YOU WILL NEVER REACH ME! THAT YOU WILL FALL BY---

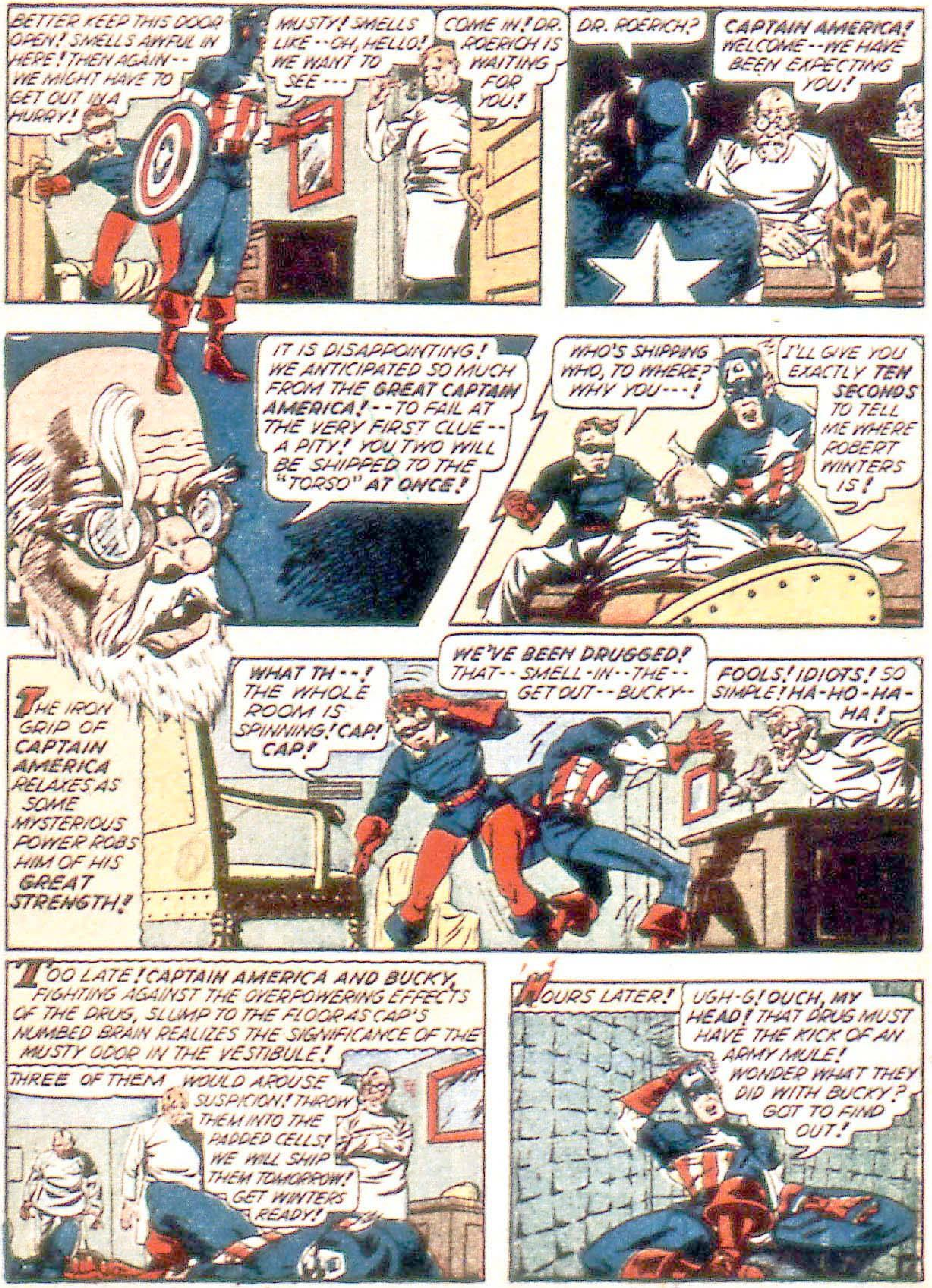
The wayside! As regards the nature of my work! This your country is well aware of by now!

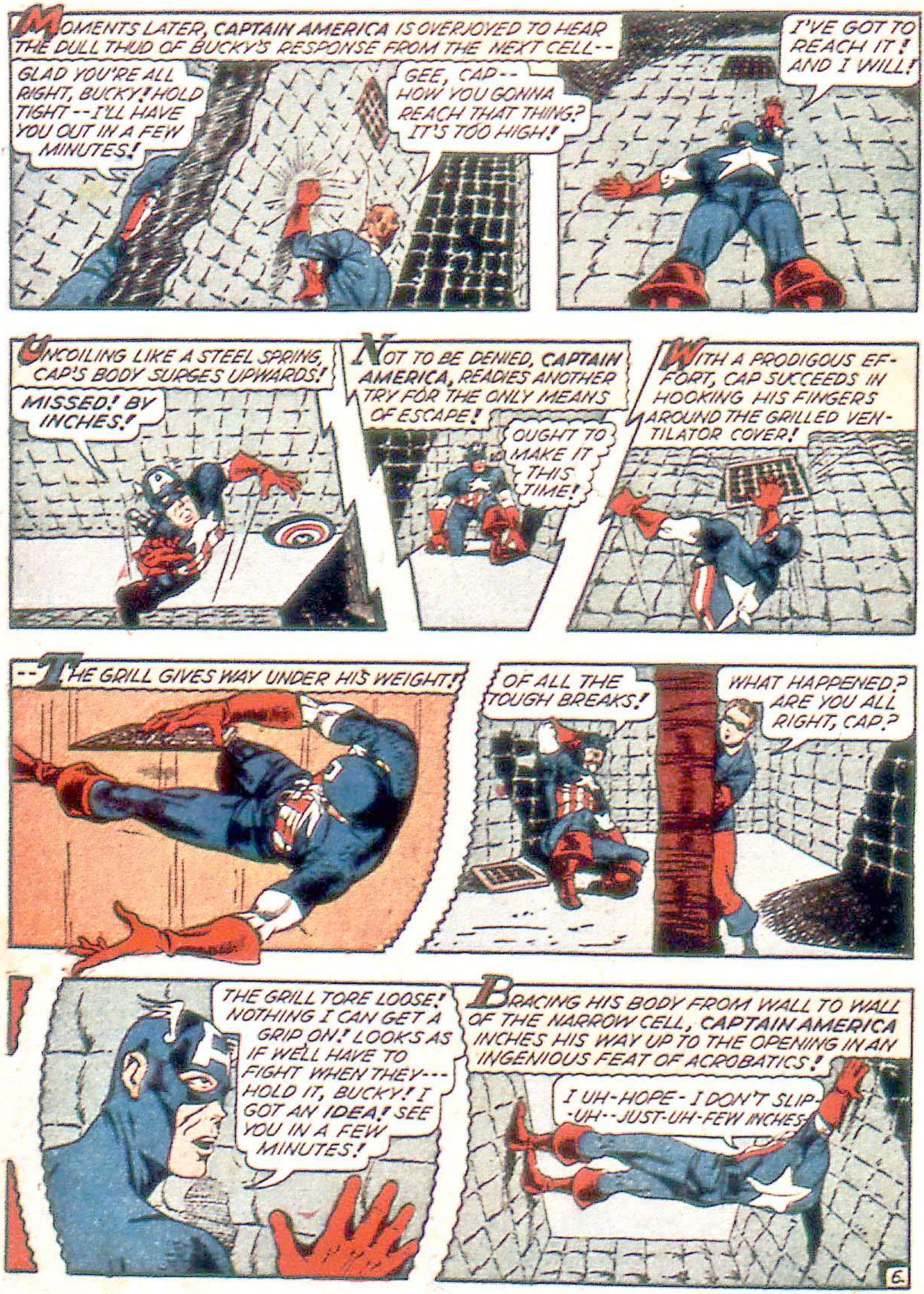
"The Mad Torso"

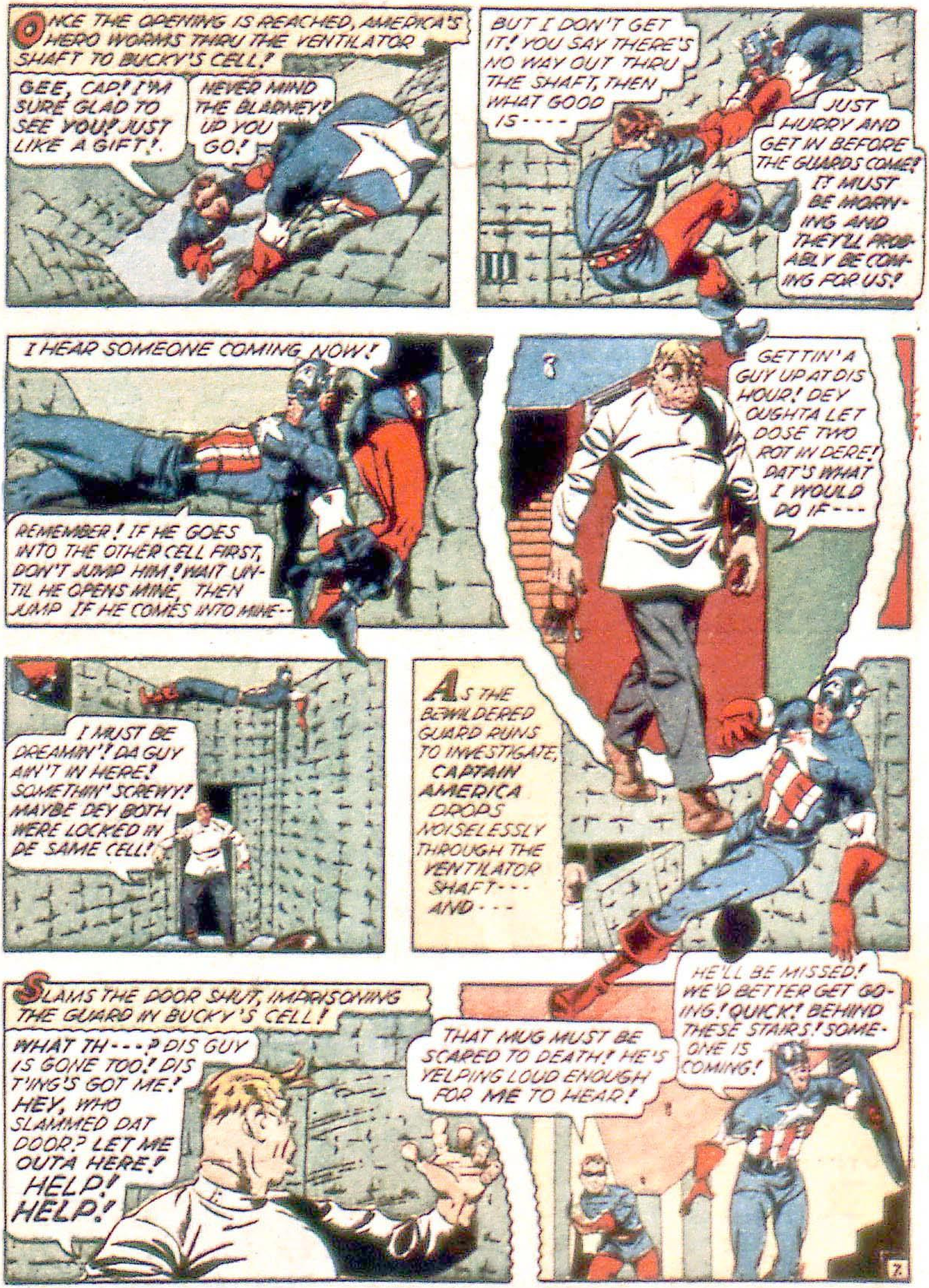
P.S. The first clue: ROBERT WINTERS will vanish at Midnight!

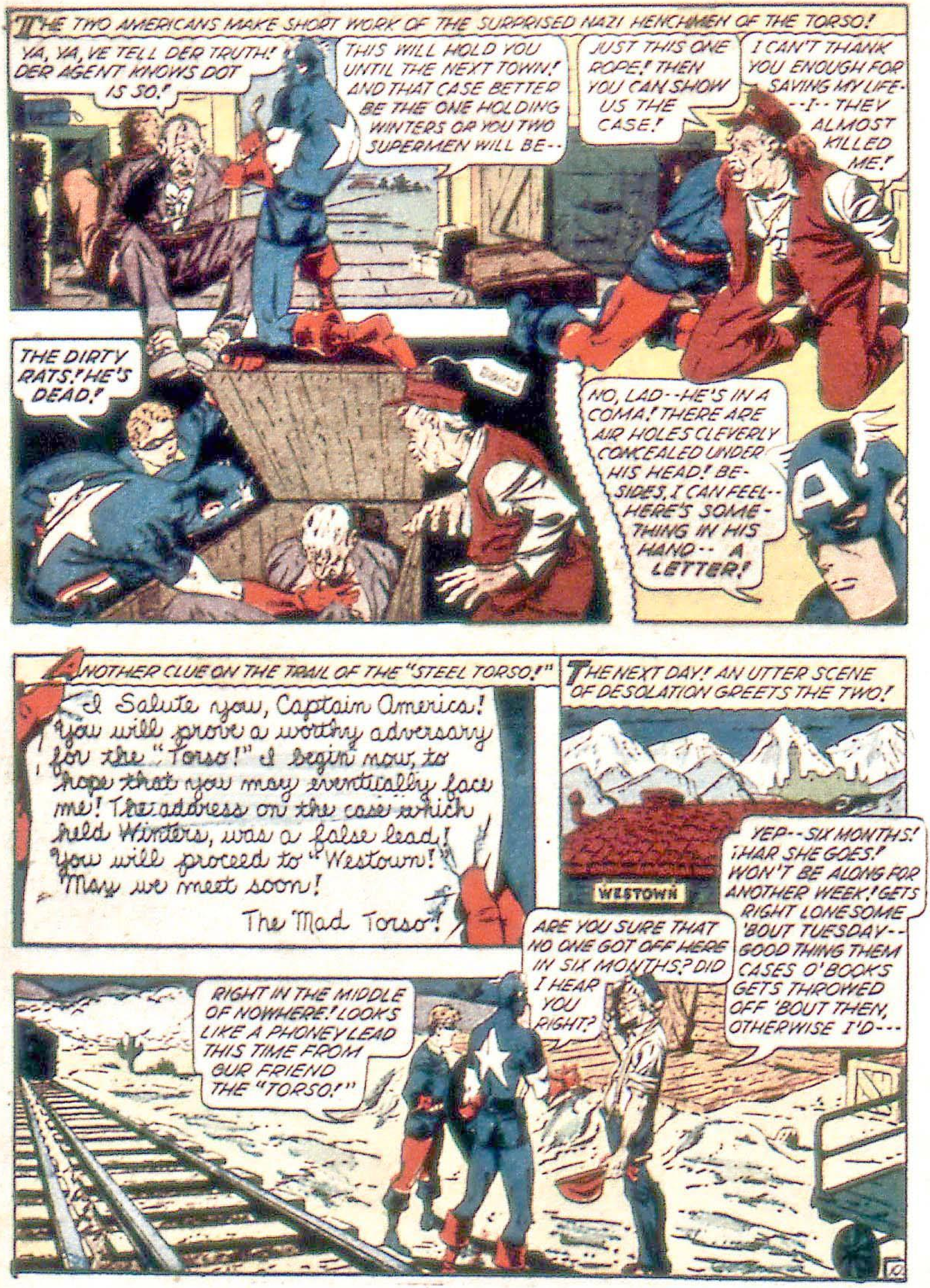
BOY-OH-BOY! THIS "TORSO" GUY IS BEHIND THE TROUBLE AT THE PLANTS! BUT HOW DID HE KNOW THAT YOU WERE CAPTAIN AMERICA--
EASY, LAD! CANVAS WALLS HAVE EARS AND----HE KNEW THE EXACT DAY WE WOULD GET BACK, WHERE WE WERE STATIONED AND PLENTY MORE! WE'RE UP AGAINST A CLEVER AND CRAFTY MIND, BUCKY!

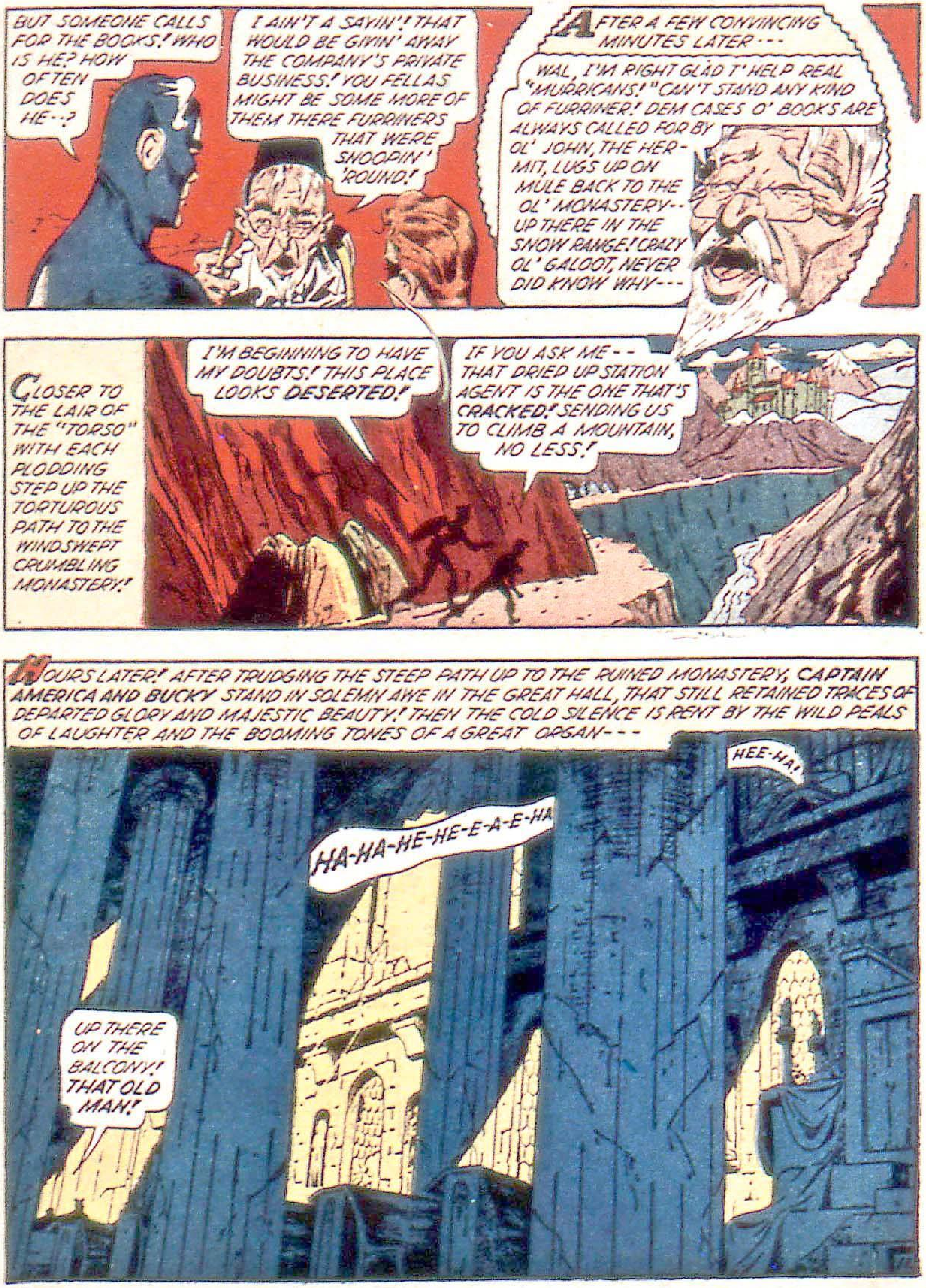

GEE, STEVE! YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET THIS "TORSO" GUY---
HARDLY, BUCKY! SUPPOSE YOU AND I PAY A VISIT TO THE HOME OF ROBERT WINTERS, JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT!
THIS WINTERS IS THE GUY WHO'S WORKING ON THAT NEW RUBBER SUBSTITUTE! GEE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, IT MEANS--!
WE WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN! NOW, RELAX! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BEFORE TONIGHT!
MIDNIGHT! CAPTAIN AMERICA ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE OF THE "MAD TORSO!"
THERE'S WINTERS NOW!
JUST A MOMENT! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THIS GENTLEMAN?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! BUT IF YOU MUST KNOW, ASK MR. WINTERS! I'M ONLY HIS CHAUFFEUR!
IS THIS MAN YOUR CHAUFFEUR? DO YOU WANT TO GO WITH HIM?
YES, YES!--I AM WINTERS! THIS MAN IS MY CHAUFFEUR! I WANT TO GO WITH HIM! I AM WINTERS! I AM GOING TO DR. ROERICH'S FOR A REST!
COME ON, CAP! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
HM-M! ACTUALLY TELLING US WHERE HE WAS BEING TAKEN! TOO EASY! DR. ROERICH, EH? I'VE A HUNCH THAT'LL BE EASY TO FIND! COME ON!
LATER! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH THEIR DESTINATION!
I CAN SEE A HOUSE OVER THE HILL! YOU KNOW, CAP? THAT WINTERS SPEECH SOUNDED KINDA PHONEY TO ME!
HE WAS DRUGGED, BUCKY! THAT WAS EVIDENT FROM HIS HALTING SPEECH AND STARING EYES!
THE FIRST CLUE OF THE "MAD TORSO!"
THIS IS IT! SPOOKY OLD JOINT AND NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!
NO SENSE IN SCOUTING THE PLACE! THE FRONT DOOR FOR US! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN!
ROERICH SANITARIUM

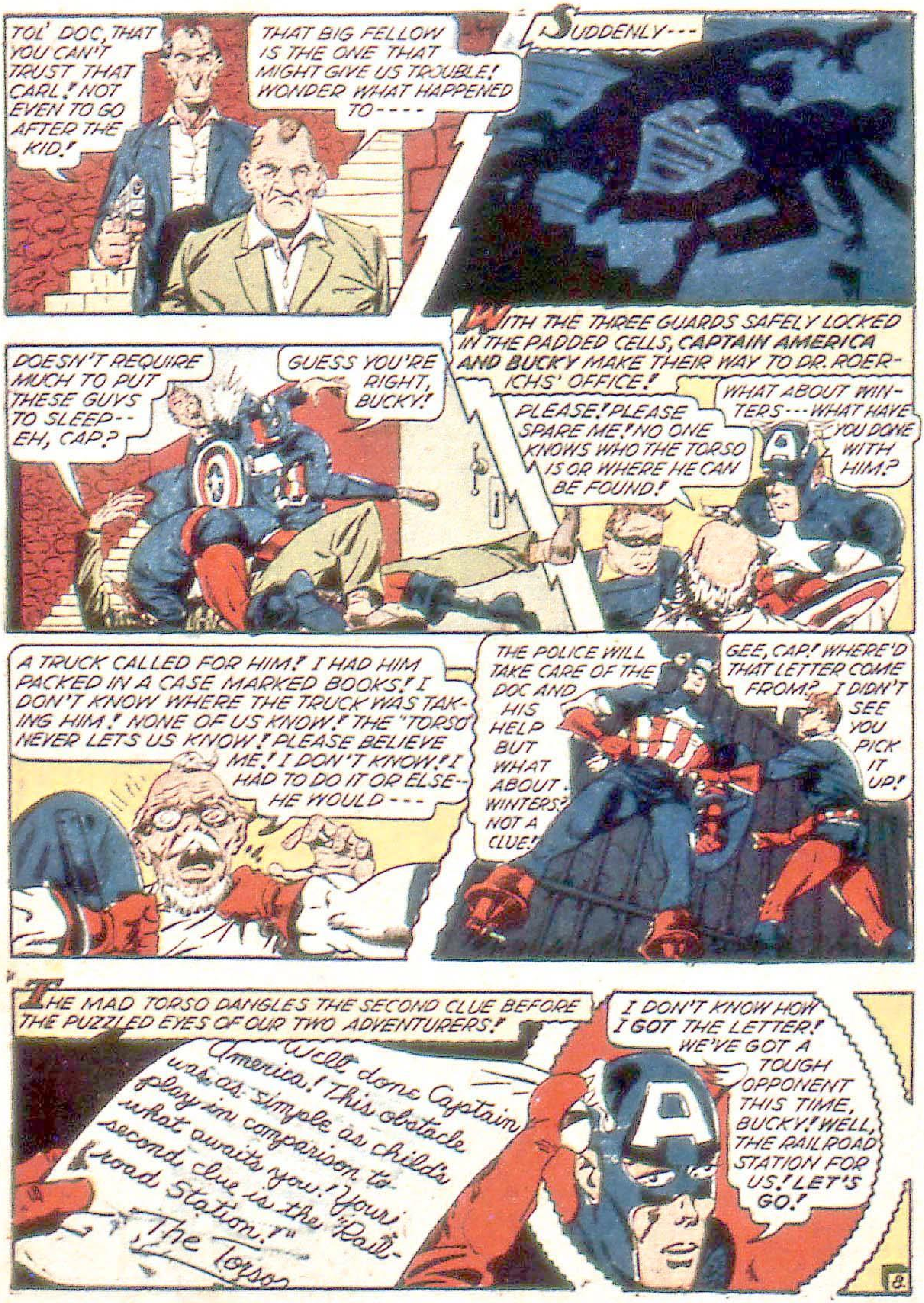

BETTER KEEP THIS DOOR OPEN! SMELLS AWFUL IN HERE! THEN AGAIN-- WE MIGHT HAVE TO GET OUT IN A HURRY!
MUSTY! SMELLS LIKE--OH, HELLO! WE WANT TO SEE---
COME IN! DR. ROERICH IS WAITING FOR YOU!
DR. ROERICH?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! WELCOME--WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
IT IS DISAPPOINTING! WE ANTICIPATED SO MUCH FROM THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA!--TO FAIL AT THE VERY FIRST CLUE-- A PITY! YOU TWO WILL BE SHIPPED TO THE "TORSO" AT ONCE!
WHO'S SHIPPING WHO, TO WHERE? WHY YOU---!
I'LL GIVE YOU EXACTLY TEN SECONDS TO TELL ME WHERE ROBERT WINTERS IS!
THE IRON GRIP OF CAPTAIN AMERICA RELAXES AS SOME MYSTERIOUS POWER ROBS HIM OF HIS GREAT STRENGTH!
WHAT TH--! THE WHOLE ROOM IS SPINNING! CAP! CAP!
WE'VE BEEN DRUGGED! THAT--SMELL-IN--THE-- GET OUT--BUCKY--
FOOLS! IDIOTS! SO SIMPLE! HA-HO-HA-HA!
TOO LATE! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, FIGHTING AGAINST THE OVERPOWERING EFFECTS OF THE DRUG, SLUMP TO THE FLOOR AS CAP'S NUMBED BRAIN REALIZES THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MUSTY ODOR IN THE VESTIBULE!
THREE OF THEM WOULD AROUSE SUSPICION! THROW THEM INTO THE PADDED CELLS! WE WILL SHIP THEM TOMORROW! GET WINTERS READY!
HOURS LATER!
UGH-G! OUCH, MY HEAD! THAT DRUG MUST HAVE THE KICK OF AN ARMY MULE! WONDER WHAT THEY DID WITH BUCKY? GOT TO FIND OUT!

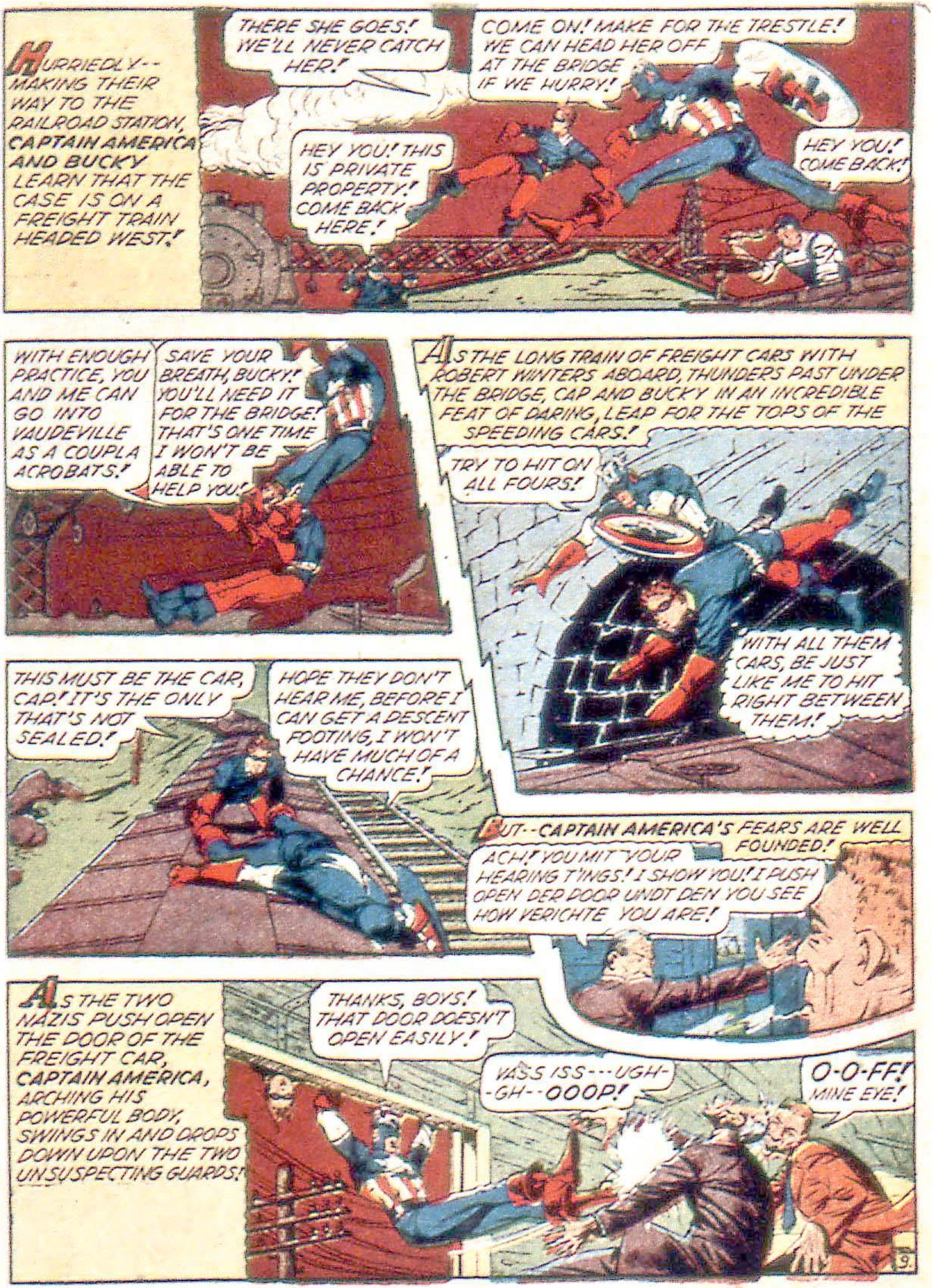

MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS OVERJOYED TO HEAR THE DULL THUD OF BUCKY'S RESPONSE FROM THE NEXT CELL--
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BUCKY! HOLD TIGHT--I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A FEW MINUTES!
GEE, CAP-- HOW YOU GONNA REACH THAT THING? IT'S TOO HIGH!
I'VE GOT TO REACH IT! AND I WILL!
UNCOILING LIKE A STEEL SPRING, CAP'S BODY SURGES UPWARDS!
MISSED! BY INCHES!
NOT TO BE DENIED, CAPTAIN AMERICA, READIES ANOTHER TRY FOR THE ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE!
OUGHT TO MAKE IT THIS TIME!
WITH A PRODIGOUS EFFORT, CAP SUCCEEDS IN HOOKING HIS FINGERS AROUND THE GRILLED VENTILATOR COVER!
--THE GRILL GIVES WAY UNDER HIS WEIGHT!
OF ALL THE TOUGH BREAKS!
WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, CAP?
THE GRILL TORE LOOSE! NOTHING I CAN GET A GRIP ON! LOOKS AS IF WELL HAVE TO FIGHT WHEN THEY--- HOLD IT, BUCKY! I GOT AN IDEA! SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!
BRACING HIS BODY FROM WALL TO WALL OF THE NARROW CELL, CAPTAIN AMERICA INCHES HIS WAY UP TO THE OPENING IN AN INGENIOUS FEAT OF ACROBATICS!
I UH-HOPE- I DON'T SLIP- -UH--JUST-UH-FEW INCHES-


ONCE THE OPENING IS REACHED, AMERICA'S HERO WORMS THRU THE VENTILATOR SHAFT TO BUCKY'S CELL!
GEE, CAP! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU! JUST LIKE A GIFT!
NEVER MIND THE BLARNEY! UP YOU GO!
BUT I DON'T GET IT! YOU SAY THERE'S NO WAY OUT THRU THE SHAFT, THEN WHAT GOOD IS----
JUST HURRY AND GET IN BEFORE THE GUARDS COME! IT MUST BE MORNING AND THEY'LL PROBABLY BE COMING FOR US!
I HEAR SOMEONE COMING NOW!
REMEMBER! IF HE GOES INTO THE OTHER CELL FIRST, DON'T JUMP HIM! WAIT UNTIL HE OPENS MINE, THEN JUMP IF HE COMES INTO MINE--
GETTIN' A GUY UP AT DIS HOUR! DEY OUGHTA LET DOSE TWO ROT IN DERE! DAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO IF---
I MUST BE DREAMIN'! DA GUY AIN'T IN HERE! SOMETHIN' SCREWY! MAYBE DEY BOTH WERE LOCKED IN DE SAME CELL!
AS THE BEWILDERED GUARD RUNS TO INVESTIGATE, CAPTAIN AMERICA DROPS NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE VENTILATOR SHAFT--- AND---
SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT, IMPRISONING THE GUARD IN BUCKY'S CELL!
WHAT TH---? DIS GUY IS GONE TOO! DIS T'ING'S GOT ME! HEY, WHO SLAMMED DAT DOOR? LET ME OUTA HERE! HELP! HELP!
THAT MUG MUST BE SCARED TO DEATH! HE'S YELPING LOUD ENOUGH FOR ME TO HEAR!
HE'LL BE MISSED! WE'D BETTER GET GOING! QUICK! BEHIND THESE STAIRS! SOMEONE IS COMING!


THE TWO AMERICANS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE SURPRISED NAZI HENCHMEN OF THE TORSO!
YA, YA, VE TELL DER TRUTH! DER AGENT KNOWS DOT IS SO!
THIS WILL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE NEXT TOWN! AND THAT CASE BETTER BE THE ONE HOLDING WINTERS OR YOU TWO SUPERMEN WILL BE--
JUST THIS ONE ROPE! THEN YOU CAN SHOW US THE CASE!
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SAVING MY LIFE---I--THEY ALMOST KILLED ME!
THE DIRTY RATS! HE'S DEAD!
NO, LAD--HE'S IN A COMA! THERE ARE AIR HOLES CLEVERLY CONCEALED UNDER HIS HEAD! BESIDES, I CAN FEEL--HERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HAND-- A LETTER!
ANOTHER CLUE ON THE TRAIL OF THE "STEEL TORSO!"
I Salute you, Captain America! You will prove a worthy adversary for the "Torso!" I begin now, to hope that you may eventically face me! The address on the case which held Winters, was a false lead! You will proceed to "Westown!" May we meet soon!
The 'Mad Torso'!
THE NEXT DAY! AN UTTER SCENE OF DESOLATION GREETS THE TWO!
WESTOWN
YEP--SIX MONTHS! THAR SHE GOES! WON'T BE ALONG FOR ANOTHER WEEK! GETS RIGHT LONESOME 'BOUT TUESDAY--GOOD THING THEM CASES O' BOOKS GETS THROWED OFF 'BOUT THEN, OTHERWISE I'D---
ARE YOU SURE THAT NO ONE GOT OFF HERE IN SIX MONTHS? DID I HEAR YOU RIGHT?
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! LOOKS LIKE A PHONEY LEAD THIS TIME FROM OUR FRIEND THE "TORSO!"


BUT SOMEONE CALLS FOR THE BOOKS! WHO IS HE? HOW OFTEN DOES HE--?
I AIN'T A SAYIN'! THAT WOULD BE GIVIN' AWAY THE COMPANY'S PRIVATE BUSINESS! YOU FELLAS MIGHT BE SOME MORE OF THEM THERE FURRINERS THAT WERE SNOOPIN' 'ROUND!
AFTER A FEW CONVINCING MINUTES LATER---
WAL, I'M RIGHT GLAD T' HELP REAL "MURRICANS!" CAN'T STAND ANY KIND OF FURRINER! DEM CASES O' BOOKS ARE ALWAYS CALLED FOR BY OL' JOHN, THE HERMIT, LUGS UP ON MULE BACK TO THE OL' MONASTERY--UP THERE IN THE SNOW RANGE! CRAZY OL' GALOOT, NEVER DID KNOW WHY---
CLOSER TO THE LAIR OF THE "TORSO" WITH EACH PLODDING STEP UP THE TORTUROUS PATH TO THE WINDSWEPT CRUMBLING MONASTERY!
I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE MY DOUBTS! THIS PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!
IF YOU ASK ME--THAT DRIED UP STATION AGENT IS THE ONE THAT'S CRACKED! SENDING US TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, NO LESS!
HOURS LATER! AFTER TRUDGING THE STEEP PATH UP TO THE RUINED MONASTERY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STAND IN SOLEMN AWE IN THE GREAT HALL, THAT STILL RETAINED TRACES OF DEPARTED GLORY AND MAJESTIC BEAUTY! THEN THE COLD SILENCE IS RENT BY THE WILD PEALS OF LAUGHTER AND THE BOOMING TONES OF A GREAT ORGAN---
HEE-HA!
HA-HA-HE-HE-E-A-E-HA
UP THERE ON THE BALCONY! THAT OLD MAN!


TOL' DOC, THAT YOU CAN'T TRUST THAT CARL! NOT EVEN TO GO AFTER THE KID!
THAT BIG FELLOW IS THE ONE THAT MIGHT GIVE US TROUBLE! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO----
SUDDENLY---
DOESN'T REQUIRE MUCH TO PUT THESE GUYS TO SLEEP-- EH, CAP?
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY!
WITH THE THREE GUARDS SAFELY LOCKED IN THE PADDED CELLS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY MAKE THEIR WAY TO DR. ROERICHS' OFFICE!
WHAT ABOUT WINTERS---WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?
PLEASE! PLEASE SPARE ME! NO ONE KNOWS WHO THE TORSO IS OR WHERE HE CAN BE FOUND!
A TRUCK CALLED FOR HIM! I HAD HIM PACKED IN A CASE MARKED BOOKS! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TRUCK WAS TAKING HIM! NONE OF US KNOW! THE "TORSO" NEVER LETS US KNOW! PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I DON'T KNOW! I HAD TO DO IT OR ELSE-- HE WOULD---
THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF THE DOC AND HIS HELP BUT WHAT ABOUT WINTERS? NOT A CLUE!
GEE, CAP! WHERE'D THAT LETTER COME FROM? I DIDN'T SEE YOU PICK IT UP!
THE MAD TORSO DANGLES THE SECOND CLUE BEFORE THE PUZZLED EYES OF OUR TWO ADVENTURERS!
"Well done Captain America! This obstacle was as simple as child's play in comparison to what awaits you! Your second clue is the "Railroad Station!"
The Torso
I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THE LETTER! WE'VE GOT A TOUGH OPPONENT THIS TIME, BUCKY! WELL, THE RAILROAD STATION FOR US! LET'S GO!


HURRIEDLY--MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE RAILROAD STATION, **CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY** LEARN THAT THE CASE IS ON A FREIGHT TRAIN HEADED WEST!
THERE SHE GOES! WE'LL NEVER CATCH HER!
COME ON! MAKE FOR THE TRESTLE! WE CAN HEAD HER OFF AT THE BRIDGE IF WE HURRY!
HEY YOU! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! COME BACK HERE!
HEY YOU! COME BACK!
WITH ENOUGH PRACTICE, YOU AND ME CAN GO INTO VAUDEVILLE AS A COUPLA ACROBATS!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, BUCKY! YOU'LL NEED IT FOR THE BRIDGE! THAT'S ONE TIME I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!
AS THE LONG TRAIN OF FREIGHT CARS WITH ROBERT WINTERS ABOARD, THUNDERS PAST UNDER THE BRIDGE, CAP AND BUCKY IN AN INCREDIBLE FEAT OF DARING, LEAP FOR THE TOPS OF THE SPEEDING CARS!
TRY TO HIT ON ALL FOURS!
WITH ALL THEM CARS, BE JUST LIKE ME TO HIT RIGHT BETWEEN THEM!
THIS MUST BE THE CAR, CAP! IT'S THE ONLY THAT'S NOT SEALED!
HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR ME, BEFORE I CAN GET A DESCENT FOOTING, I WON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE!
BUT--**CAPTAIN AMERICA'S** FEARS ARE WELL FOUNDED!
ACH! YOU MIT YOUR HEARING T'INGS! I SHOW YOU! I PUSH OPEN DER DOOR UNDT DEN YOU SEE HOW VERICHTE YOU ARE!
AS THE TWO NAZIS PUSH OPEN THE DOOR OF THE FREIGHT CAR, **CAPTAIN AMERICA**, ARCHING HIS POWERFUL BODY, SWINGS IN AND DROPS DOWN UPON THE TWO UNSUSPECTING GUARDS!
THANKS, BOYS! THAT DOOR DOESN'T OPEN EASILY!
VASS ISS---UGH--GH--**OOOP!**
O-O-FF! MINE EYE!
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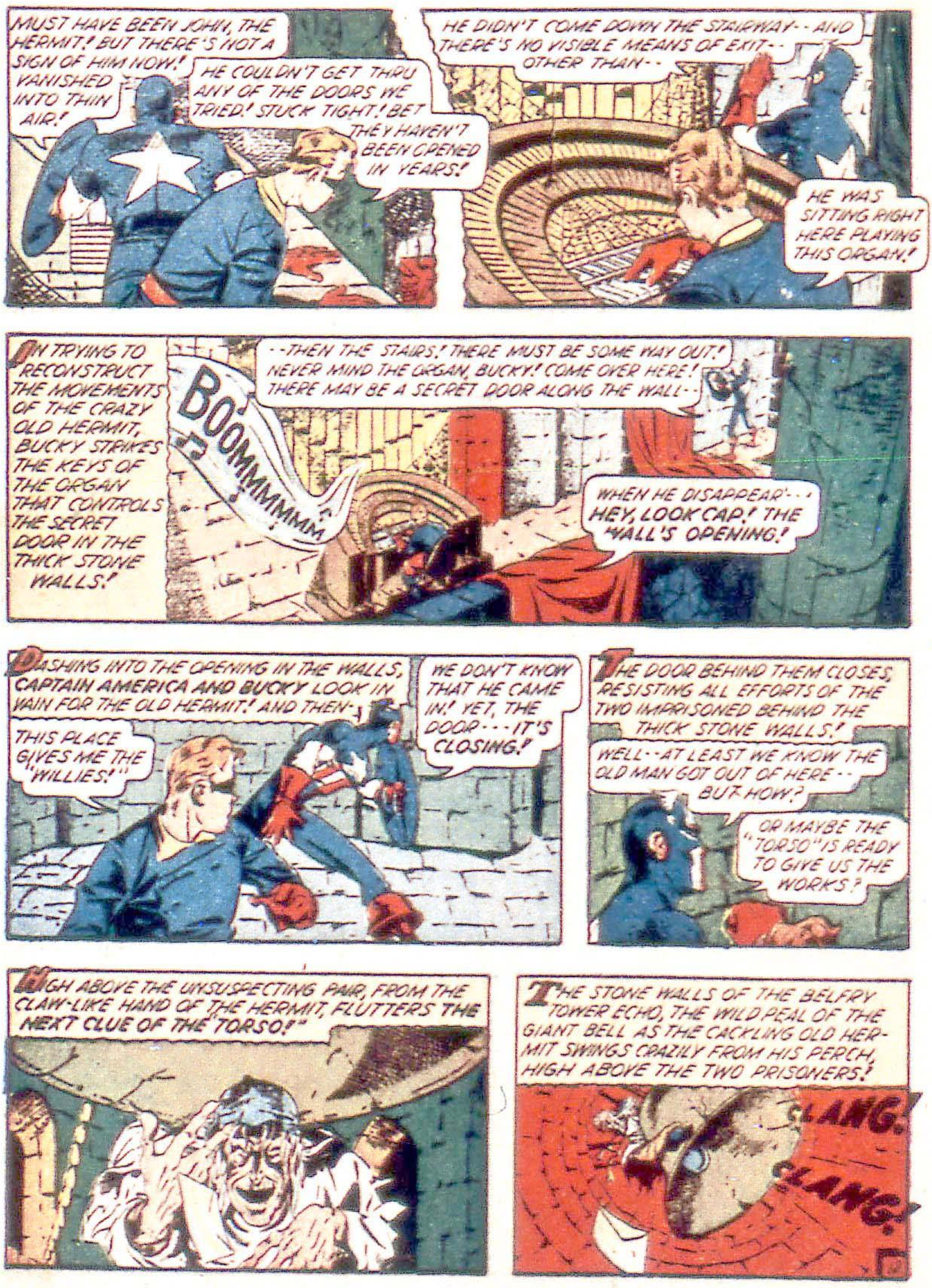
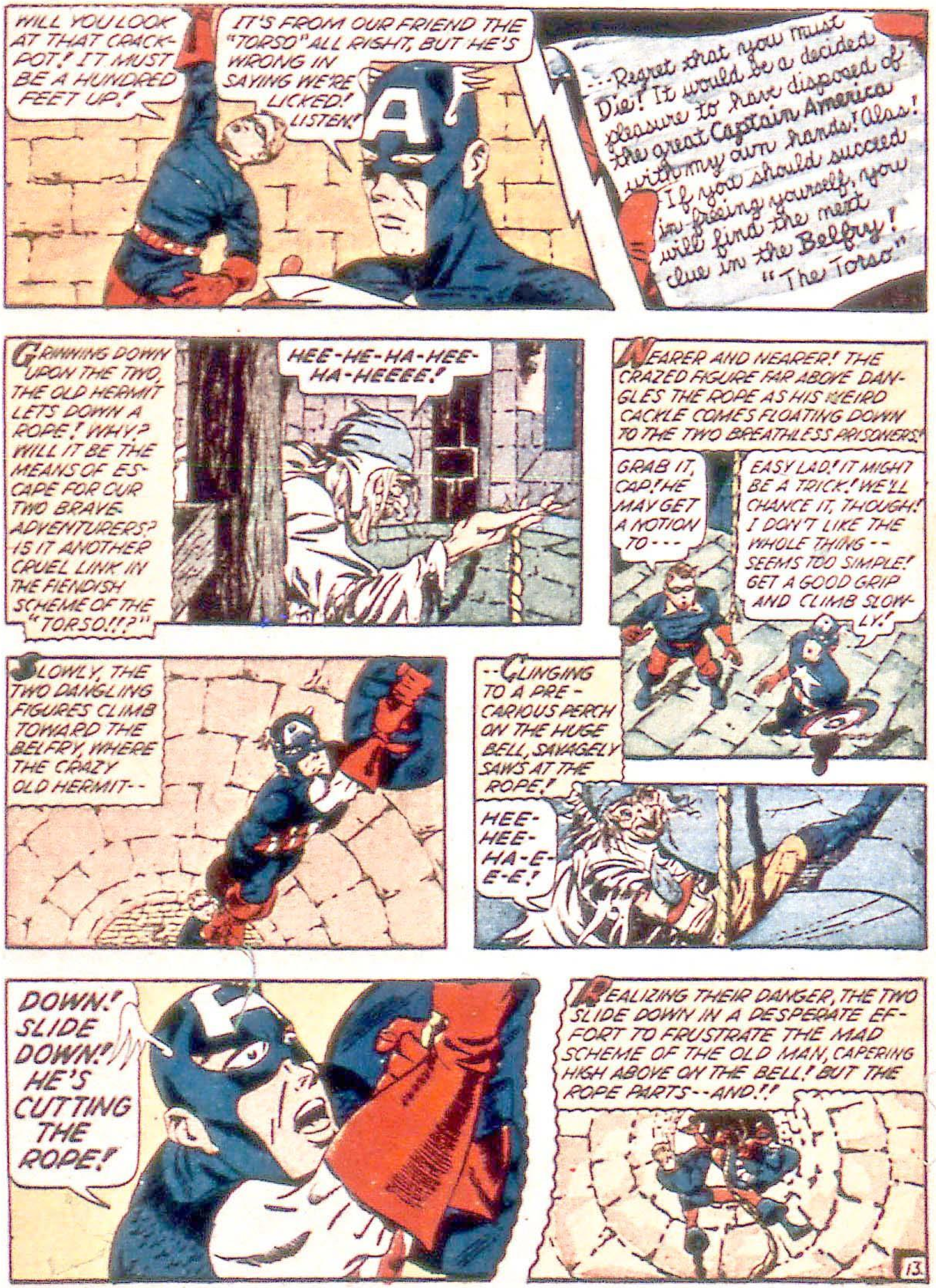
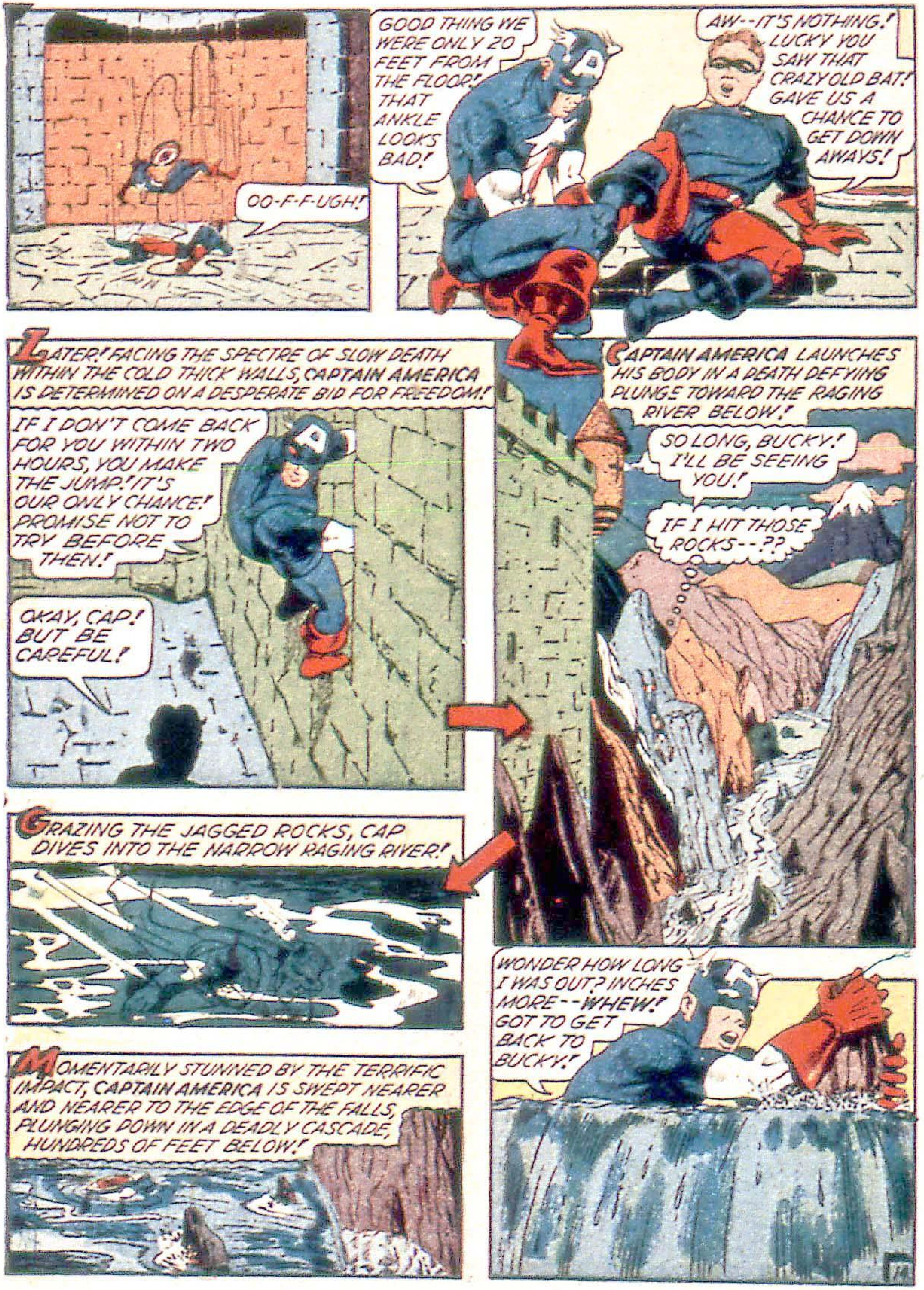
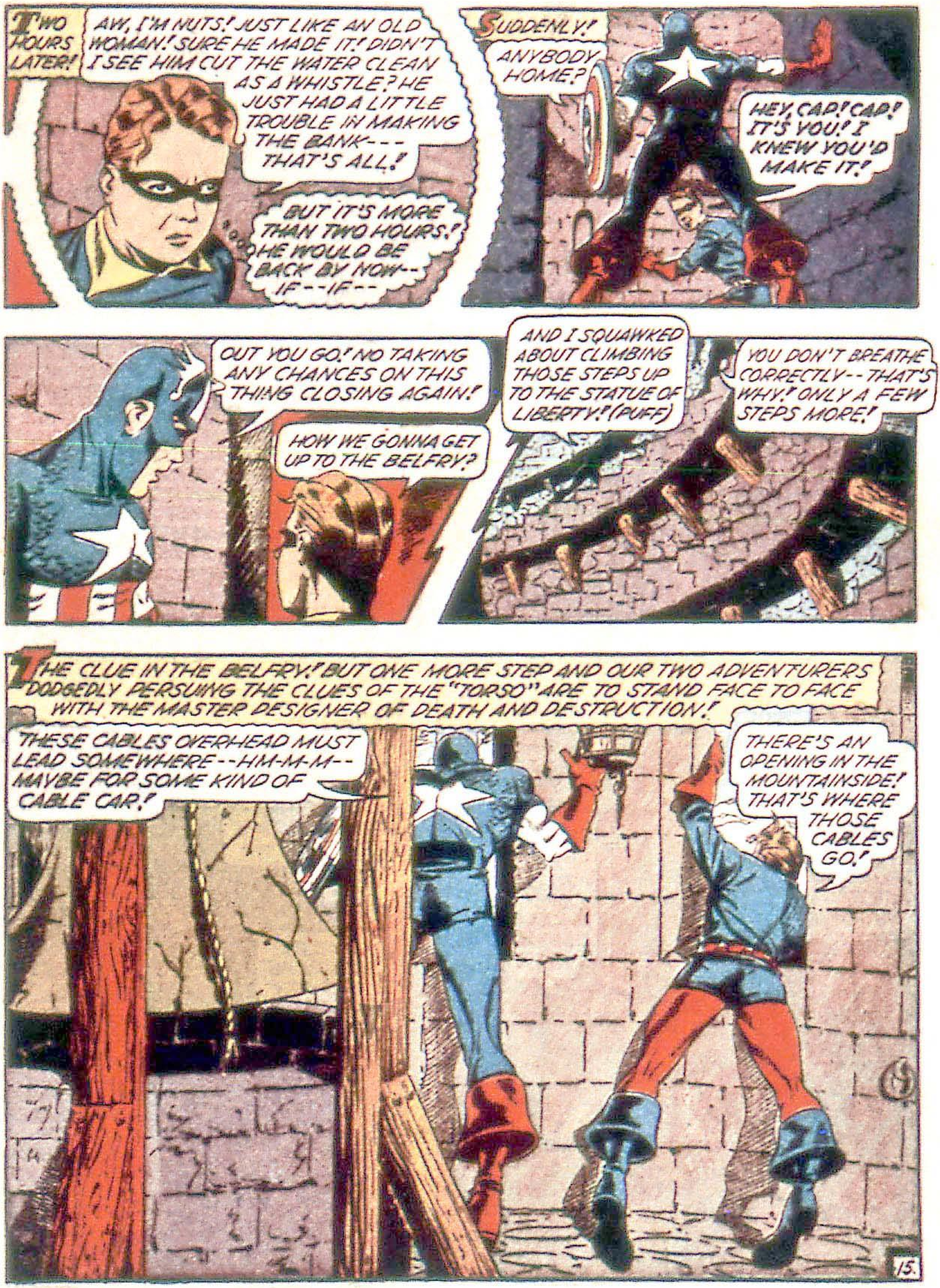
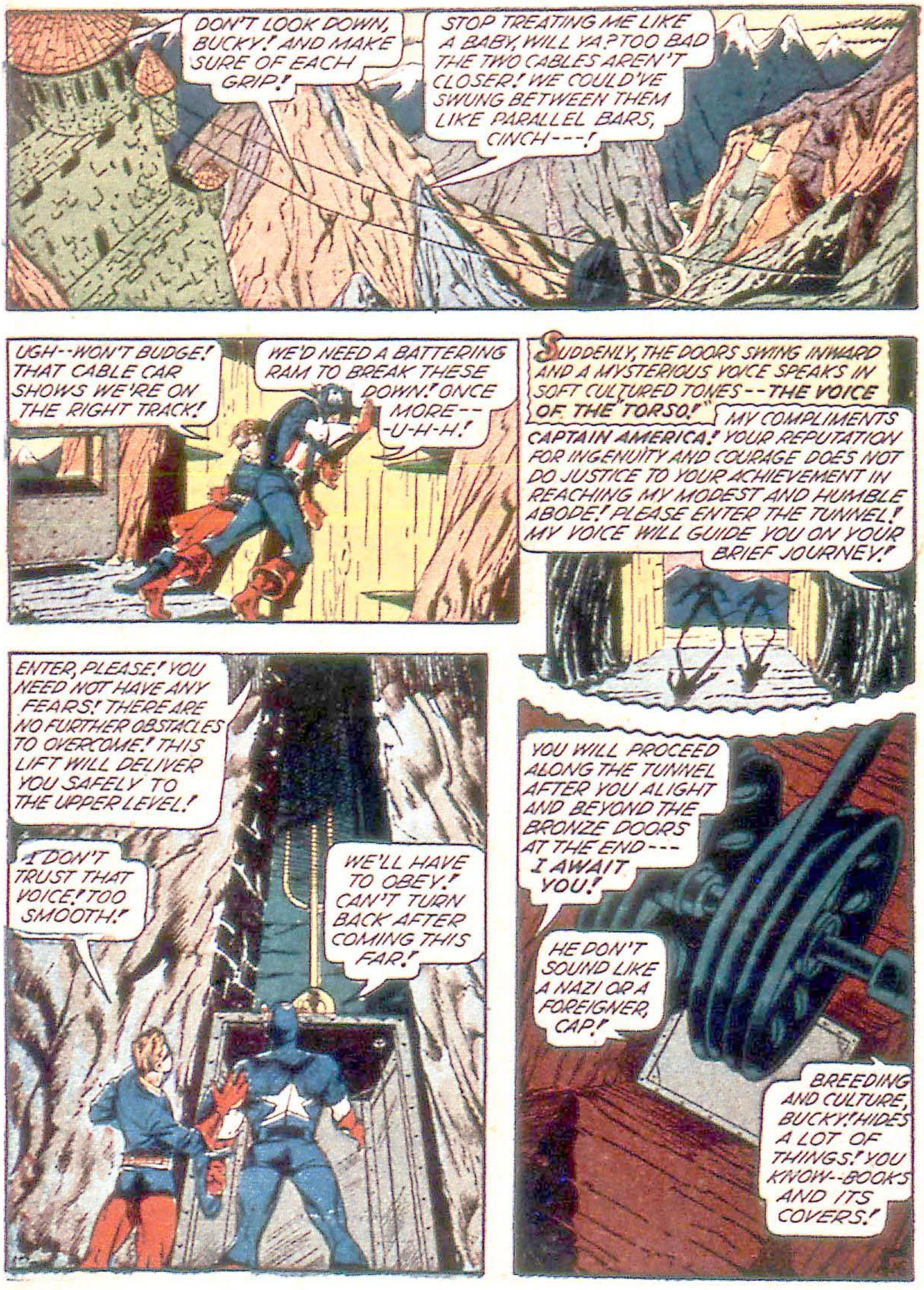
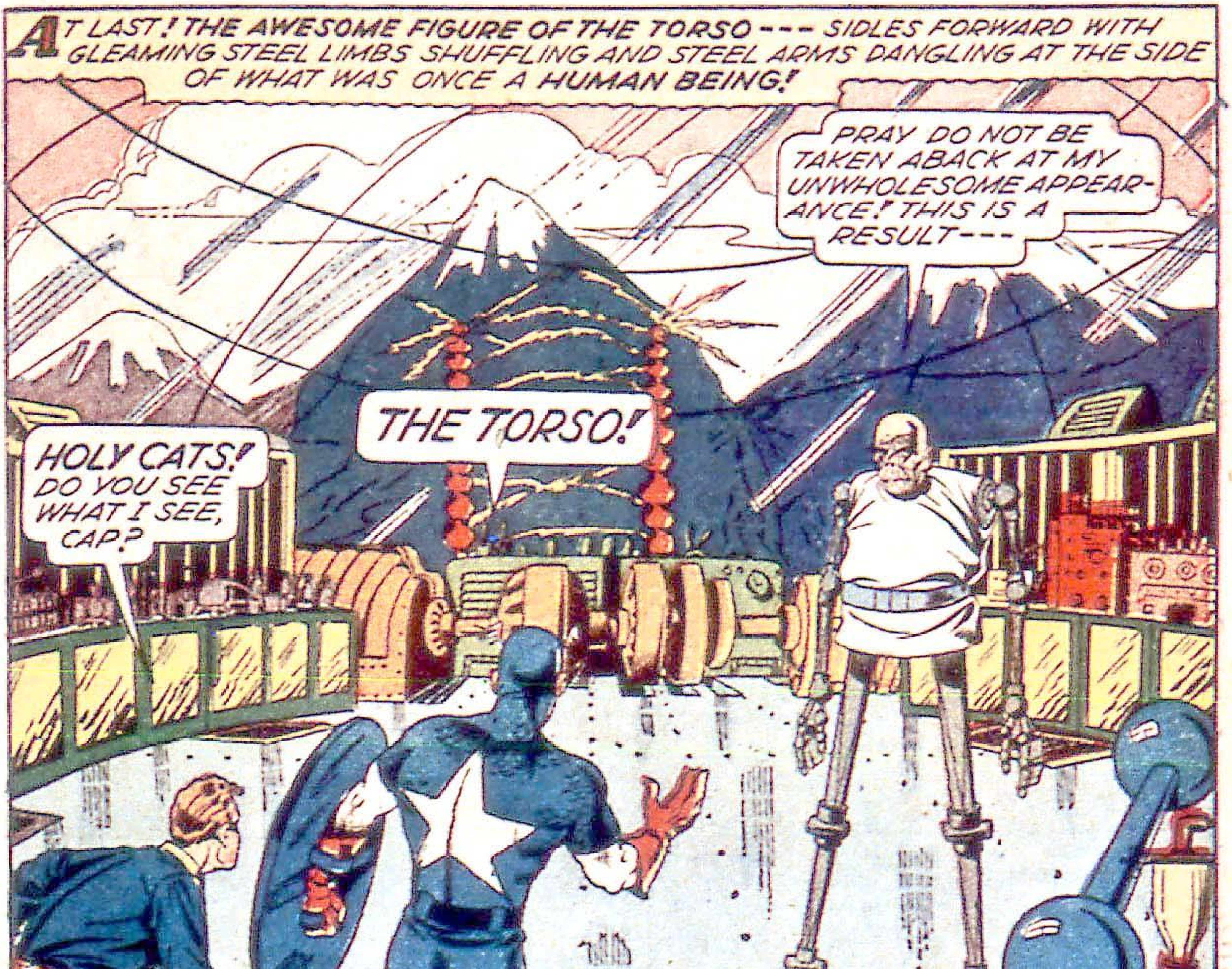

MUST HAVE BEEN JOHN, THE HERMIT! BUT THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF HIM NOW! VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
HE COULDN'T GET THRU ANY OF THE DOORS WE TRIED! STUCK TIGHT! BET THEY HAVEN'T BEEN OPENED IN YEARS!
HE DIDN'T COME DOWN THE STAIRWAY-- AND THERE'S NO VISIBLE MEANS OF EXIT-- OTHER THAN--
HE WAS SITTING RIGHT HERE PLAYING THIS ORGAN!
IN TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CRAZY OLD HERMIT, BUCKY STRIKES THE KEYS OF THE ORGAN THAT CONTROLS THE SECRET DOOR IN THE THICK STONE WALLS!
--THEN THE STAIRS! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT! NEVER MIND THE ORGAN, BUCKY! COME OVER HERE! THERE MAY BE A SECRET DOOR ALONG THE WALL--
BOOMMMMMMMM
WHEN HE DISAPPEAR'-- **HEY, LOOK CAP! THE WALL'S OPENING!**
DASHING INTO THE OPENING IN THE WALLS, **CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY** LOOK IN VAIN FOR THE OLD HERMIT! AND THEN-
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE "WILLIES!"
WE DON'T KNOW THAT HE CAME IN! YET, THE DOOR---**IT'S CLOSING!**
THE DOOR BEHIND THEM CLOSES, RESISTING ALL EFFORTS OF THE TWO IMPRISONED BEHIND THE THICK STONE WALLS!
WELL--AT LEAST WE KNOW THE OLD MAN GOT OUT OF HERE-- BUT HOW?
OR MAYBE THE "TORSO" IS READY TO GIVE US THE WORKS?
HIGH ABOVE THE UNSUSPECTING PAIR, FROM THE CLAW-LIKE HAND OF THE HERMIT, FLUTTERS **THE NEXT CLUE OF THE "TORSO!"**
THE STONE WALLS OF THE BELFRY TOWER ECHO, THE WILD PEAL OF THE GIANT BELL AS THE CACKLING OLD HERMIT SWINGS CRAZILY FROM HIS PERCH, HIGH ABOVE THE TWO PRISONERS!
CLANG!
CLANG!

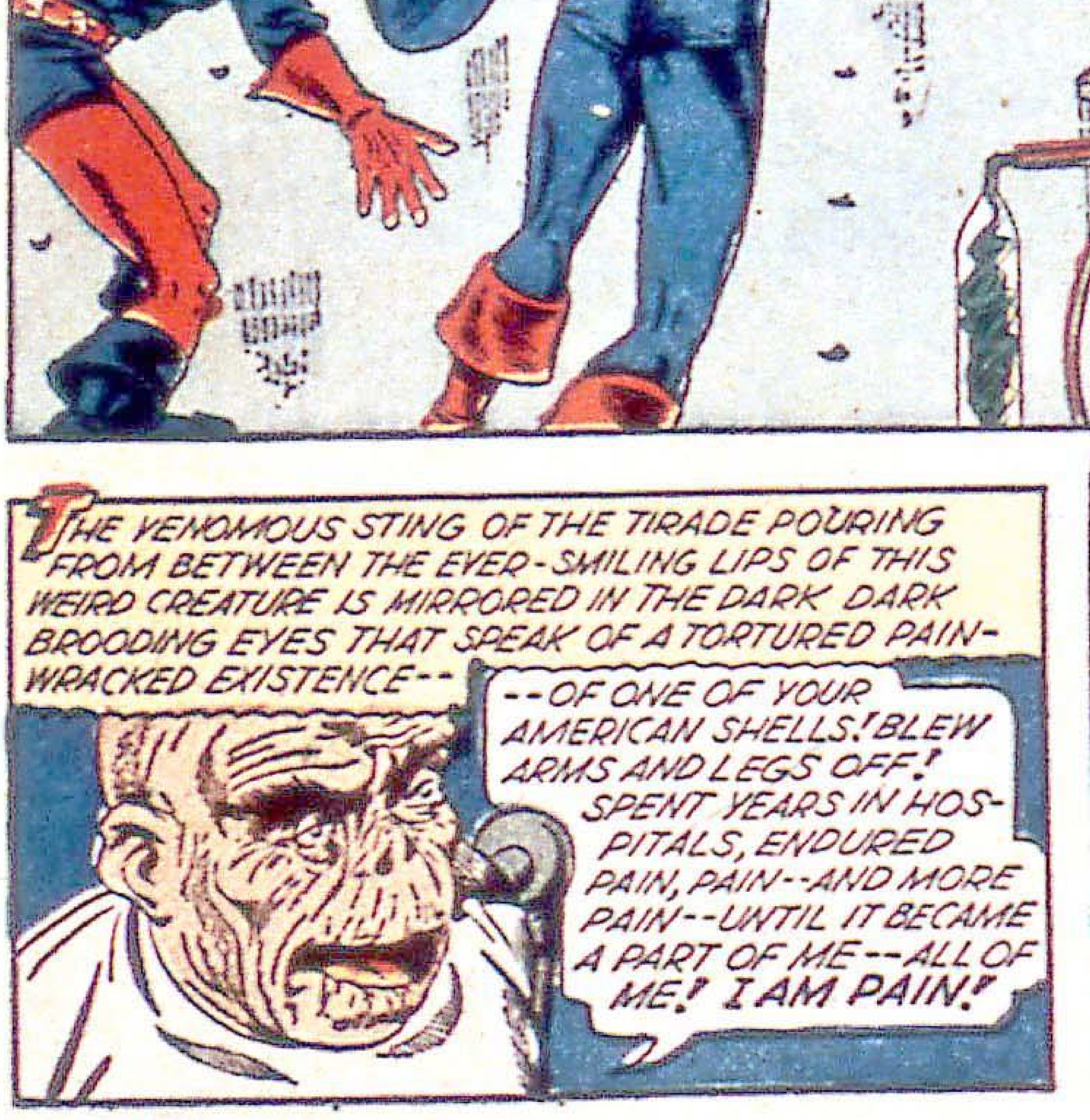

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT CRACKPOT! IT MUST BE A HUNDRED FEET UP!
IT'S FROM OUR FRIEND THE "TORSO" ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S WRONG IN SAYING WE'RE LICKED! LISTEN!
--Regret that you must Die! It would be a decided pleasure to have disposed of the great Captain America with my own hands! Alas! If you should succeed in freeing yourself, you will find the next clue in the Belfry! "The Torso"
GRINNING DOWN UPON THE TWO, THE OLD HERMIT LETS DOWN A ROPE! WHY? WILL IT BE THE MEANS OF ESCAPE FOR OUR TWO BRAVE ADVENTURERS? IS IT ANOTHER CRUEL LINK IN THE FIENDISH SCHEME OF THE "TORSO!!?"
HEE-HE-HA-HEE-HA-HEEEE!
NEARER AND NEARER! THE CRAZED FIGURE FAR ABOVE DANGLES THE ROPE AS HIS WEIRD CACKLE COMES FLOATING DOWN TO THE TWO BREATHLESS PRISONERS!
GRAB IT, CAP! HE MAY GET A NOTION TO---
EASY LAD! IT MIGHT BE A TRICK! WE'LL CHANCE IT, THOUGH! I DON'T LIKE THE WHOLE THING -- SEEMS TOO SIMPLE! GET A GOOD GRIP AND CLIMB SLOWLY!
SLOWLY, THE TWO DANGLING FIGURES CLIMB TOWARD THE BELFRY, WHERE THE CRAZY OLD HERMIT--
--CLINGING TO A PRECARIOUS PERCH ON THE HUGE BELL, SAVAGELY SAWS AT THE ROPE!
HEE-HEE-HA-E-E-E!
DOWN! SLIDE DOWN! HE'S CUTTING THE ROPE!
REALIZING THEIR DANGER, THE TWO SLIDE DOWN IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO FRUSTRATE THE MAD SCHEME OF THE OLD MAN, CAPERING HIGH ABOVE ON THE BELL! BUT THE ROPE PARTS--AND!!

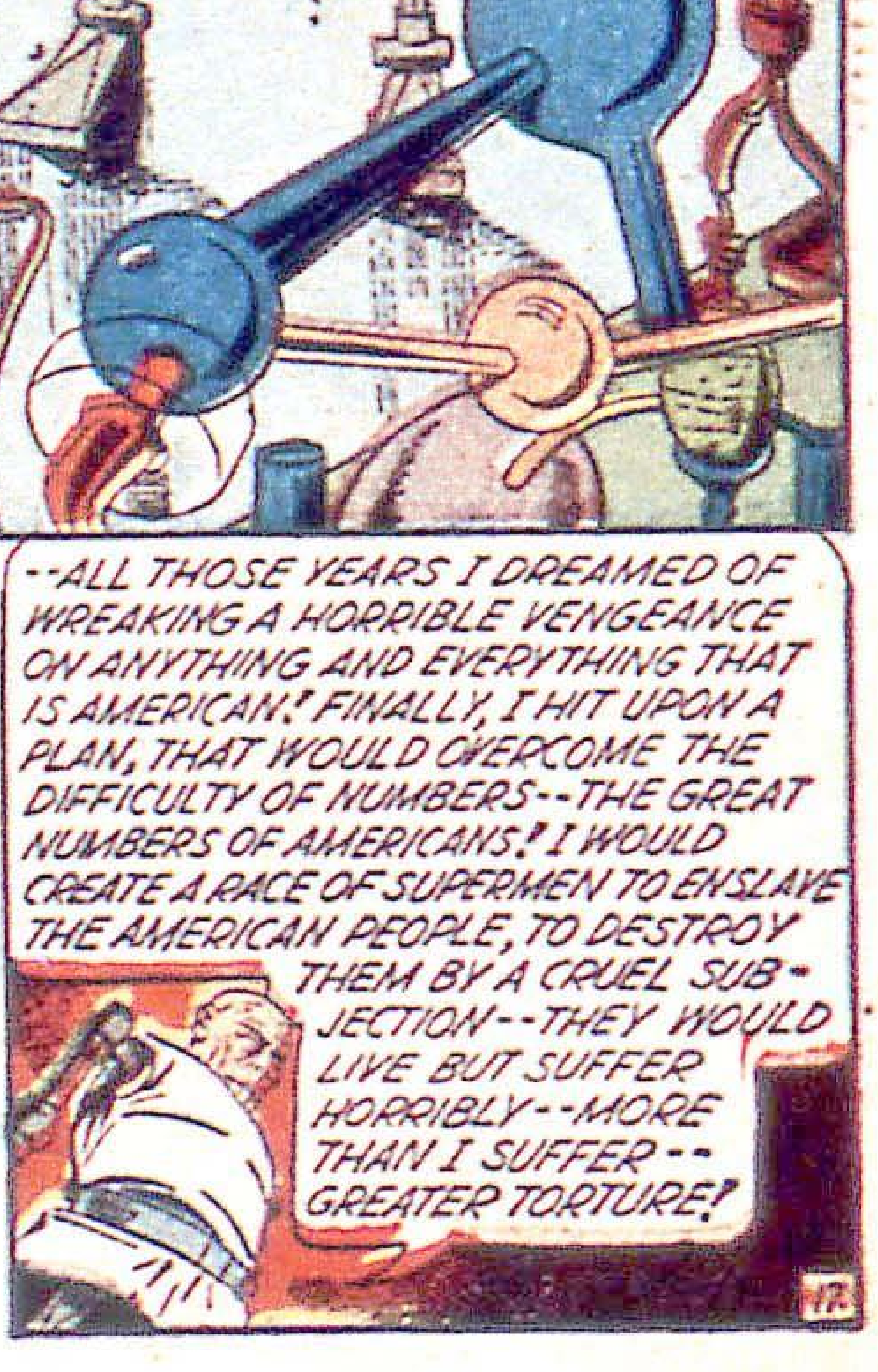

OO-F-F-UGH!
GOOD THING WE WERE ONLY 20 FEET FROM THE FLOOR! THAT ANKLE LOOKS BAD!
AW--IT'S NOTHING! LUCKY YOU SAW THAT CRAZY OLD BAT! GAVE US A CHANCE TO GET DOWN AWAYS!
LATER! FACING THE SPECTRE OF SLOW DEATH WITHIN THE COLD THICK WALLS, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS DETERMINED ON A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM!
IF I DON'T COME BACK FOR YOU WITHIN TWO HOURS, YOU MAKE THE JUMP! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! PROMISE NOT TO TRY BEFORE THEN!
OKAY, CAP! BUT BE CAREFUL!
CAPTAIN AMERICA LAUNCHES HIS BODY IN A DEATH DEFYING PLUNGE TOWARD THE RAGING RIVER BELOW!
SO LONG, BUCKY! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
IF I HIT THOSE ROCKS--??
GRAZING THE JAGGED ROCKS, CAP DIVES INTO THE NARROW RAGING RIVER!
MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE TERRIFIC IMPACT, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS SWEPT NEARER AND NEARER TO THE EDGE OF THE FALLS, PLUNGING DOWN IN A DEADLY CASCADE, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW!
WONDER HOW LONG I WAS OUT? INCHES MORE--WHEW! GOT TO GET BACK TO BUCKY!

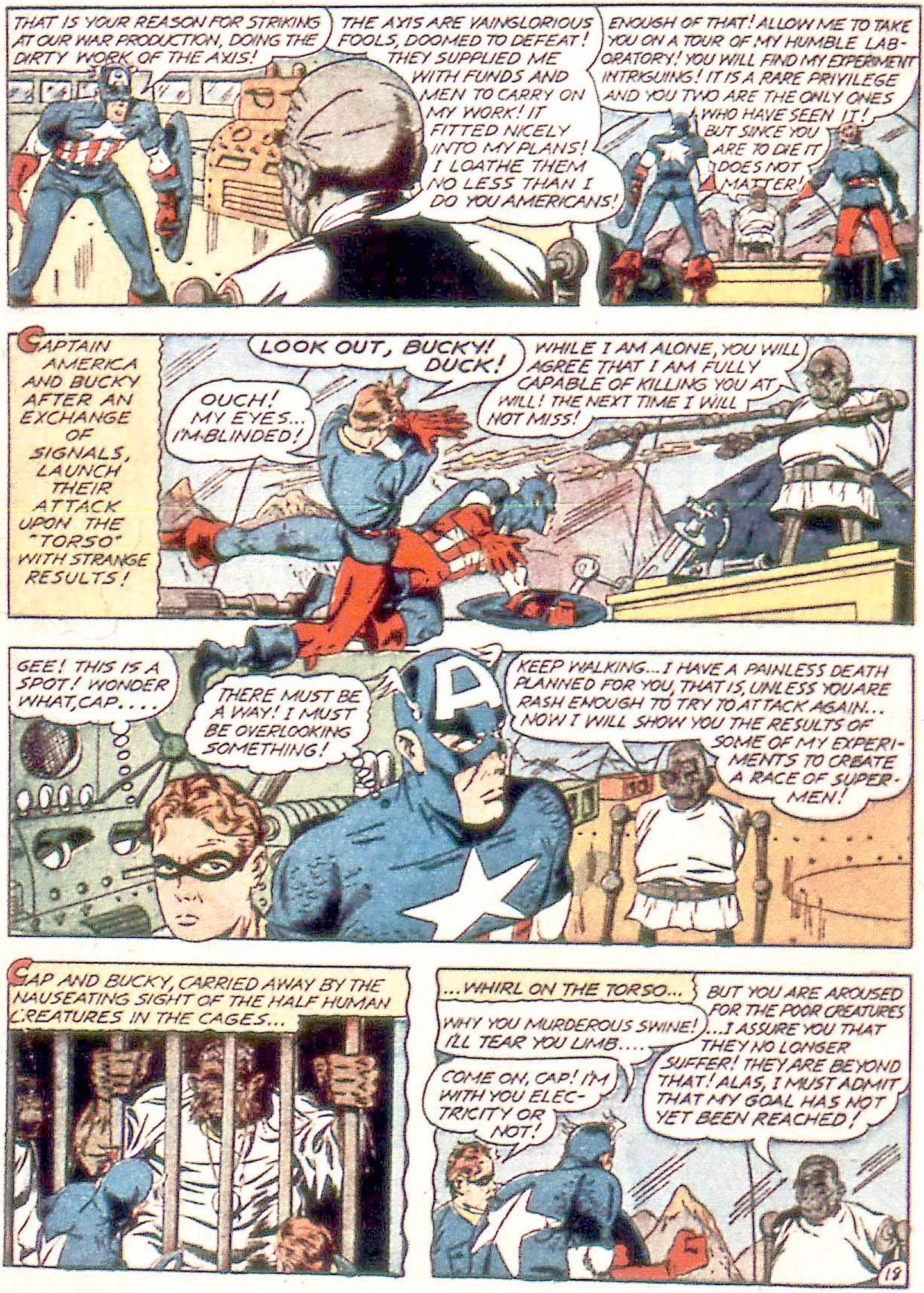

TWO HOURS LATER!
AW, I'M NUTS! JUST LIKE AN OLD WOMAN! SURE HE MADE IT! DIDN'T I SEE HIM CUT THE WATER CLEAN AS A WHISTLE? HE JUST HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE IN MAKING THE BANK--- THAT'S ALL!
BUT IT'S MORE THAN TWO HOURS! HE WOULD BE BACK BY NOW-- IF--IF--
SUDDENLY!
ANYBODY HOME?
HEY, CAP! CAP! IT'S YOU! I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT!
OUT YOU GO! NO TAKING ANY CHANCES ON THIS THING CLOSING AGAIN!
HOW WE GONNA GET UP TO THE BELFRY?
AND I SQUAWKED ABOUT CLIMBING THOSE STEPS UP TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! (PUFF)
YOU DON'T BREATHE CORRECTLY--THAT'S WHY! ONLY A FEW STEPS MORE!
THE CLUE IN THE BELFRY! BUT ONE MORE STEP AND OUR TWO ADVENTURERS DODGEDLY PERSUING THE CLUES OF THE "TORSO" ARE TO STAND FACE TO FACE WITH THE MASTER DESIGNER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
THESE CABLES OVERHEAD MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE--HM-M-M-- MAYBE FOR SOME KIND OF CABLE CAR!
THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE MOUNTAINSIDE! THAT'S WHERE THOSE CABLES GO!

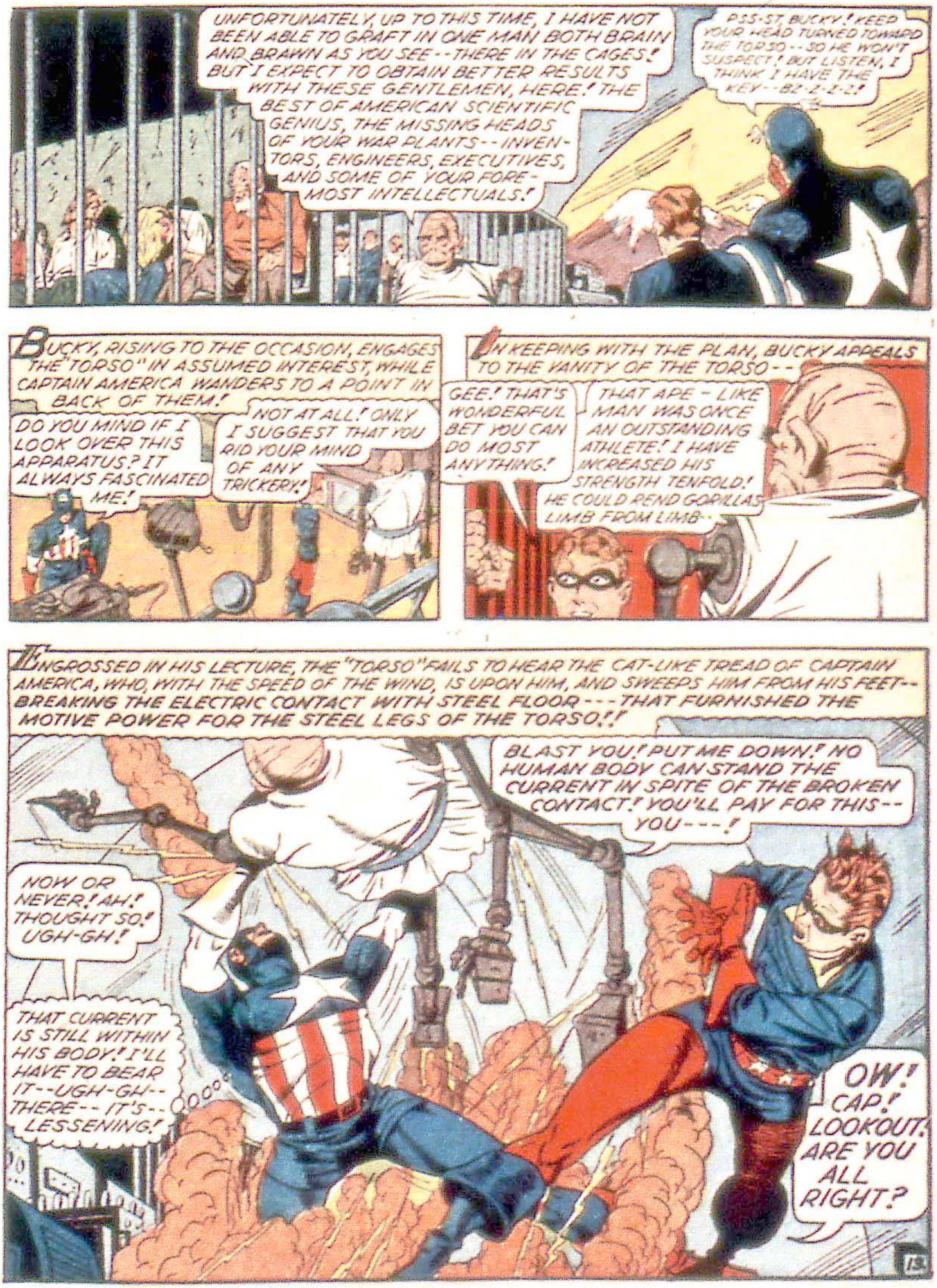

DON'T LOOK DOWN, BUCKY! AND MAKE SURE OF EACH GRIP!
STOP TREATING ME LIKE A BABY, WILL YA? TOO BAD THE TWO CABLES AREN'T CLOSER! WE COULD'VE SWUNG BETWEEN THEM LIKE PARALLEL BARS, CINCH---!
UGH--WON'T BUDGE! THAT CABLE CAR SHOWS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
WE'D NEED A BATTERING RAM TO BREAK THESE DOWN! ONCE MORE---U-H-H!
SUDDENLY, THE DOORS SWING INWARD AND A MYSTERIOUS VOICE SPEAKS IN SOFT CULTURED TONES--THE VOICE OF THE "TORSO!"
MY COMPLIMENTS CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOUR REPUTATION FOR INGENUITY AND COURAGE DOES NOT DO JUSTICE TO YOUR ACHIEVEMENT IN REACHING MY MODEST AND HUMBLE ABODE! PLEASE ENTER THE TUNNEL! MY VOICE WILL GUIDE YOU ON YOUR BRIEF JOURNEY!
ENTER, PLEASE! YOU NEED NOT HAVE ANY FEARS! THERE ARE NO FURTHER OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME! THIS LIFT WILL DELIVER YOU SAFELY TO THE UPPER LEVEL!
I DON'T TRUST THAT VOICE! TOO SMOOTH!
WE'LL HAVE TO OBEY! CAN'T TURN BACK AFTER COMING THIS FAR!
YOU WILL PROCEED ALONG THE TUNNEL AFTER YOU ALIGHT AND BEYOND THE BRONZE DOORS AT THE END--- I AWAIT YOU!
HE DON'T SOUND LIKE A NAZI OR A FOREIGNER, CAP!
BREEDING AND CULTURE, BUCKY! HIDES A LOT OF THINGS! YOU KNOW--BOOKS AND ITS COVERS!

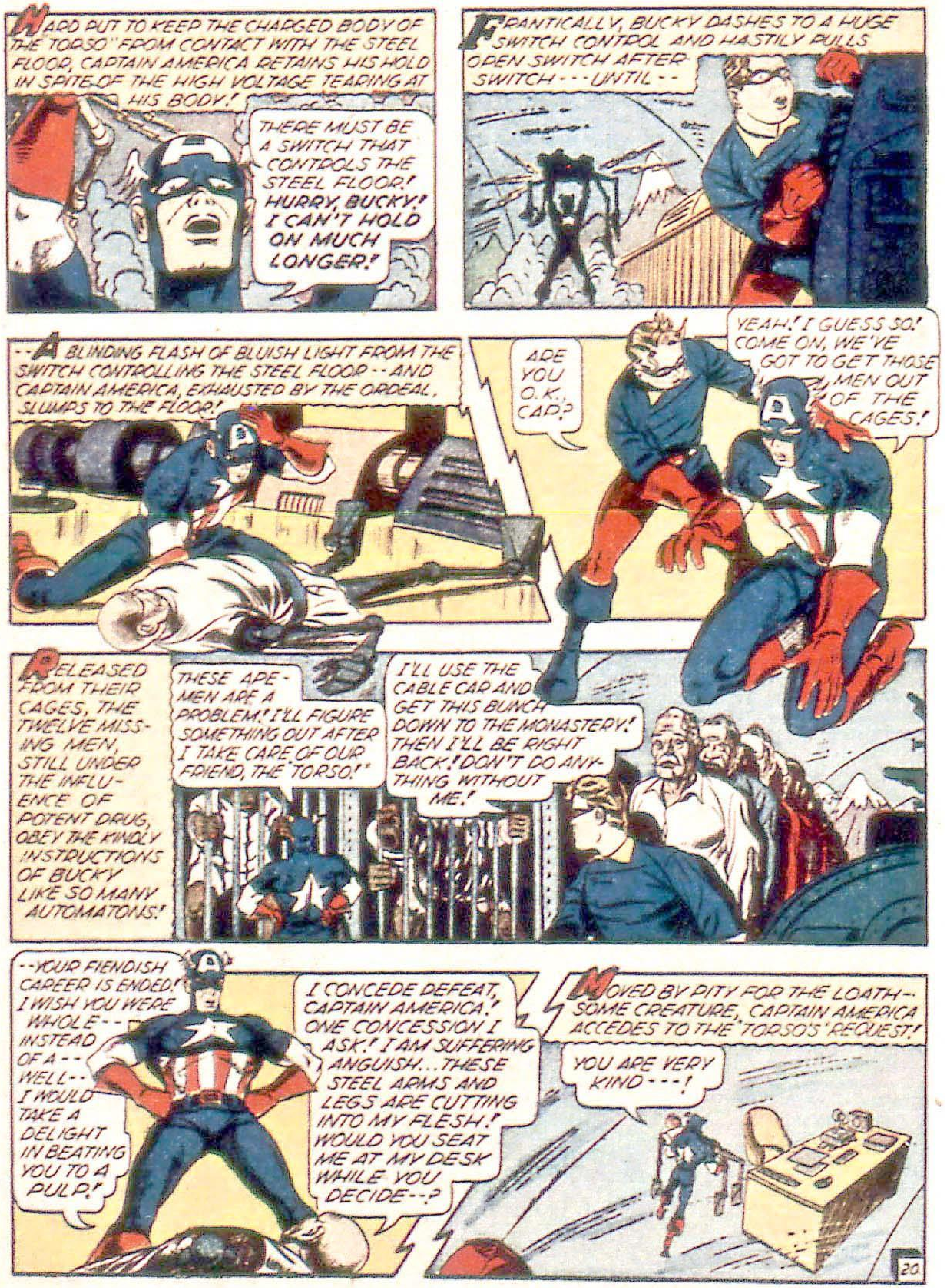

AT LAST! THE AWESOME FIGURE OF THE TORSO --- SIDLES FORWARD WITH GLEAMING STEEL LIMBS SHUFFLING AND STEEL ARMS DANGLING AT THE SIDE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A HUMAN BEING!
PRAY DO NOT BE TAKEN ABACK AT MY UNWHOLESOME APPEARANCE! THIS IS A RESULT---
THE TORSO!
HOLY CATS! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, CAP?

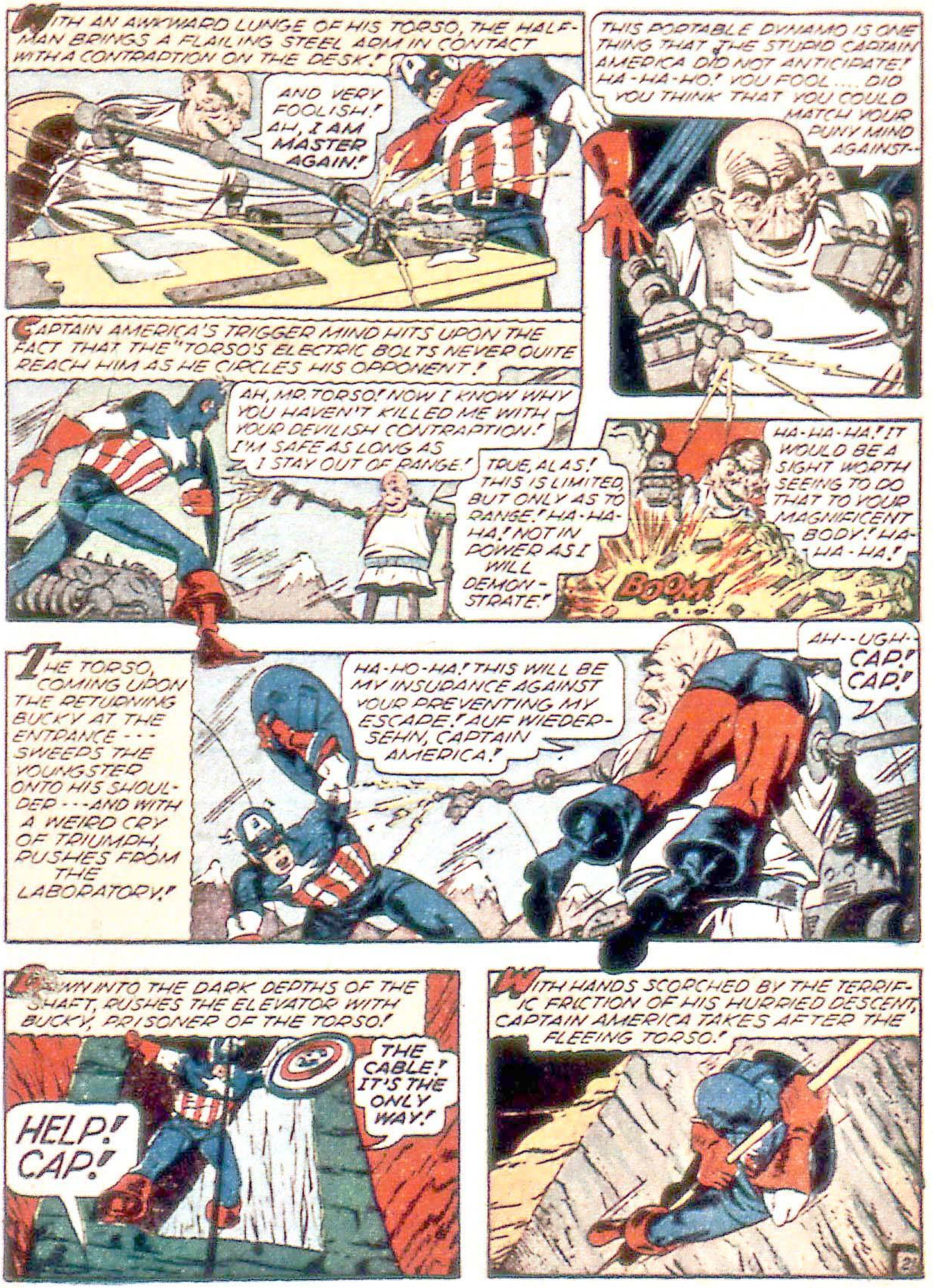

THE VENOMOUS STING OF THE TIRADE POURING FROM BETWEEN THE EVER-SMILING LIPS OF THIS WEIRD CREATURE IS MIRRORED IN THE DARK DARK BROODING EYES THAT SPEAK OF A TORTURED PAIN-WRACKED EXISTENCE--
--OF ONE OF YOUR AMERICAN SHELLS! BLEW ARMS AND LEGS OFF! SPENT YEARS IN HOSPITALS, ENDURED PAIN, PAIN--AND MORE PAIN--UNTIL IT BECAME A PART OF ME--ALL OF ME! I AM PAIN!


--ALL THOSE YEARS I DREAMED OF WREAKING A HORRIBLE VENGEANCE ON ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT IS AMERICAN! FINALLY, I HIT UPON A PLAN, THAT WOULD OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY OF NUMBERS--THE GREAT NUMBERS OF AMERICANS! I WOULD CREATE A RACE OF SUPERMEN TO ENSLAVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, TO DESTROY THEM BY A CRUEL SUBJECTION--THEY WOULD LIVE BUT SUFFER HORRIBLY--MORE THAN I SUFFER--GREATER TORTURE!

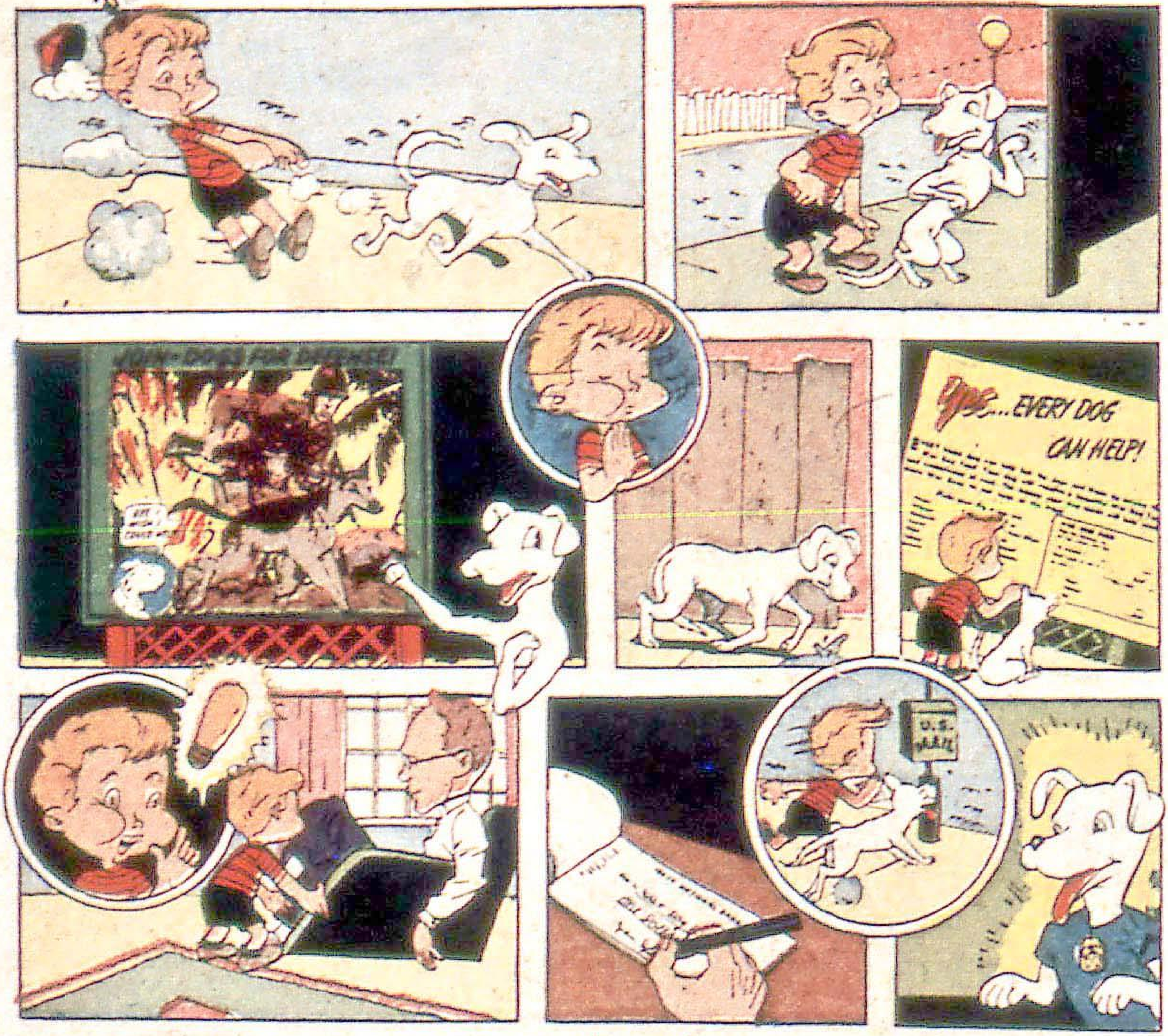

THAT IS YOUR REASON FOR STRIKING AT OUR WAR PRODUCTION, DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF THE AXIS!
THE AXIS ARE VAINGLORIOUS FOOLS, DOOMED TO DEFEAT! THEY SUPPLIED ME WITH FUNDS AND MEN TO CARRY ON MY WORK! IT FITTED NICELY INTO MY PLANS! I LOATHE THEM NO LESS THAN I DO YOU AMERICANS!
ENOUGH OF THAT! ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF MY HUMBLE LABORATORY! YOU WILL FIND MY EXPERIMENT INTRIGUING! IT IS A RARE PRIVILEGE AND YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVE SEEN IT!
BUT SINCE YOU ARE TO DIE IT DOES NOT MATTER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AFTER AN EXCHANGE OF SIGNALS, LAUNCH THEIR ATTACK UPON THE "TORSO" WITH STRANGE RESULTS!
LOOK OUT, BUCKY! DUCK!
OUCH! MY EYES... I'M BLINDED!
WHILE I AM ALONE, YOU WILL AGREE THAT I AM FULLY CAPABLE OF KILLING YOU AT WILL! THE NEXT TIME I WILL NOT MISS!
GEE! THIS IS A SPOT! WONDER WHAT, CAP....
THERE MUST BE A WAY! I MUST BE OVERLOOKING SOMETHING!
KEEP WALKING...I HAVE A PAINLESS DEATH PLANNED FOR YOU, THAT IS, UNLESS YOU ARE RASH ENOUGH TO TRY TO ATTACK AGAIN... NOW I WILL SHOW YOU THE RESULTS OF SOME OF MY EXPERIMENTS TO CREATE A RACE OF SUPERMEN!
CAP AND BUCKY, CARRIED AWAY BY THE NAUSEATING SIGHT OF THE HALF HUMAN CREATURES IN THE CAGES...
...WHIRL ON THE TORSO...
WHY YOU MURDEROUS SWINE! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB....
COME ON, CAP! I'M WITH YOU ELECTRICITY OR NOT!
BUT YOU ARE AROUSED FOR THE POOR CREATURES ...I ASSURE YOU THAT THEY NO LONGER SUFFER! THEY ARE BEYOND THAT! ALAS, I MUST ADMIT THAT MY GOAL HAS NOT YET BEEN REACHED!


UNFORTUNATELY, UP TO THIS TIME, I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO GRAFT IN ONE MAN BOTH BRAIN AND BRAWN AS YOU SEE--THERE IN THE CAGES! BUT I EXPECT TO OBTAIN BETTER RESULTS WITH THESE GENTLEMEN, HERE! THE BEST OF AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, THE MISSING HEADS OF YOUR WAR PLANTS--INVENTORS, ENGINEERS, EXECUTIVES, AND SOME OF YOUR FOREMOST INTELLECTUALS!
PSS-ST BUCKY! KEEP YOUR HEAD TURNED TOWARD THE TORSO--SO HE WON'T SUSPECT! BUT LISTEN, I THINK I HAVE THE KEY--82-2-1-2!
BUCKY, RISING TO THE OCCASION, ENGAGES THE "TORSO" IN ASSUMED INTEREST, WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA WANDERS TO A POINT IN BACK OF THEM!
DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK OVER THIS APPARATUS? IT ALWAYS FASCINATED ME!
NOT AT ALL! ONLY I SUGGEST THAT YOU RID YOUR MIND OF ANY TRICKERY!
IN KEEPING WITH THE PLAN, BUCKY APPEALS TO THE VANITY OF THE TORSO--
GEE! THAT'S WONDERFUL BET YOU CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!
THAT APE-LIKE MAN WAS ONCE AN OUTSTANDING ATHLETE! I HAVE INCREASED HIS STRENGTH TENFOLD! HE COULD REND GORILLAS LIMB FROM LIMB--
ENGROSSED IN HIS LECTURE, THE "TORSO" FAILS TO HEAR THE CAT-LIKE TREAD OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO, WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, IS UPON HIM, AND SWEEPS HIM FROM HIS FEET--BREAKING THE ELECTRIC CONTACT WITH STEEL FLOOR---THAT FURNISHED THE MOTIVE POWER FOR THE STEEL LEGS OF THE TORSO!!
BLAST YOU! PUT ME DOWN! NO HUMAN BODY CAN STAND THE CURRENT IN SPITE OF THE BROKEN CONTACT! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS--YOU---!
NOW OR NEVER! AH! THOUGHT SO! UGH-GH!
THAT CURRENT IS STILL WITHIN HIS BODY! I'LL HAVE TO BEAR IT--UGH-GH--THERE--IT'S--LESSENING!
OW! CAP! LOOKOUT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?


HARD PUT TO KEEP THE CHARGED BODY OF THE "TORSO" FROM CONTACT WITH THE STEEL FLOOR, CAPTAIN AMERICA RETAINS HIS HOLD IN SPITE OF THE HIGH VOLTAGE TEARING AT HIS BODY!
THERE MUST BE A SWITCH THAT CONTROLS THE STEEL FLOOR! **HURRY, BUCKY! I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!**
FRANTICALLY, BUCKY DASHES TO A HUGE SWITCH CONTROL AND HASTILY PULLS OPEN SWITCH AFTER SWITCH---UNTIL--
--A BLINDING FLASH OF BLUISH LIGHT FROM THE SWITCH CONTROLLING THE STEEL FLOOR--AND CAPTAIN AMERICA, EXHAUSTED BY THE ORDEAL, SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!
ARE YOU O.K., CAP?
YEAH! I GUESS SO! COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE MEN OUT OF THE CAGES!
RELEASED FROM THEIR CAGES, THE TWELVE MISSING MEN, STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF POTENT DRUG, OBEY THE KINDLY INSTRUCTIONS OF BUCKY LIKE SO MANY AUTOMATONS!
THESE APE-MEN ARE A PROBLEM! I'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT AFTER I TAKE CARE OF OUR FRIEND, THE "TORSO!"
I'LL USE THE CABLE CAR AND GET THIS BUNCH DOWN TO THE MONASTERY! THEN I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! DON'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT ME!
--YOUR FIENDISH CAREER IS ENDED! I WISH YOU WERE WHOLE--INSTEAD OF A--WELL--I WOULD TAKE A DELIGHT IN BEATING YOU TO A PULP!
I CONCEDE DEFEAT, CAPTAIN AMERICA! ONE CONCESSION I ASK! I AM SUFFERING ANGUISH...THESE STEEL ARMS AND LEGS ARE CUTTING INTO MY FLESH! WOULD YOU SEAT ME AT MY DESK WHILE YOU DECIDE--?
MOVED BY PITY FOR THE LOATHSOME CREATURE, CAPTAIN AMERICA ACCEDES TO THE "TORSO'S" REQUEST!
YOU ARE VERY KIND---!


WITH AN AWKWARD LUNGE OF HIS TORSO, THE HALF-MAN BRINGS A FLAILING STEEL ARM IN CONTACT WITH A CONTRAPTION ON THE DESK!
AND VERY FOOLISH! AH, I AM MASTER AGAIN!
THIS PORTABLE DYNAMO IS ONE THING THAT THE STUPID CAPTAIN AMERICA DID NOT ANTICIPATE! HA-HA-HO! YOU FOOL.... DID YOU THINK THAT YOU COULD MATCH YOUR PUNY MIND AGAINST--
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S TRIGGER MIND HITS UPON THE FACT THAT THE "TORSO'S ELECTRIC BOLTS NEVER QUITE REACH HIM AS HE CIRCLES HIS OPPONENT!
AH, MR. TORSO! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU HAVEN'T KILLED ME WITH YOUR DEVILISH CONTRAPTION! I'M SAFE AS LONG AS I STAY OUT OF RANGE!
TRUE, ALAS! THIS IS LIMITED, BUT ONLY AS TO RANGE! HA-HA-HA! NOT IN POWER AS I WILL DEMONSTRATE!
HA-HA-HA! IT WOULD BE A SIGHT WORTH SEEING TO DO THAT TO YOUR MAGNIFICENT BODY! HA-HA-HA!
BOOM!
THE TORSO, COMING UPON THE RETURNING BUCKY AT THE ENTRANCE --- SWEEPS THE YOUNGSTER ONTO HIS SHOULDER --- AND WITH A WEIRD CRY OF TRIUMPH, RUSHES FROM THE LABORATORY!
HA-HO-HA! THIS WILL BE MY INSURANCE AGAINST YOUR PREVENTING MY ESCAPE! AUF WIEDERSEHN, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AH--UGH-CAP! CAP!
DOWN INTO THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE SHAFT, RUSHES THE ELEVATOR WITH BUCKY, PRISONER OF THE TORSO!
THE CABLE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!
HELP! CAP!
WITH HANDS SCORCHED BY THE TERRIFIC FRICTION OF HIS HURRIED DESCENT, CAPTAIN AMERICA TAKES AFTER THE FLEEING TORSO!

Iden and Scooter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His name is ________________ (Name of Dog)

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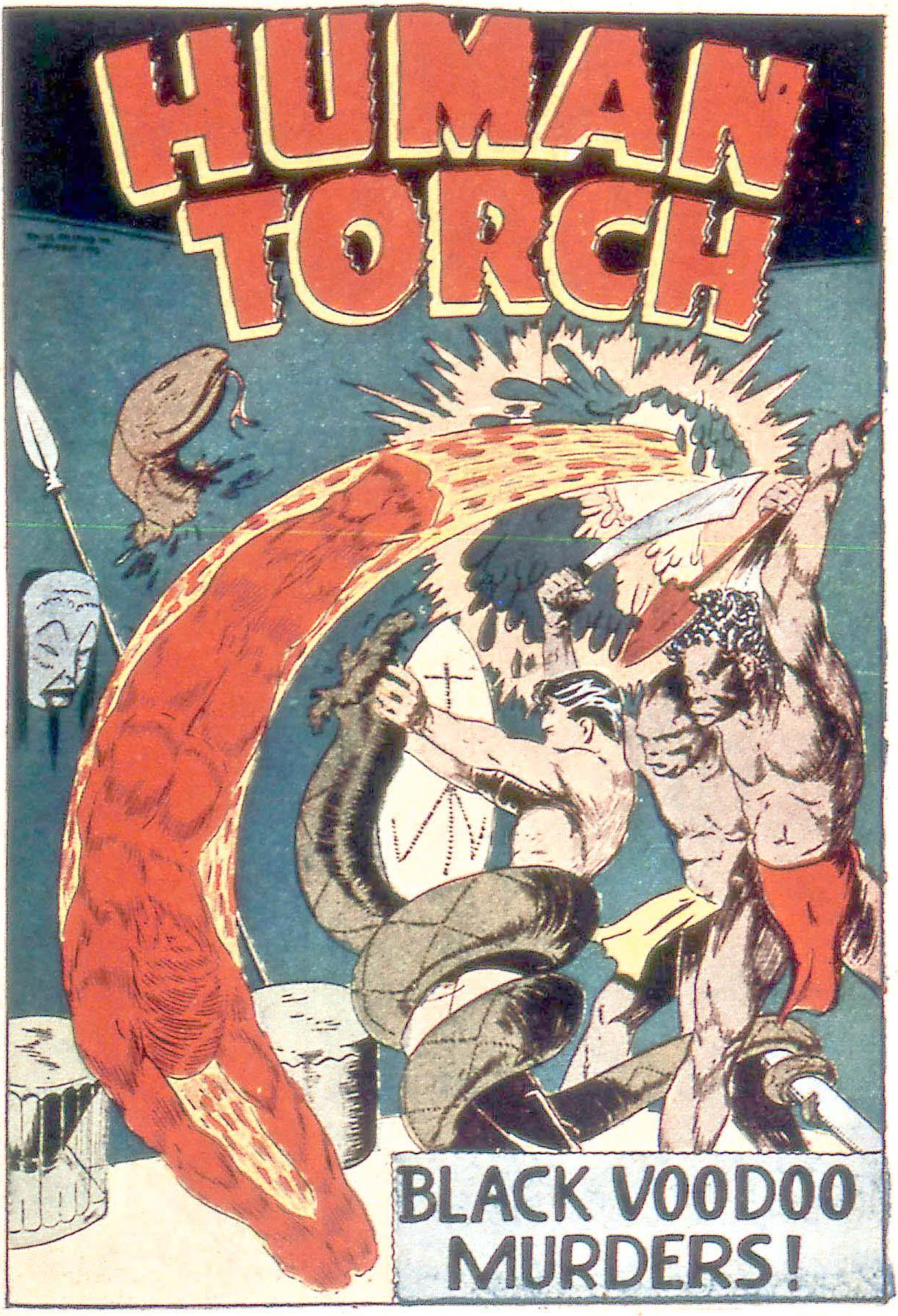
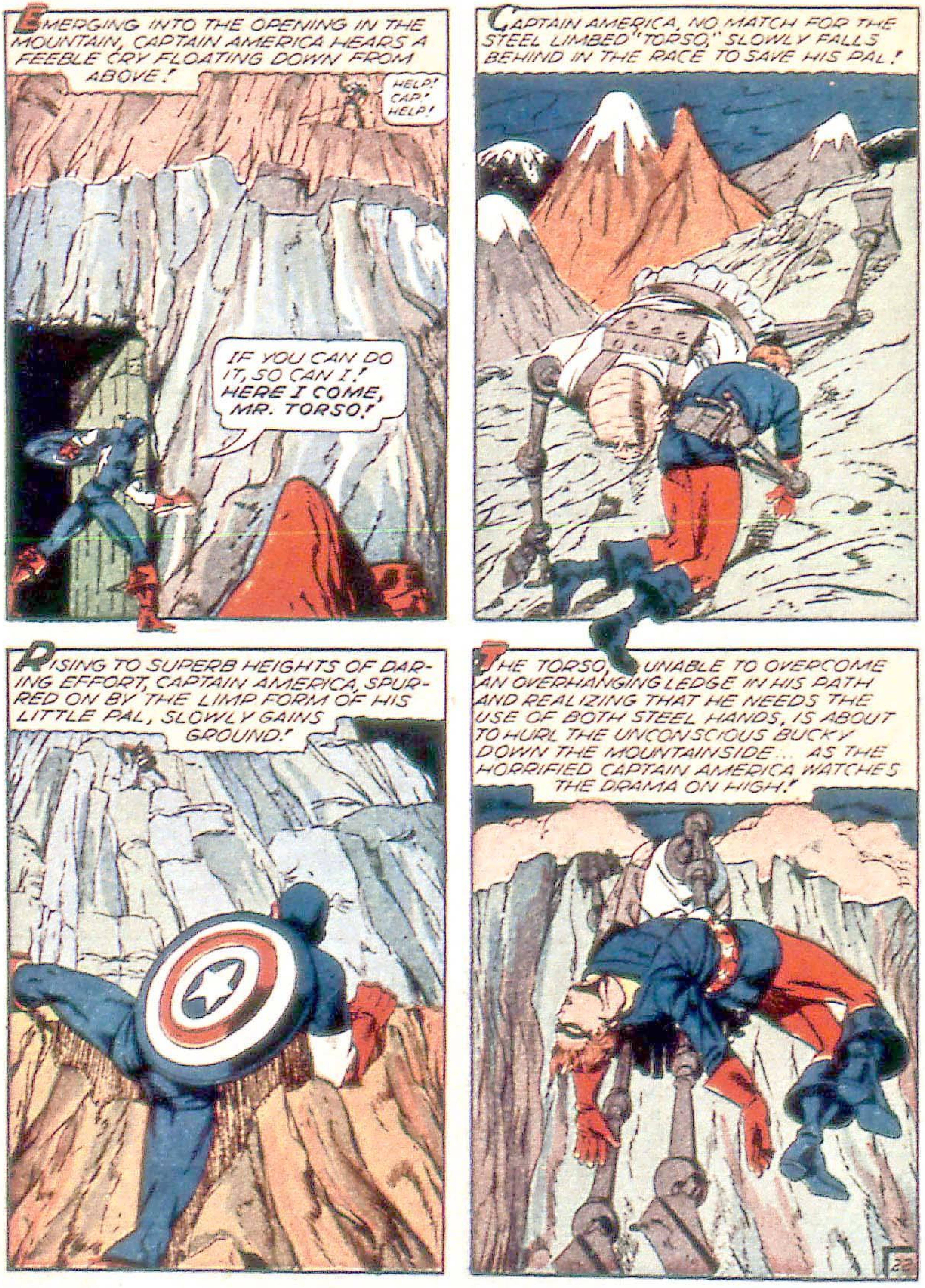
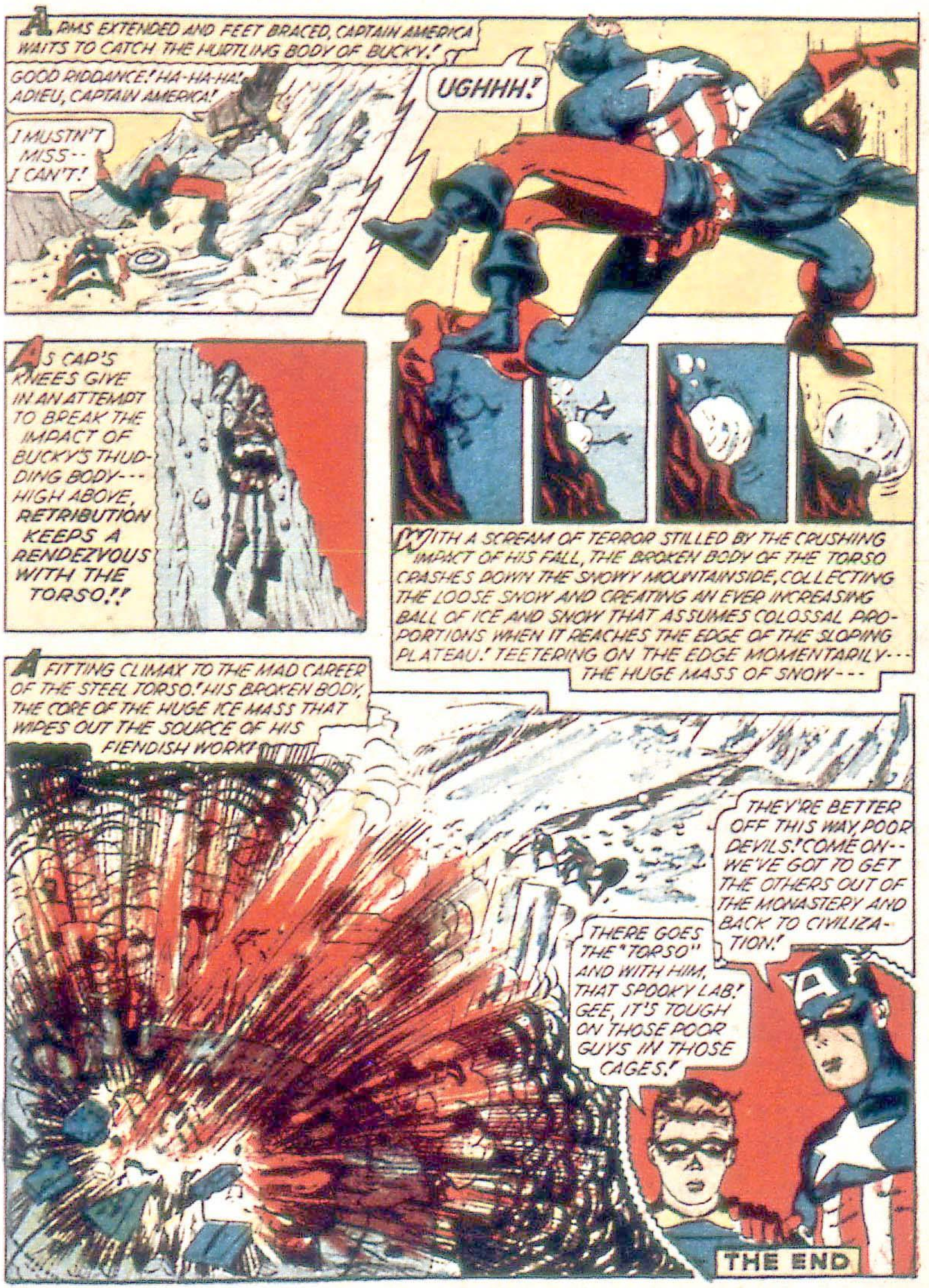
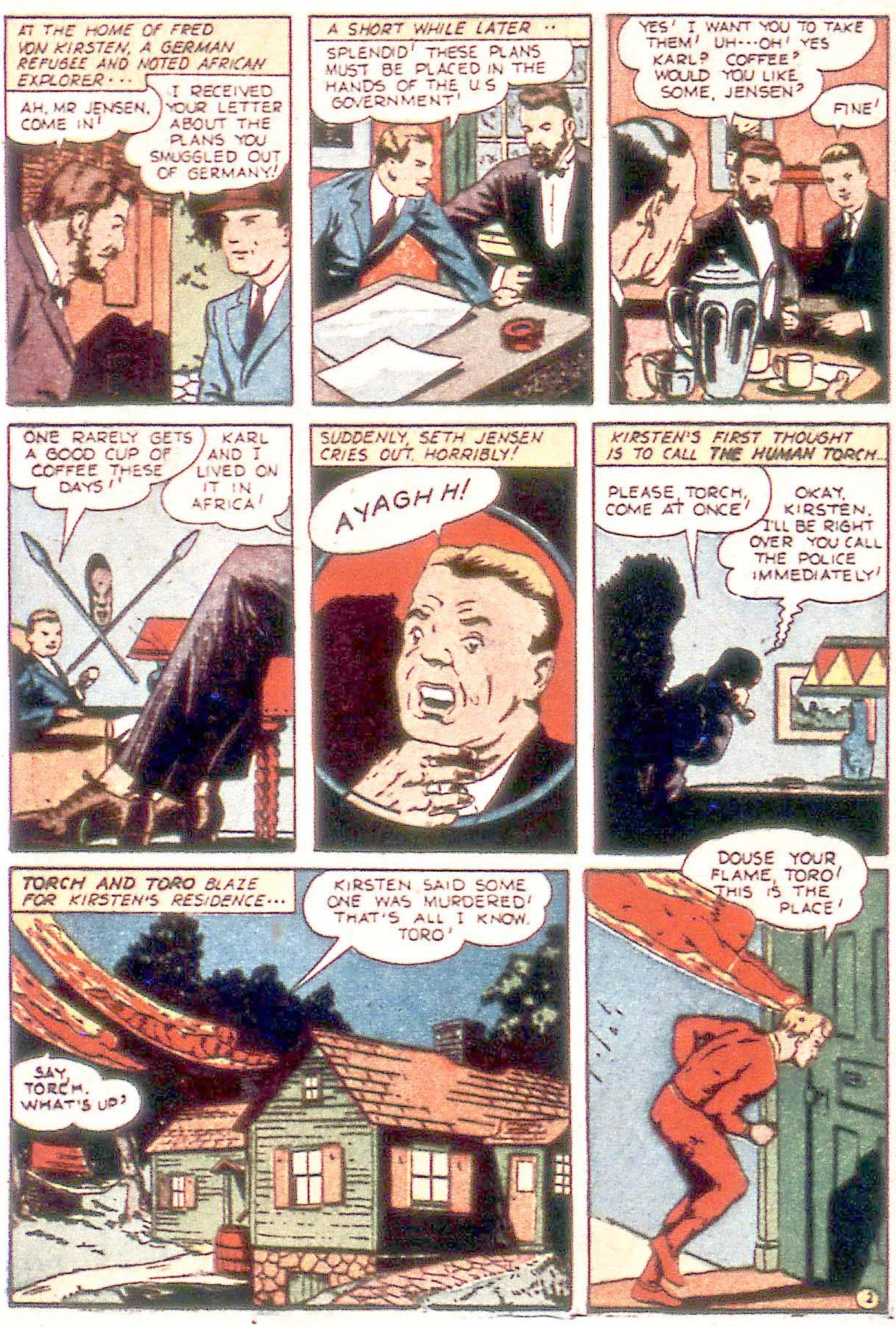
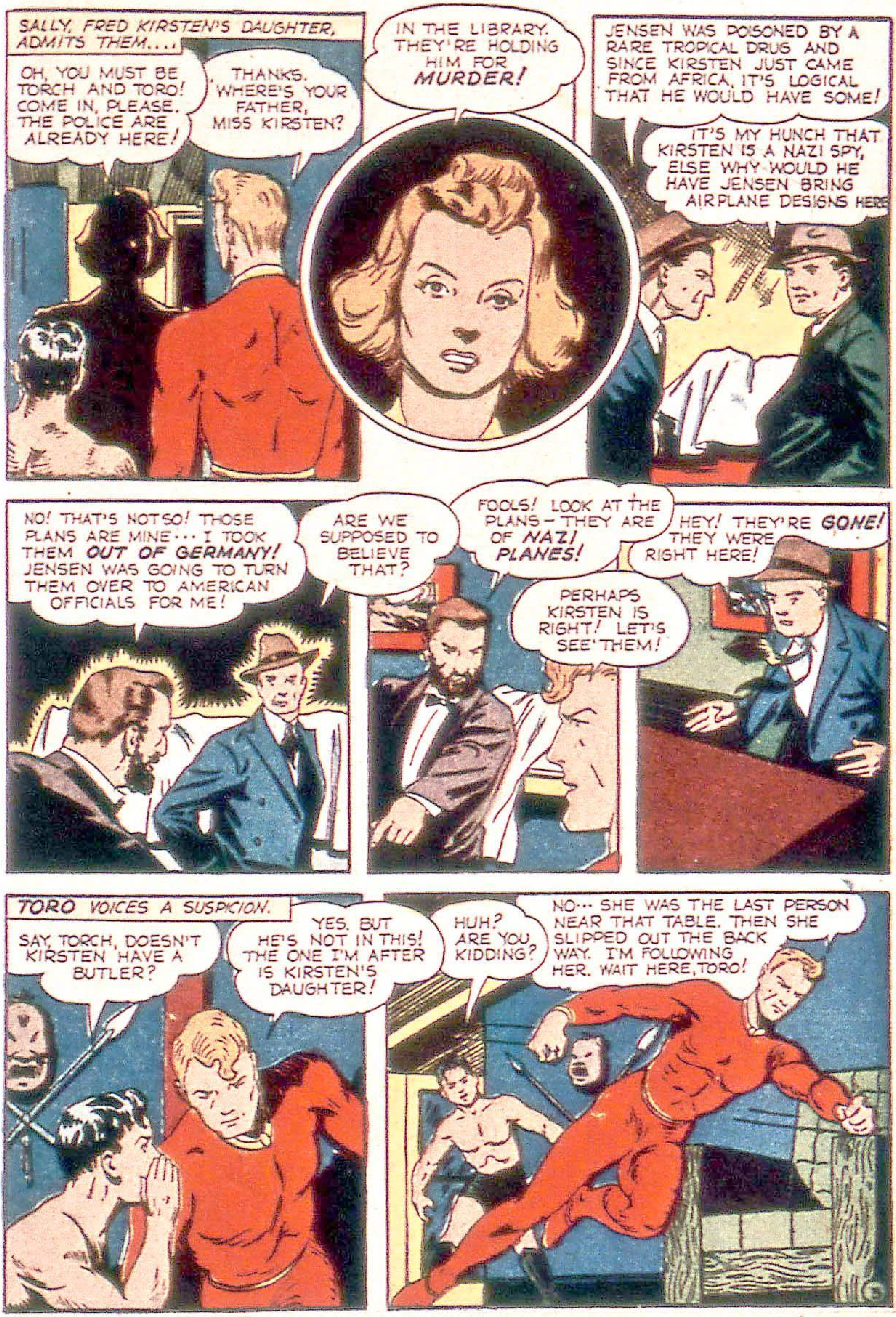
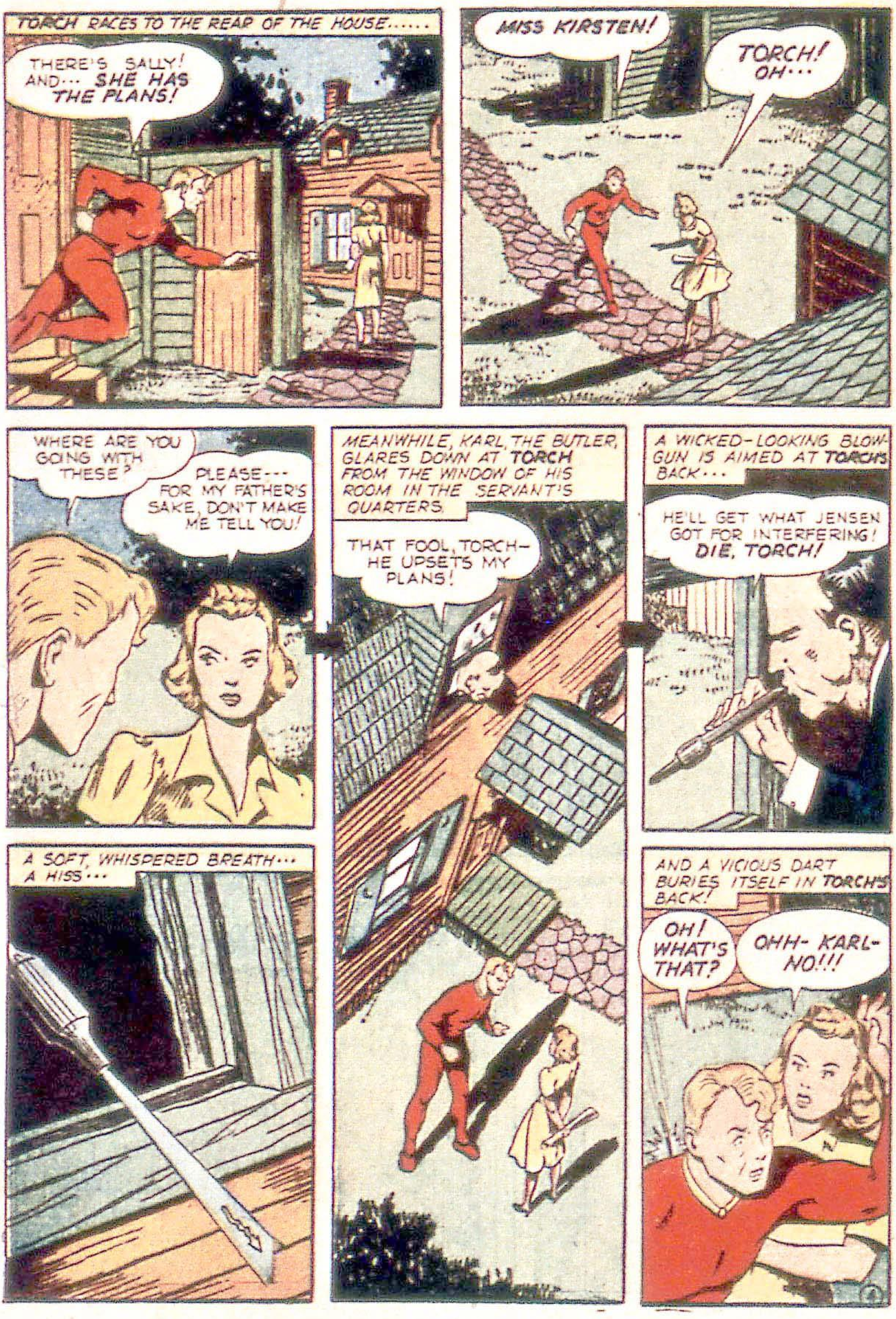

HUMAN TORCH
BLACK VOODOO MURDERS!

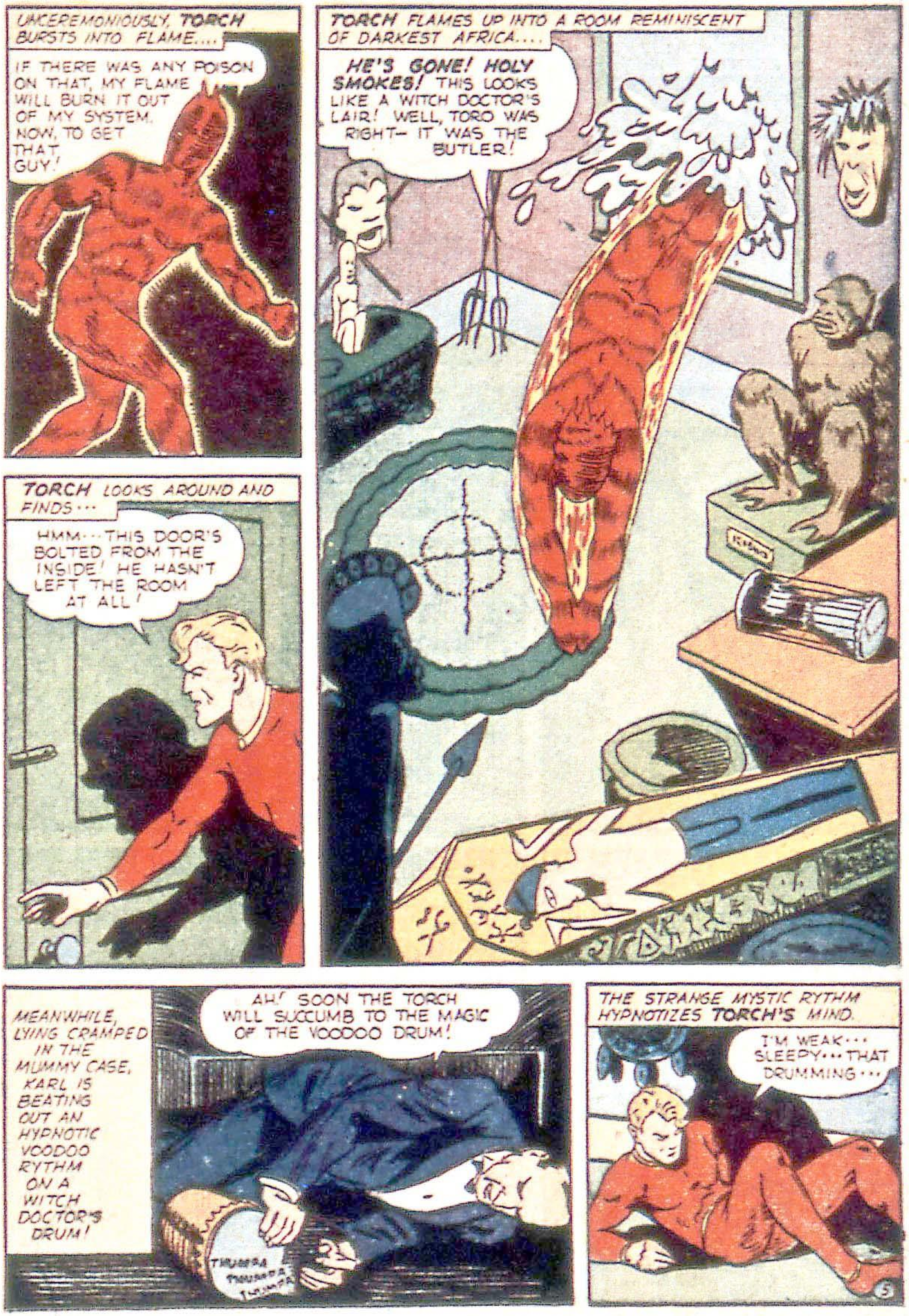

EMERGING INTO THE OPENING IN THE MOUNTAIN, CAPTAIN AMERICA HEARS A FEEBLE CRY FLOATING DOWN FROM ABOVE!
HELP! CAP! HELP!
IF YOU CAN DO IT, SO CAN I! HERE I COME, MR. TORSO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, NO MATCH FOR THE STEEL LIMBED "TORSO," SLOWLY FALLS BEHIND IN THE RACE TO SAVE HIS PAL!
RISING TO SUPERB HEIGHTS OF DARING EFFORT, CAPTAIN AMERICA, SPURRED ON BY THE LIMP FORM OF HIS LITTLE PAL, SLOWLY GAINS GROUND!
THE TORSO, UNABLE TO OVERCOME AN OVERHANGING LEDGE IN HIS PATH AND REALIZING THAT HE NEEDS THE USE OF BOTH STEEL HANDS, IS ABOUT TO HURL THE UNCONSCIOUS BUCKY DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE... AS THE HORRIFIED CAPTAIN AMERICA WATCHES THE DRAMA ON HIGH!
22

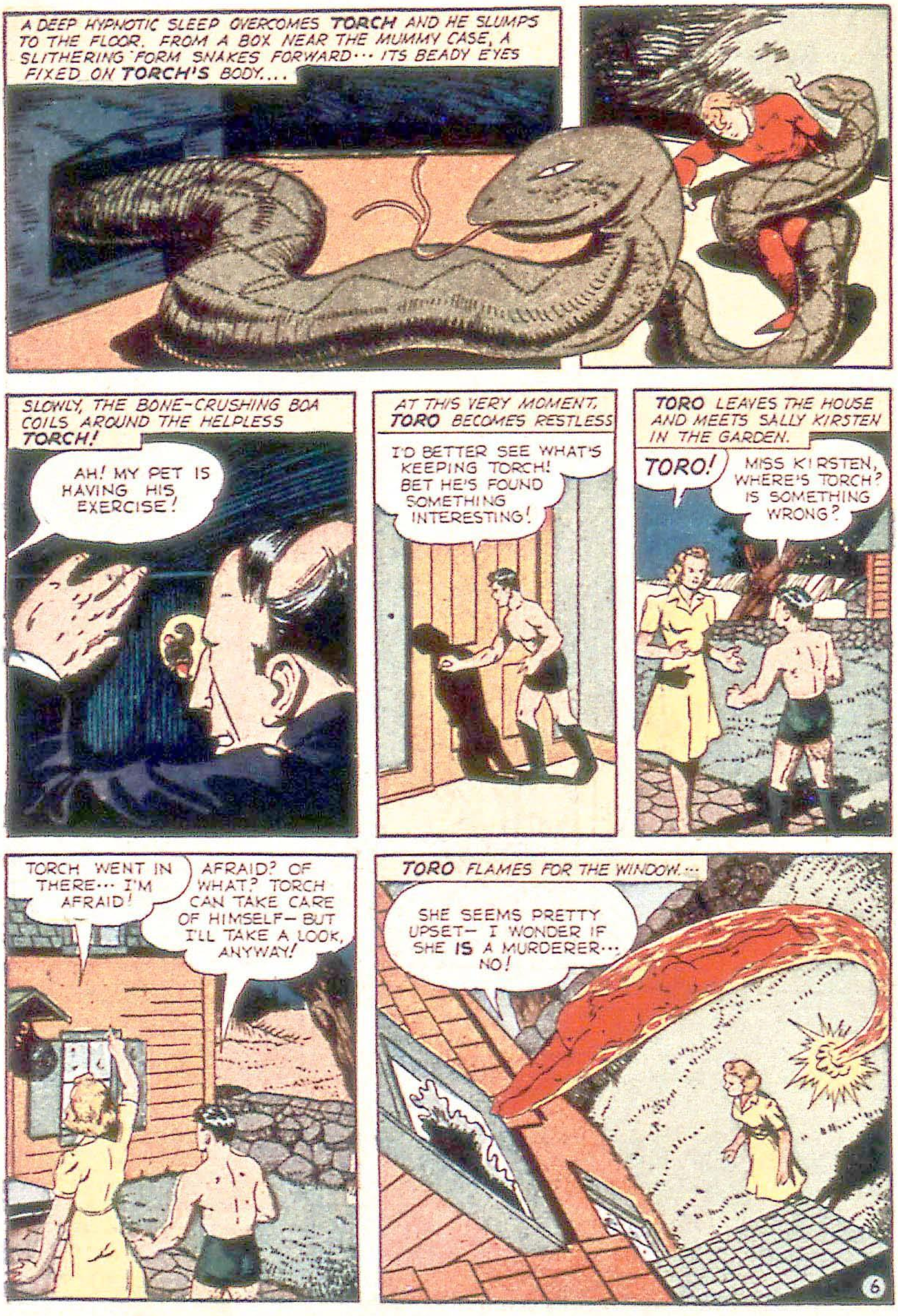

ARMS EXTENDED AND FEET BRACED, CAPTAIN AMERICA WAITS TO CATCH THE HURTLING BODY OF BUCKY!
GOOD RIDDANCE! HA-HA-HA! ADIEU, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I MUSTN'T MISS-- I CAN'T!
UGHHH!
AS CAP'S KNEES GIVE IN AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE IMPACT OF BUCKY'S THUDDING BODY--- HIGH ABOVE, RETRIBUTION KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE TORSO!!
WITH A SCREAM OF TERROR STILLED BY THE CRUSHING IMPACT OF HIS FALL, THE BROKEN BODY OF THE TORSO CRASHES DOWN THE SNOWY MOUNTAINSIDE, COLLECTING THE LOOSE SNOW AND CREATING AN EVER INCREASING BALL OF ICE AND SNOW THAT ASSUMES COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS WHEN IT REACHES THE EDGE OF THE SLOPING PLATEAU! TEETERING ON THE EDGE MOMENTARILY--- THE HUGE MASS OF SNOW---
A FITTING CLIMAX TO THE MAD CAREER OF THE STEEL TORSO! HIS BROKEN BODY, THE CORE OF THE HUGE ICE MASS THAT WIPES OUT THE SOURCE OF HIS FIENDISH WORK!
THEY'RE BETTER OFF THIS WAY, POOR DEVILS! COME ON-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THE OTHERS OUT OF THE MONASTERY AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION!
THERE GOES THE "TORSO" AND WITH HIM, THAT SPOOKY LAB! GEE, IT'S TOUGH ON THOSE POOR GUYS IN THOSE CAGES!
THE END

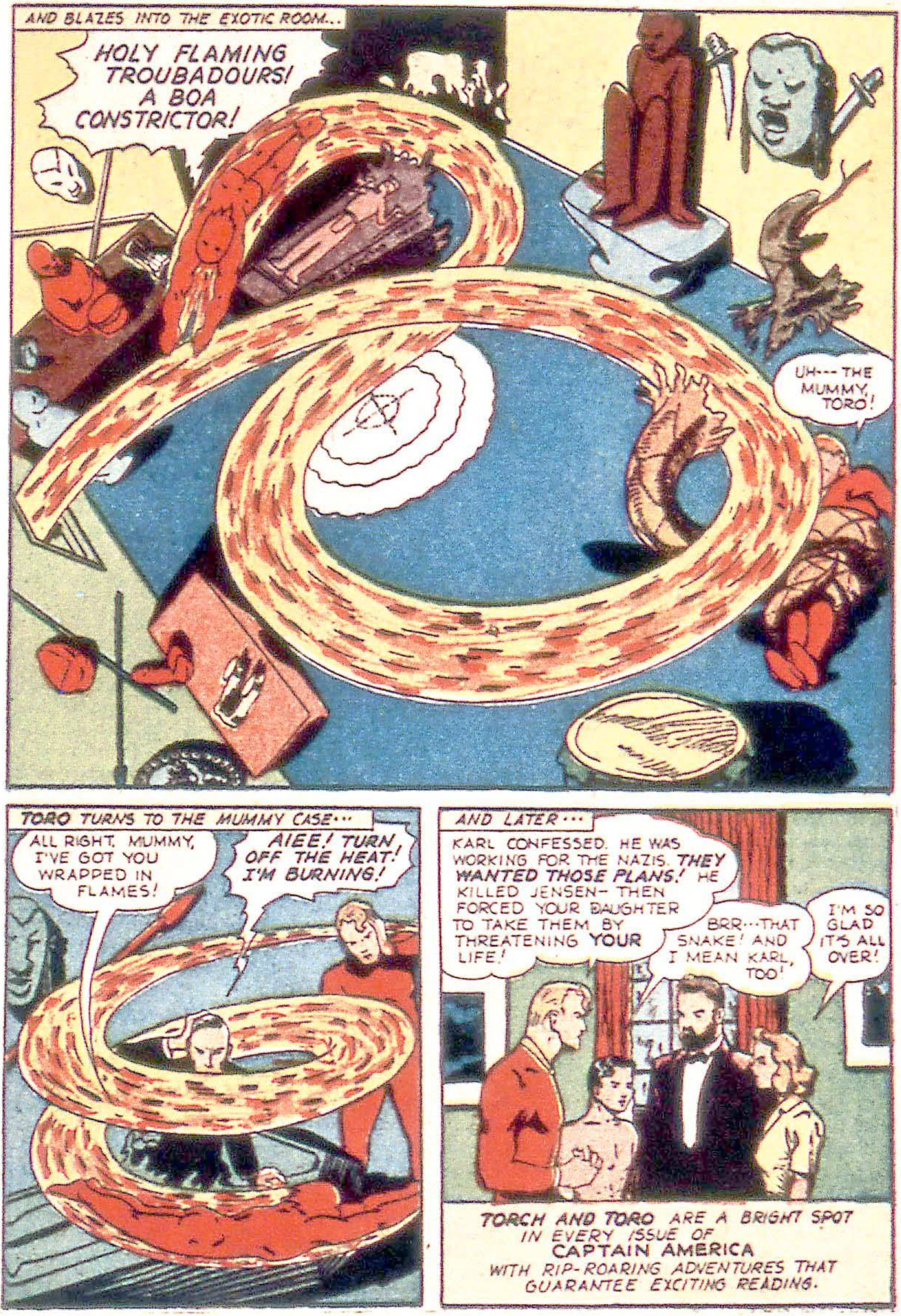

AT THE HOME OF FRED VON KIRSTEN, A GERMAN REFUGEE AND NOTED AFRICAN EXPLORER...
AH, MR JENSEN, COME IN!
I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER ABOUT THE PLANS YOU SMUGGLED OUT OF GERMANY!
A SHORT WHILE LATER ..
SPLENDID! THESE PLANS MUST BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE U.S GOVERNMENT!
YES! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THEM! UH...OH! YES KARL? COFFEE? WOULD YOU LIKE SOME, JENSEN?
FINE!
ONE RARELY GETS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE THESE DAYS!
KARL AND I LIVED ON IT IN AFRICA!
SUDDENLY, SETH JENSEN CRIES OUT HORRIBLY!
AYAGH H!
KIRSTEN'S FIRST THOUGHT IS TO CALL THE HUMAN TORCH..
PLEASE, TORCH, COME AT ONCE!
OKAY, KIRSTEN. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER YOU CALL THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY!
TORCH AND TORO BLAZE FOR KIRSTEN'S RESIDENCE...
KIRSTEN SAID SOME ONE WAS MURDERED! THAT'S ALL I KNOW, TORO!
SAY, TORCH, WHAT'S UP?
DOUSE YOUR FLAME, TORO! THIS IS THE PLACE!
2


SALLY, FRED KIRSTEN'S DAUGHTER, ADMITS THEM....
OH, YOU MUST BE TORCH AND TORO! COME IN, PLEASE. THE POLICE ARE ALREADY HERE!
THANKS. WHERE'S YOUR FATHER, MISS KIRSTEN?
IN THE LIBRARY. THEY'RE HOLDING HIM FOR *MURDER!*
JENSEN WAS POISONED BY A RARE TROPICAL DRUG AND SINCE KIRSTEN JUST CAME FROM AFRICA, IT'S LOGICAL THAT HE WOULD HAVE SOME!
IT'S MY HUNCH THAT KIRSTEN IS A NAZI SPY, ELSE WHY WOULD HE HAVE JENSEN BRING AIRPLANE DESIGNS HERE
NO! THAT'S NOT SO! THOSE PLANS ARE MINE... I TOOK THEM *OUT OF GERMANY!* JENSEN WAS GOING TO TURN THEM OVER TO AMERICAN OFFICIALS FOR ME!
ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT?
FOOLS! LOOK AT THE PLANS — THEY ARE OF *NAZI PLANES!*
PERHAPS KIRSTEN IS RIGHT! LET'S SEE THEM!
HEY! THEY'RE **GONE!** THEY WERE RIGHT HERE!
TORO VOICES A SUSPICION.
SAY, TORCH, DOESN'T KIRSTEN HAVE A BUTLER?
YES, BUT HE'S NOT IN THIS! THE ONE I'M AFTER IS KIRSTEN'S DAUGHTER!
HUH? ARE YOU KIDDING?
NO... SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON NEAR THAT TABLE. THEN SHE SLIPPED OUT THE BACK WAY. I'M FOLLOWING HER. WAIT HERE, TORO!


TORCH RACES TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE......
THERE'S SALLY! AND... **SHE HAS THE PLANS!**
MISS KIRSTEN!
TORCH! OH...
WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THESE?
PLEASE--- FOR MY FATHER'S SAKE, DON'T MAKE ME TELL YOU!
MEANWHILE, KARL, THE BUTLER, GLARES DOWN AT **TORCH** FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS ROOM IN THE SERVANT'S QUARTERS.
THAT FOOL, TORCH-- HE UPSETS MY PLANS!
A WICKED-LOOKING BLOW-GUN IS AIMED AT **TORCH'S** BACK...
HE'LL GET WHAT JENSEN GOT FOR INTERFERING! **DIE, TORCH!**
A SOFT, WHISPERED BREATH... A HISS...
AND A VICIOUS DART BURIES ITSELF IN **TORCH'S** BACK!
OH! WHAT'S THAT?
OHH- KARL- NO!!!


UNCEREMONIOUSLY, TORCH BURSTS INTO FLAME....
IF THERE WAS ANY POISON ON THAT, MY FLAME WILL BURN IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM. NOW, TO GET THAT GUY!
TORCH FLAMES UP INTO A ROOM REMINISCENT OF DARKEST AFRICA....
HE'S GONE! HOLY SMOKES! THIS LOOKS LIKE A WITCH DOCTOR'S LAIR! WELL, TORO WAS RIGHT— IT WAS THE BUTLER!
TORCH LOOKS AROUND AND FINDS...
HMM... THIS DOOR'S BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE! HE HASN'T LEFT THE ROOM AT ALL!
MEANWHILE, LYING CRAMPED IN THE MUMMY CASE, KARL IS BEATING OUT AN HYPNOTIC VOODOO RYTHM ON A WITCH DOCTOR'S DRUM!
AH! SOON THE TORCH WILL SUCCUMB TO THE MAGIC OF THE VOODOO DRUM!
THUMPA THUMPA THUMPA
THE STRANGE MYSTIC RYTHM HYPNOTIZES TORCH'S MIND.
I'M WEAK... SLEEPY... THAT DRUMMING...


A DEEP HYPNOTIC SLEEP OVERCOMES **TORCH** AND HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. FROM A BOX NEAR THE MUMMY CASE, A SLITHERING FORM SNAKES FORWARD··· ITS BEADY EYES FIXED ON **TORCH'S** BODY....
SLOWLY, THE BONE-CRUSHING BOA COILS AROUND THE HELPLESS **TORCH!**
AH! MY PET IS HAVING HIS EXERCISE!
AT THIS VERY MOMENT, **TORO** BECOMES RESTLESS
I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S KEEPING TORCH! BET HE'S FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING!
TORO LEAVES THE HOUSE AND MEETS SALLY KIRSTEN IN THE GARDEN.
TORO!
MISS KIRSTEN, WHERE'S TORCH? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
TORCH WENT IN THERE··· I'M AFRAID!
AFRAID? OF WHAT? TORCH CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF— BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK, ANYWAY!
TORO FLAMES FOR THE WINDOW···
SHE SEEMS PRETTY UPSET— I WONDER IF SHE **IS** A MURDERER··· NO!
6


AND BLAZES INTO THE EXOTIC ROOM...
HOLY FLAMING TROUBADOURS! A BOA CONSTRICTOR!
UH--- THE MUMMY, TORO!
TORO TURNS TO THE MUMMY CASE...
ALL RIGHT, MUMMY, I'VE GOT YOU WRAPPED IN FLAMES!
AIEE! TURN, OFF THE HEAT! I'M BURNING!
AND LATER...
KARL CONFESSED. HE WAS WORKING FOR THE NAZIS. THEY WANTED THOSE PLANS! HE KILLED JENSEN- THEN FORCED YOUR DAUGHTER TO TAKE THEM BY THREATENING YOUR LIFE!
BRR...THAT SNAKE! AND I MEAN KARL, TOO!
I'M SO GLAD IT'S ALL OVER!
TORCH AND TORO ARE A BRIGHT SPOT IN EVERY ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH RIP-ROARING ADVENTURES THAT GUARANTEE EXCITING READING.

The IMPERFECT CRIME

IT WOULD be, Cleve told himself with satisfaction, the perfect crime.

"If I muff this," Cleve informed Skat, the shaggy shepherd dog, "I ought to have my head examined. Skat, old man, we're about to make our fortune!"

Which probably meant next to nothing to Skat. He gave no indication other than to wag an appreciative tail over the fact that Cleve was talking to him. Skat was always like that. Skat liked Cleve, which isn't to be held against him. Otherwise, Skat was smart.

Cleve picked up a broom. Outside in the wind-swept street there were no people to be seen. Cleve plied his broom, turned at the sound of Pop Andrew's approaching footsteps.

"Business slack again," Pop announced, looking past the big bulk of Cleve's body and out the window.

Cleve nodded, sweeping a little pile of dust, cigarette butts and match cases to one side. 'Yep. Folks all home eating. Y'may as well take your snooze."

"Suppose so," Pop admitted, his friendly old face softened with a smile. "People aren't buying much any more—"

"Nothing much to buy," Cleve interrupted with a chuckle. "How can they? At the rate this war's going—"

Pop Andrew turned away, toddling slowly back along the counter, one seamed old hand resting on the gnarled surface as if he loved its touch. Cleve watched him cautiously. Shucks, the old guy had been living here all his life. Living here and running this store.

Cleve waited patiently for the old man to get settled. After he was well asleep, Cleve would get going. It was only a little way to the big two-story house where Pop Andrew lived alone, where he had the accumulated savings of years secreted beneath the hearth-stone of the old fireplace.

Cleve opened the back door with the key he'd rigged up. These old locks wouldn't keep out anyone with any brains. Cleve slid through darkness to the living-room. He squatted down before the fireplace. There was no sound. Skat nosed about, came to sit at the edge of the circle of light from the flash, as Cleve raised the stone and dug into the cache. It made him catch his breath for a second. Why, there was more here than he'd even expected. There was a small fortune. . . .

Cleve darted back through the night to the rear of the store, let himself cautiously in. He closed the door, poked his head into the back room and saw, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the old man was still sound asleep. He'd stay so until Cleve woke him. . . .

"Imagine me playing nursemaid to that old coot," Cleve marveled. "But, he's paying me well. Very well!"

CLEVE didn't sleep well that night. Even Skat seemed to be troubled, for Cleve heard him padding about the little cottage all night.

There was a feeling of tension within him as Cleve walked to the store and unlocked it. Any time now the lid would blow off the works. Evidently the old man hadn't discovered the theft last night, or Cleve would have heard about it. But now . . . any time. . . .

Cleve was sweeping up when he saw Pop Andrew hurrying along the road, hatless, his white hair plastered to his head in the slow fall of rain, his face even at a distance showing lined and pinched. He came panting into the store and caught at the end of the glass case as he paused.

"Cleve!" he croaked. "Cleve—it—it's gone. My . . . my money . . . everything—"

Cleve tried to register genuine alarm. "You must have misplaced it," he insisted, taking hold of the old man's arm and leading him to a chair near the pot-bellied stove. "Here, rest a minute. We'll go back and be sure—"

"I am sure! Sure!" the old man moaned.

"I'll call the sheriff," Cleve said briskly, hurrying to the 'phone hanging against the back wall. "You must be wrong. It'll turn up . . . somewhere!"

And it would, too, Cleve knew, but the turning-up point would be a long way from here. It was, Cleve told himself, pathetic. He should have been moved. Deeply moved. In a sense, he was.

Sheriff Pringle—he was called Pringy by his friends—hurried in, with his mild blue eyes popping, his handle-bar whiskers still tinted with his morning eggs.

"You come back with me, Pop," Pringy told the old man. "Must be some mistake—"

But there wasn't any mistake, and after a few hours things began to look serious. Cleve had to chuckle to himself. For the first time in years business was good. But about all anyone wanted was the latest developments. Yes, Cleve had to take his hat off to himself. After all, Pop was old, about done for. Someone ought to benefit by his years of saving.

THE LOCAL yokels were making the most of it. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before. Glendale had been a sleepy little village carefully hiding in the hills. Crime and the war were things far removed. Now everyone was on edge, seething with rage and yearning to get their hands on the "dastardly criminal" who had dared break their carefully guarded record.

Cleve wondered how long it would last, how long he could safely hang around. He told Pop Andrew one evening: "I may be moving out before long. Gonna get a job in defense. Charlie Skinner's looking for something to do. He was saying the other day that he'd half intended asking you if you could use him in the store. After what's just happened—"

"Charlie Skinner?" Pop Andrew echoed. "The store? Cleve . . . I'm done for. I haven't a penny. People aren't buying any more. I can't live on . . . nothing!"

Cleve shrugged. "It's tough," he agreed. "Most I ever got done out of was a fiver. And I lost that through a hole in my pocket. Must be tough to have everything go like this!"

Tonight Cleve locked up extra early. Pop Andrew's long habit of sleeping evenings was broken now. He was away with the sheriff. People had gone back to their regular eating time and and Cleve saw no use in staying open. He locked up and, with Skat close at his heels, sloshed home through the night and the rain. Cooking and eating supper later, he found his thoughts far away, where there was sunshine and warmth and something to do. With this money in his pockets he would find plenty to do. Maybe he'd go south first. . . .

Skat woofed and a moment later someone knocked. Cleve got up and went to the door. Rain and wind drove the shrouded figures of the sheriff and Pop Andrew into the little hall. Lem Rainer and Charlie Skinner were along. Cleve felt his pulse quicken a little, but he greeted them with a grin.

"Get your duds off," he invited. "I'll put a pot of coffee together—"

"Never mind," Pringy interrupted, his voice gruff and businesslike. "We're here on business, Cleve!"

Cleve gathered himself. What was this? A bluff? It must be. He hadn't slipped anywhere. Hadn't left a single clue!

Pringy said, "Well, Cleve, we've got nothing on you." He hesitated and his now hard blue eyes shifted to Skat sitting beside the stove. Pringy announced, "I've got a warrant of arrest here, Cleve. I'm arresting Skat. For the theft of Pop Andrew's money!"

FOR a moment there was deep silence. Cleve shook his head slowly, trying to clear his senses. What was this? A gag? Skat . . . a warrant for his arrest. . . .

"You're nuts!" Cleve growled. "The whole kaboodle of you—"

"Here's the warrant, Cleve," Pringy said. "Okay, man. Do your duty—"

Lem Rainer stepped forward. He took a stout chain-leash from his pocket—

With a roar Cleve went into action. He drove at Lem Rainer with a snarl of anger, heavy fists plunging. Lem lurched aside, stumbled over Skat, who emitted a howl of anguish. The sound spurred Cleve and he whirled. . . .

Charlie Skinner cowered in front of him. Before Cleve had a chance to think, Charlie's ham-like fist loomed before Cleve's eyes, exploded with an array of amazing lights, followed by a total black-out.

CLEVE opened his eyes. It took a minute or two to pull himself together. He saw that they had Skat chained. . . .

Cleve moved swollen lips painfully. "Skat's . . . innocent."

Pringy said, "I'll do my blamedest to prove he's guilty."

Cleve babbled, "Leave Skat alone! I did it! I'll take the rap!"

Cleve dropped into the rocker and Skat came over to him, wagging his tail. Cleve sat there, patting his friend. "I still don't get it," he complained. "Why you picked on Skat—"

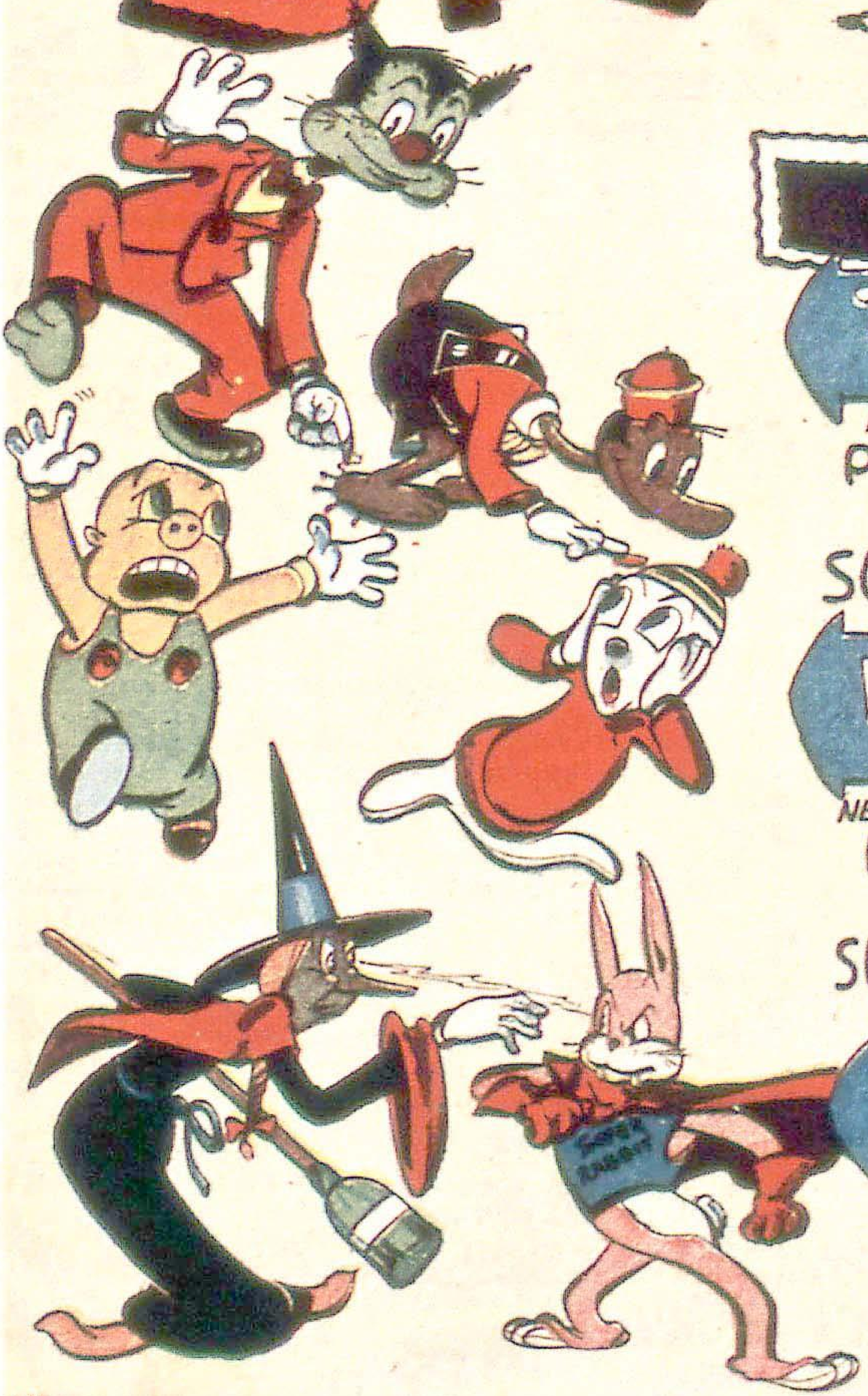
"Easy," Sheriff Pringle said proudly. "You're smart, all right, Cleve. *You* didn't leave a single clue. But Skat did." The sheriff chuckled. "Believe it or not, all animals leave paw-prints that are just as distinctive as human prints. Even their noses do. I heard a lecture about it once, by some professor."

"Skat left the clue I needed, Cleve. He left his paw-prints around the edge of the floor where Pop had just oiled it that day. Later, I got another set from Skat at the store. . . They're the same, Cleve. Skat's prints and the ones in the house!"

Cleve squared his shoulders. "Imagine!" he muttered. He looked at Skat. Cleve said, "You—you doggone dog!"

The End.

The BIG 3



TERRY-TOONS

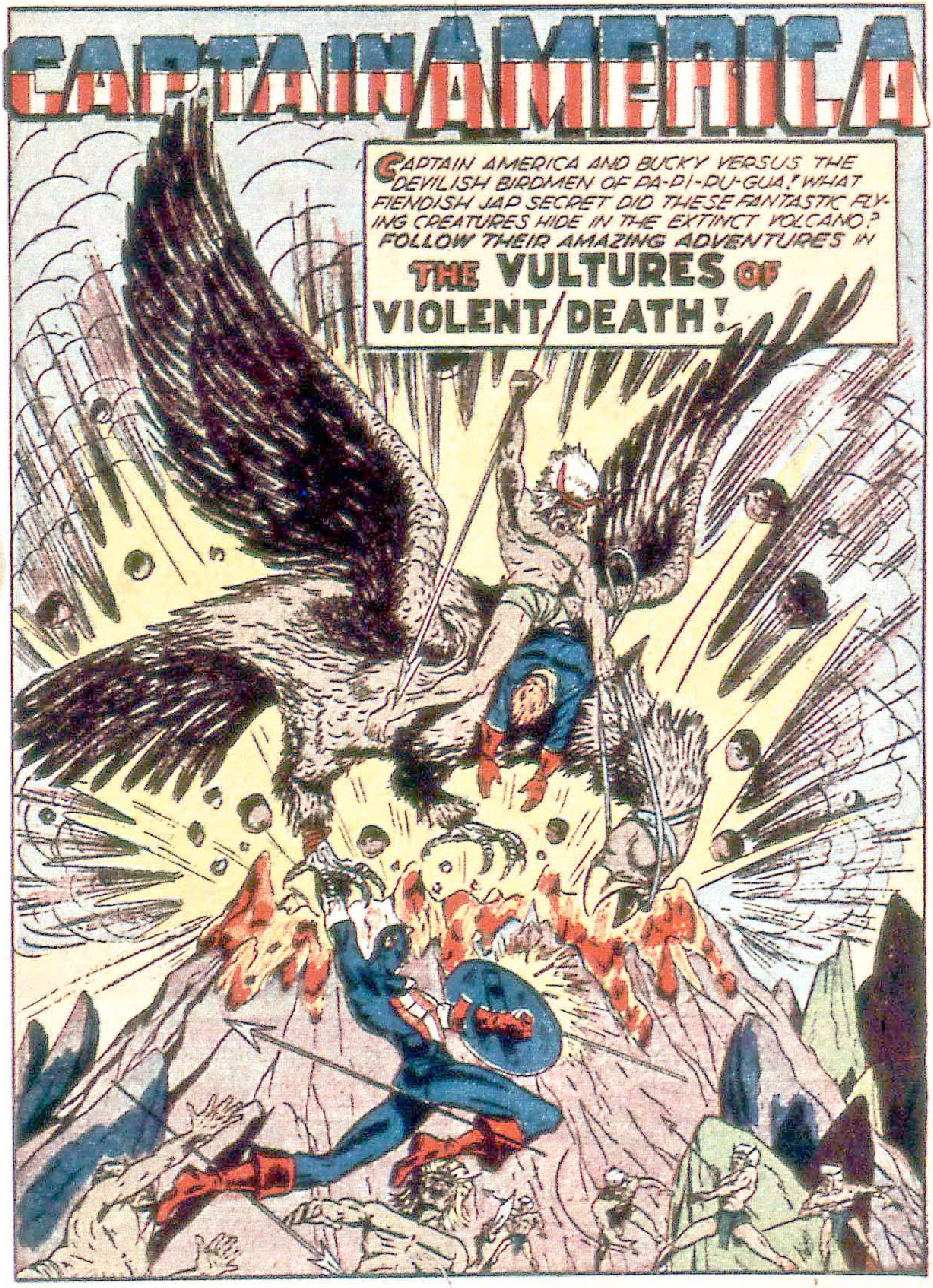
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

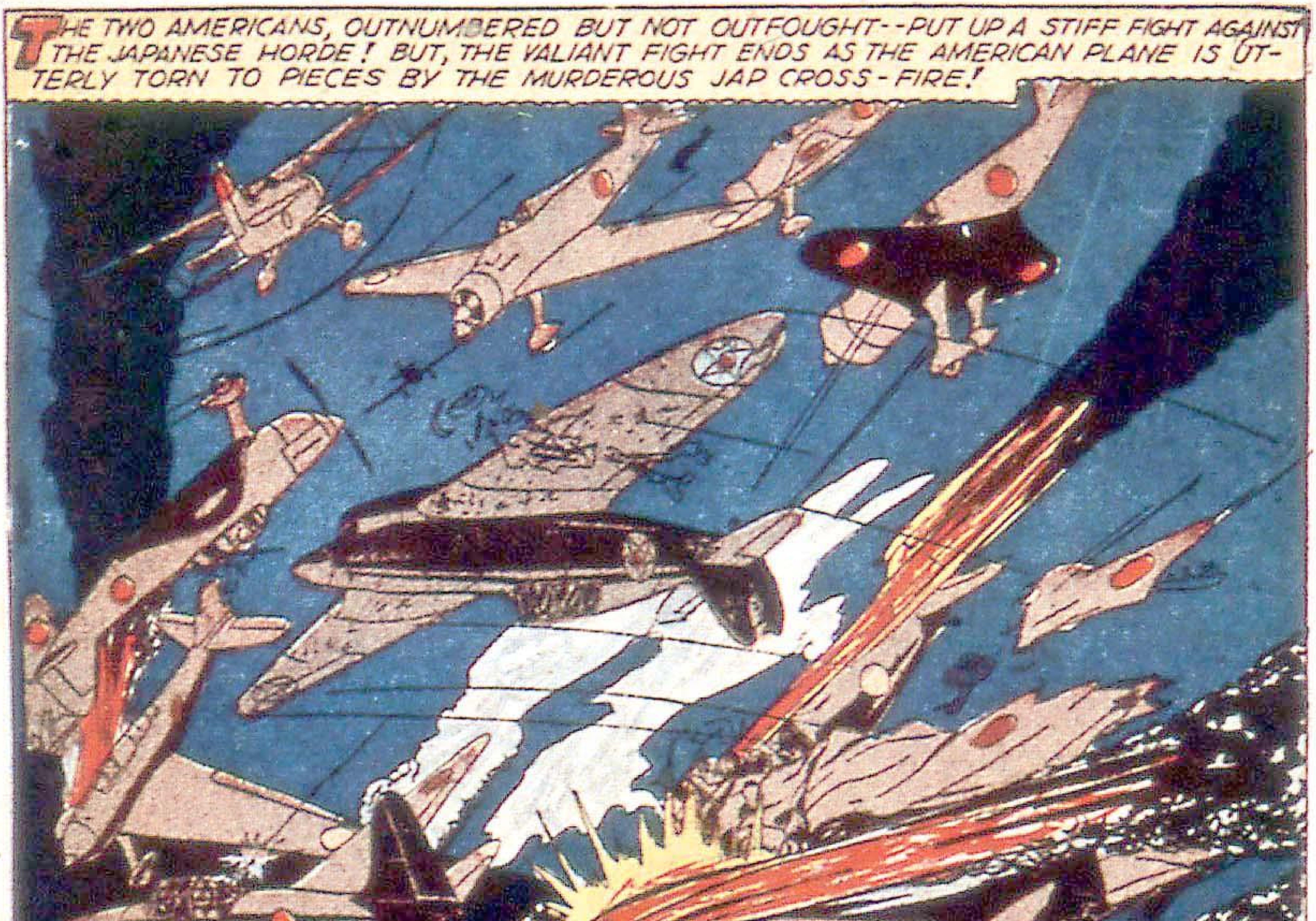
KRAZY KOMICS

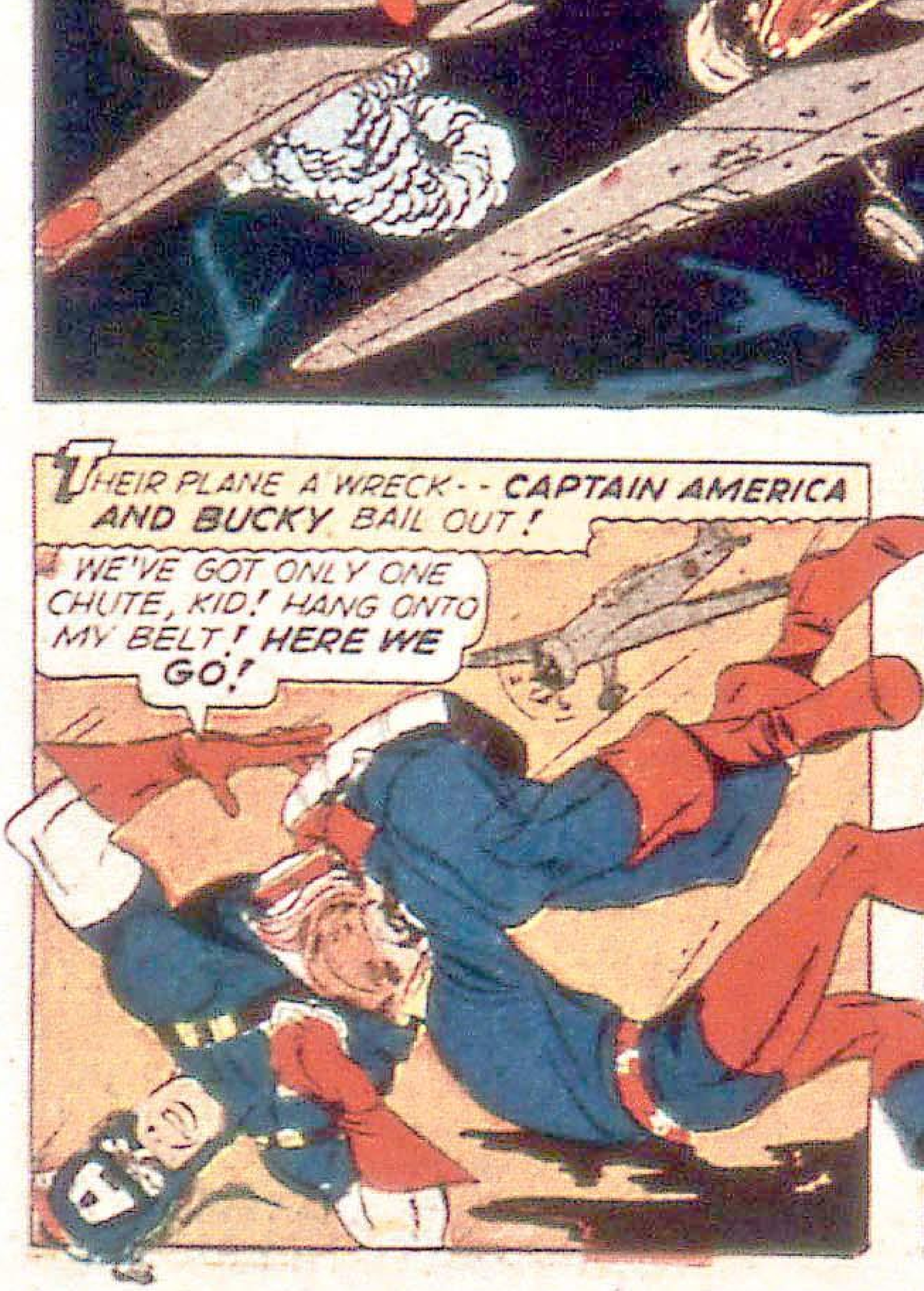
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

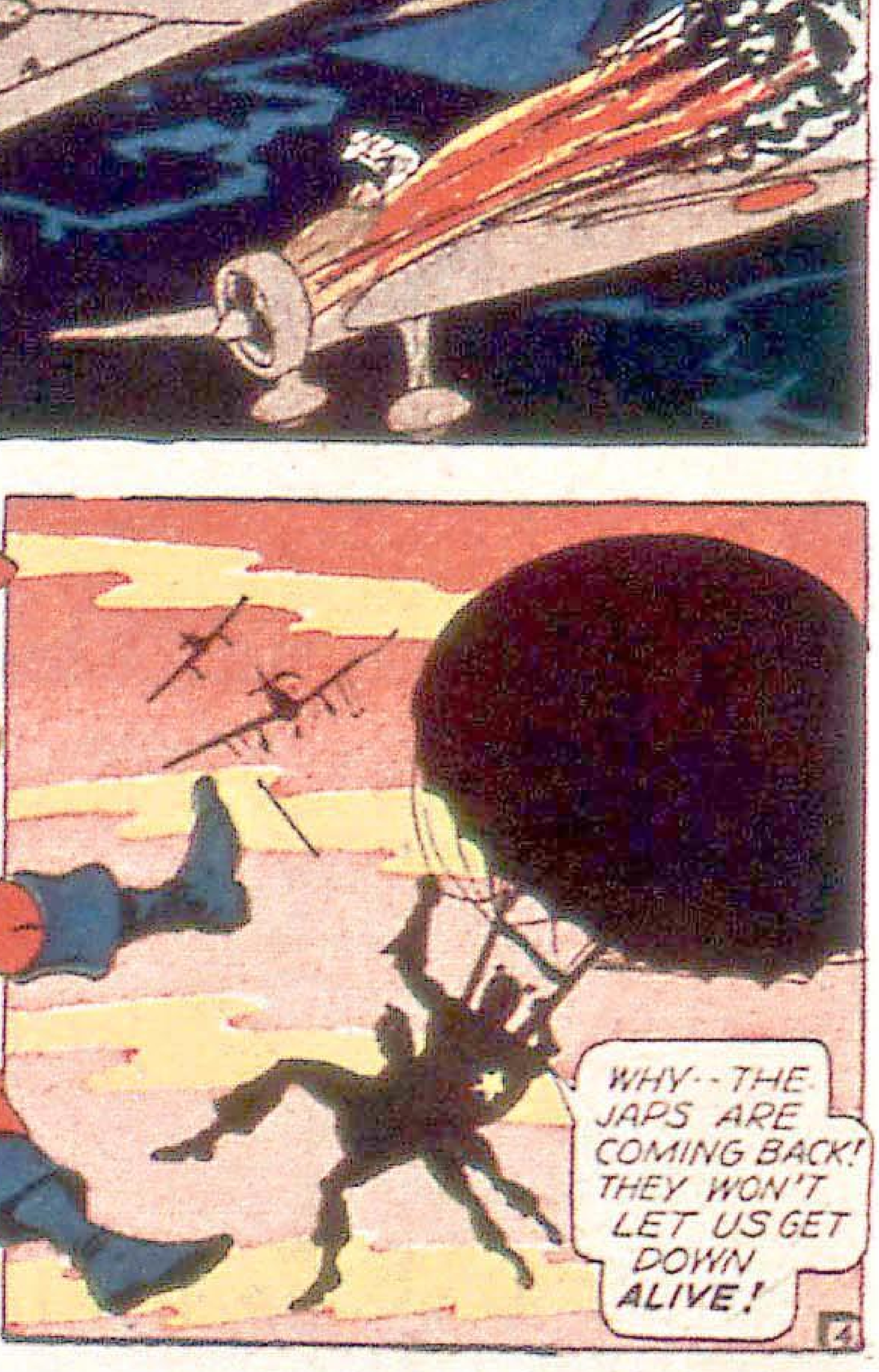
COMEDY COMICS

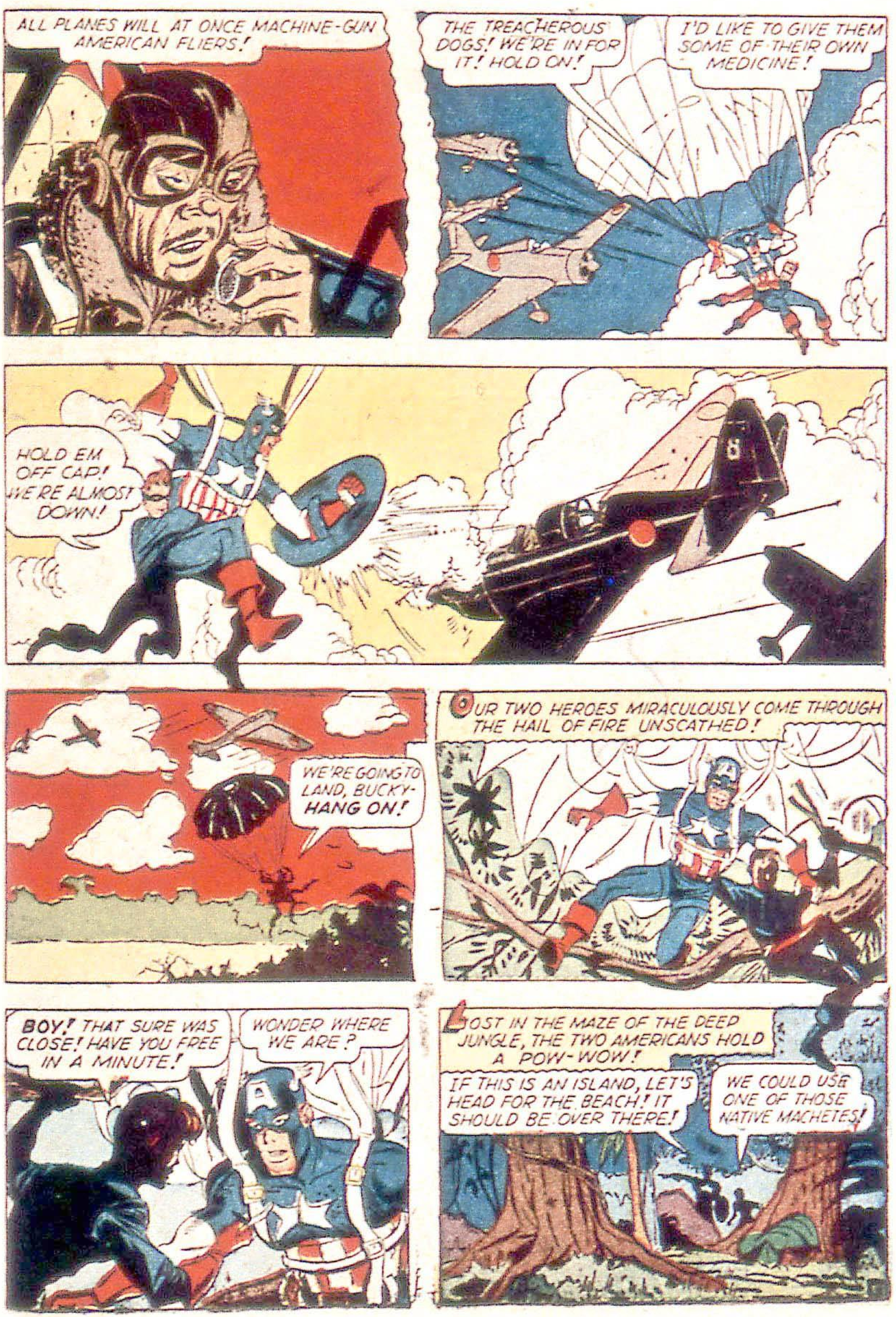
NEW
EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

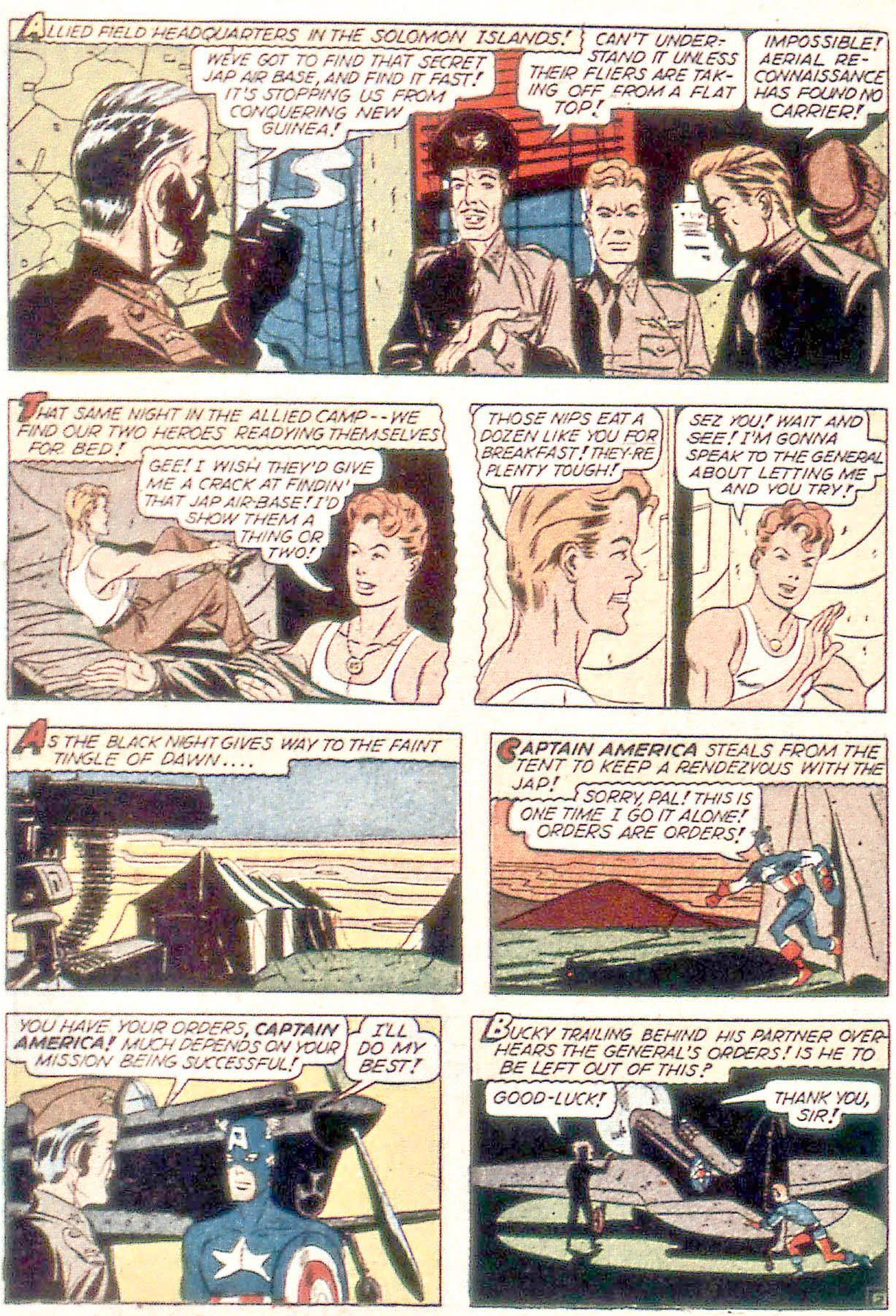

CAPTAIN AMERICA
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY VERSUS THE DEVILISH BIRDMEN OF PA-PI-PU-GUA! WHAT FIENDISH JAP SECRET DID THESE FANTASTIC FLYING CREATURES HIDE IN THE EXTINCT VOLCANO? FOLLOW THEIR AMAZING ADVENTURES IN
THE VULTURES OF VIOLENT DEATH!

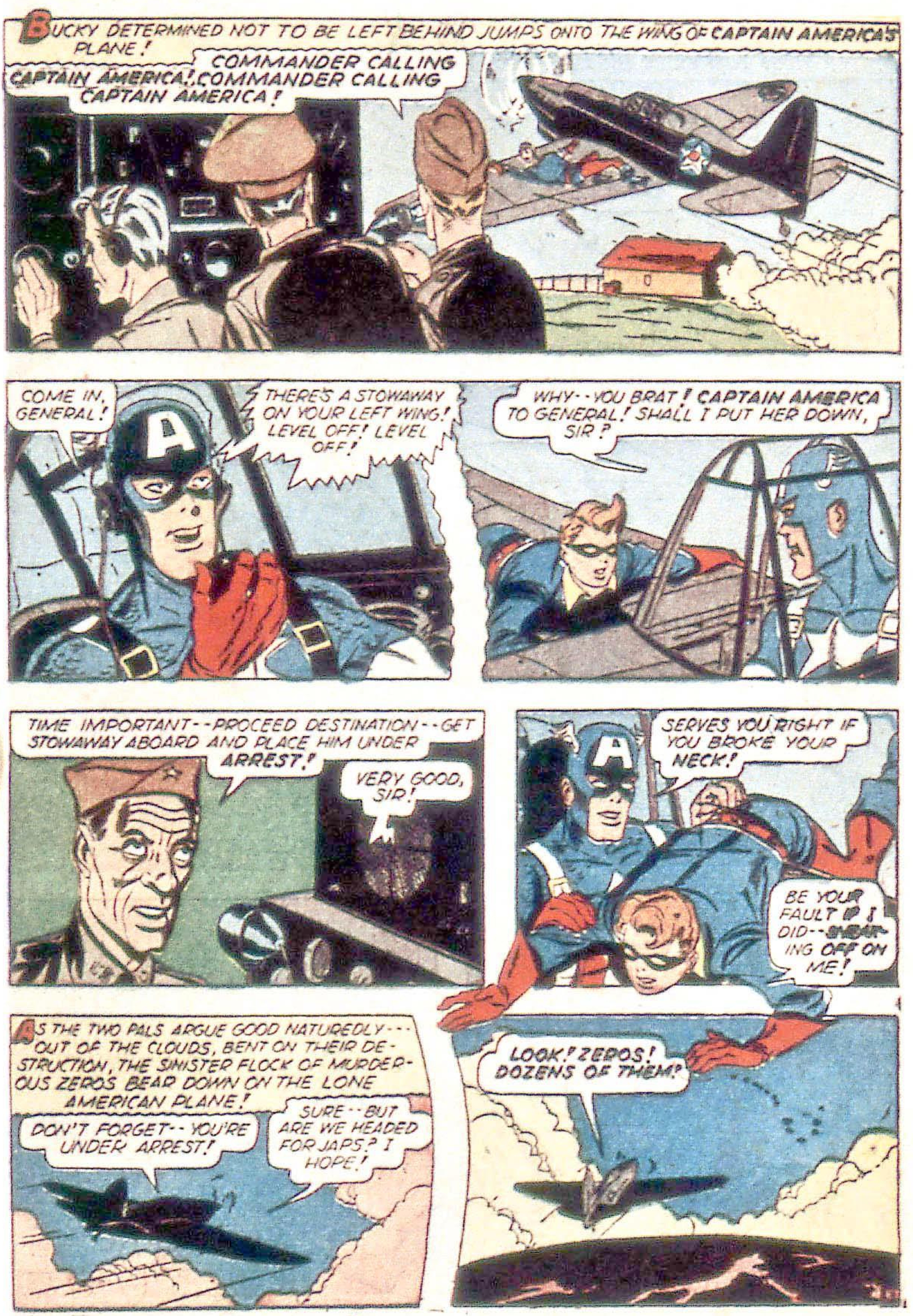

THE TWO AMERICANS, OUTNUMBERED BUT NOT OUTFOUGHT--PUT UP A STIFF FIGHT AGAINST THE JAPANESE HORDE! BUT, THE VALIANT FIGHT ENDS AS THE AMERICAN PLANE IS UTTERLY TORN TO PIECES BY THE MURDEROUS JAP CROSS-FIRE!

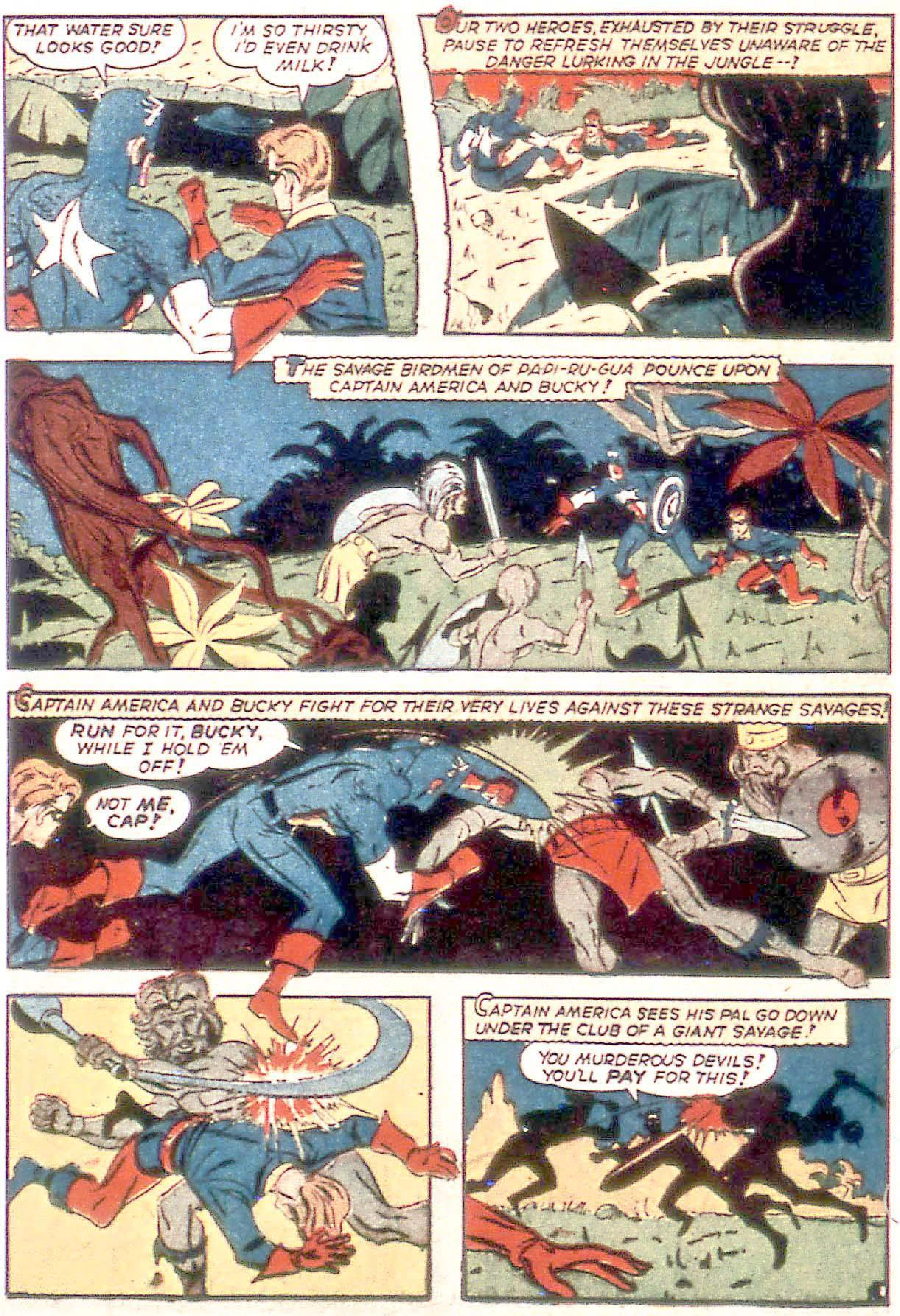

THEIR PLANE A WRECK--CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BAIL OUT!
WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHUTE, KID! HANG ONTO MY BELT! HERE WE GO!

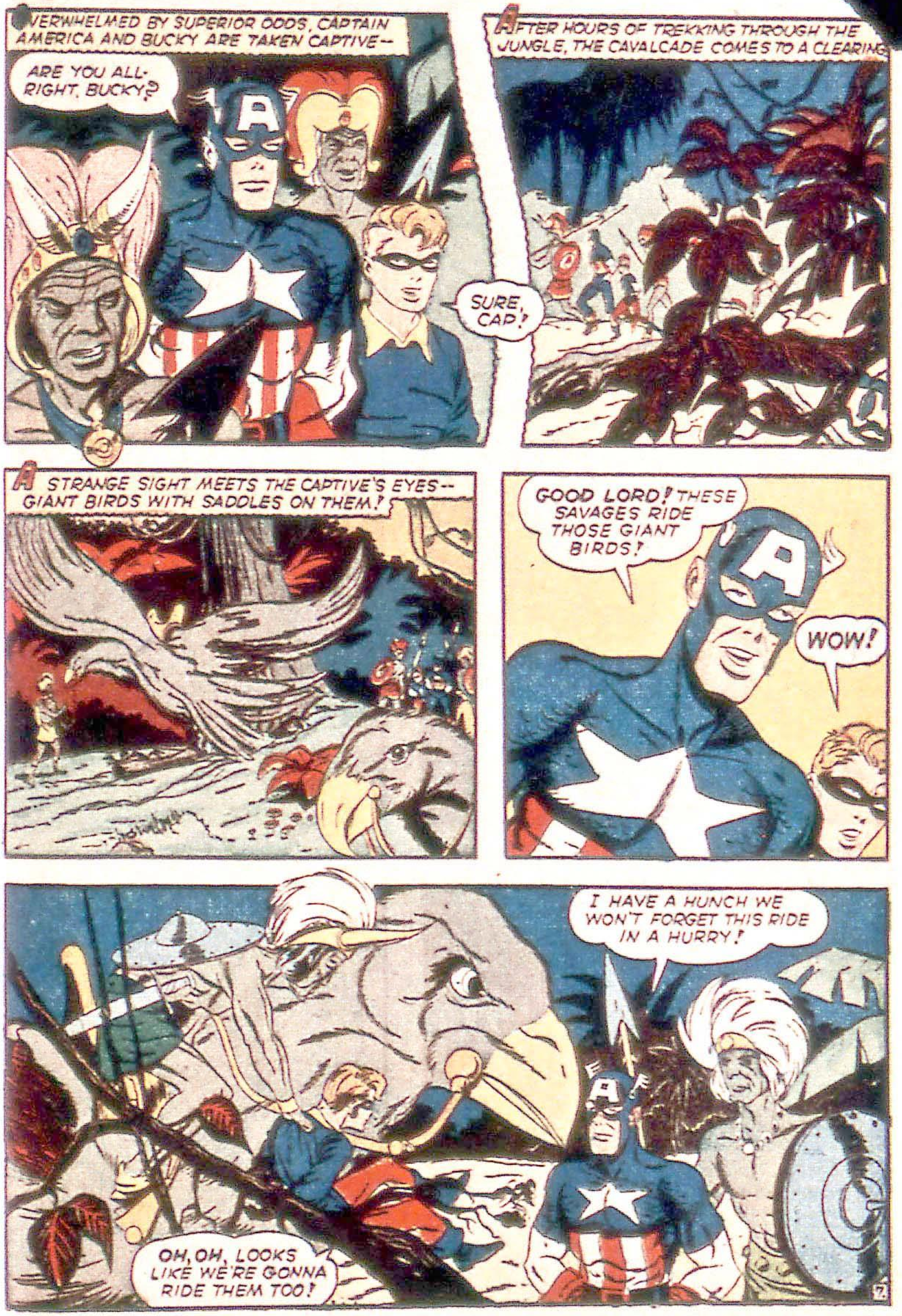

WHY--THE JAPS ARE COMING BACK! THEY WON'T LET US GET DOWN ALIVE!

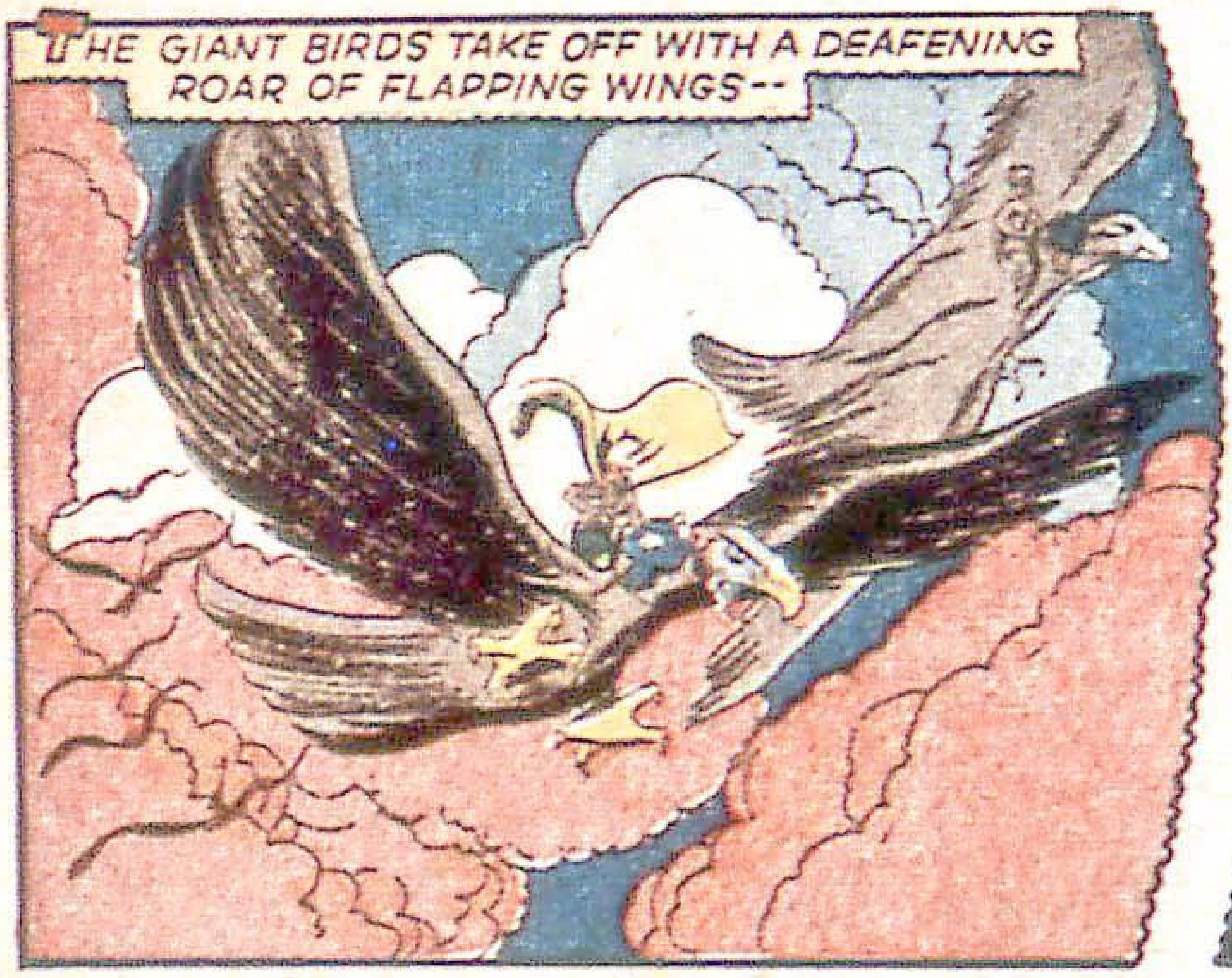

ALL PLANES WILL AT ONCE MACHINE-GUN AMERICAN FLIERS!
THE TREACHEROUS DOGS! WE'RE IN FOR IT! HOLD ON!
I'D LIKE TO GIVE THEM SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
HOLD EM OFF CAP! WE'RE ALMOST DOWN!
WE'RE GOING TO LAND, BUCKY- HANG ON!
OUR TWO HEROES MIRACULOUSLY COME THROUGH THE HAIL OF FIRE UNSCATHED!
BOY! THAT SURE WAS CLOSE! HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!
WONDER WHERE WE ARE?
LOST IN THE MAZE OF THE DEEP JUNGLE, THE TWO AMERICANS HOLD A POW-WOW!
IF THIS IS AN ISLAND, LET'S HEAD FOR THE BEACH! IT SHOULD BE OVER THERE!
WE COULD USE ONE OF THOSE NATIVE MACHETES!

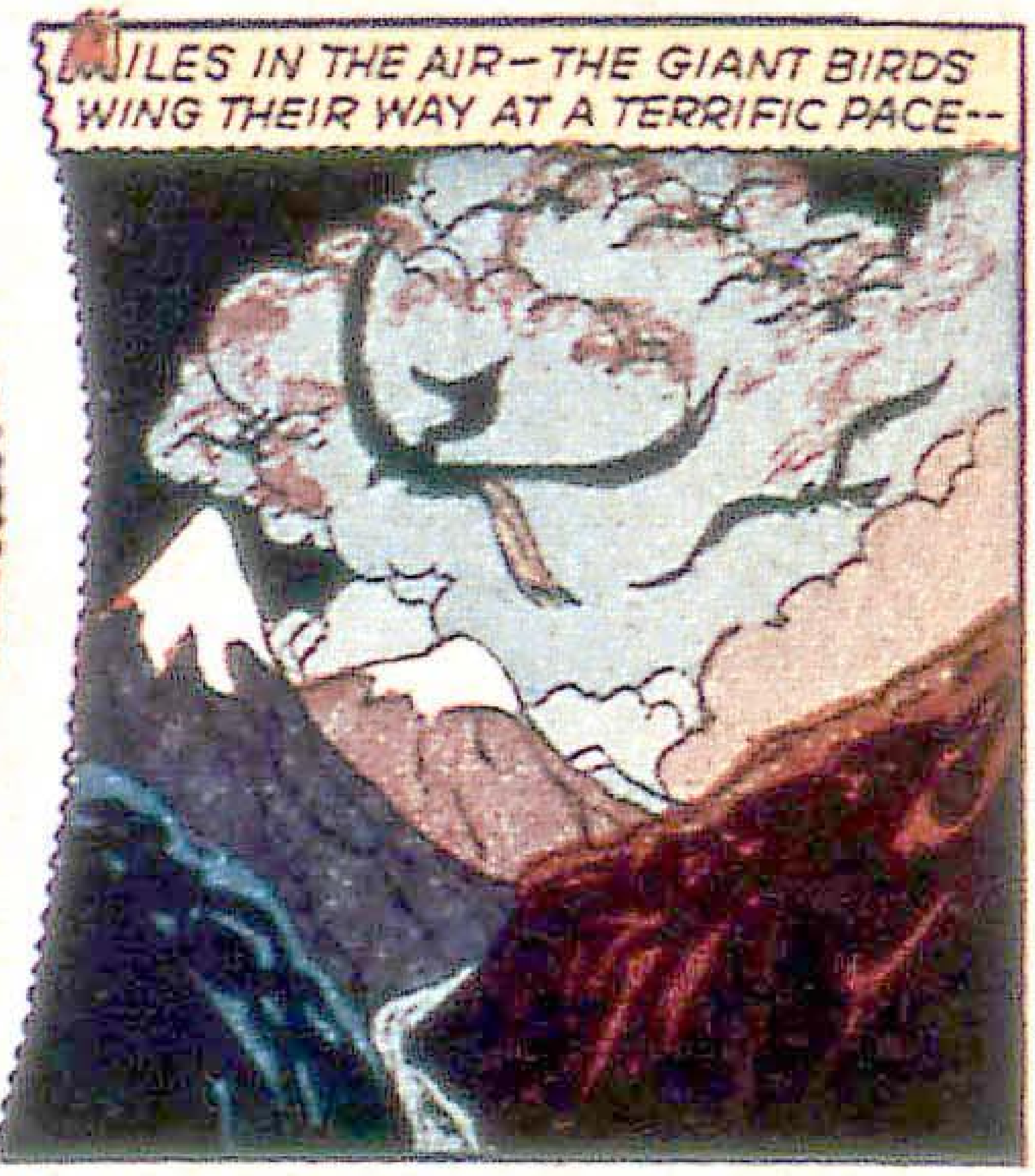

ALLIED FIELD HEADQUARTERS IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT SECRET JAP AIR BASE, AND FIND IT FAST! IT'S STOPPING US FROM CONQUERING NEW GUINEA!
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT UNLESS THEIR FLIERS ARE TAKING OFF FROM A FLAT TOP!
IMPOSSIBLE! AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE HAS FOUND NO CARRIER!
THAT SAME NIGHT IN THE ALLIED CAMP--WE FIND OUR TWO HEROES READYING THEMSELVES FOR BED!
GEE! I WISH THEY'D GIVE ME A CRACK AT FINDIN' THAT JAP AIR-BASE! I'D SHOW THEM A THING OR TWO!
THOSE NIPS EAT A DOZEN LIKE YOU FOR BREAKFAST! THEY-RE PLENTY TOUGH!
SEZ YOU! WAIT AND SEE! I'M GONNA SPEAK TO THE GENERAL ABOUT LETTING ME AND YOU TRY!
AS THE BLACK NIGHT GIVES WAY TO THE FAINT TINGLE OF DAWN....
CAPTAIN AMERICA STEALS FROM THE TENT TO KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE JAP!
SORRY, PAL! THIS IS ONE TIME I GO IT ALONE! ORDERS ARE ORDERS!
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! MUCH DEPENDS ON YOUR MISSION BEING SUCCESSFUL!
I'LL DO MY BEST!
BUCKY TRAILING BEHIND HIS PARTNER OVERHEARS THE GENERAL'S ORDERS! IS HE TO BE LEFT OUT OF THIS?
GOOD-LUCK!
THANK YOU, SIR!
2

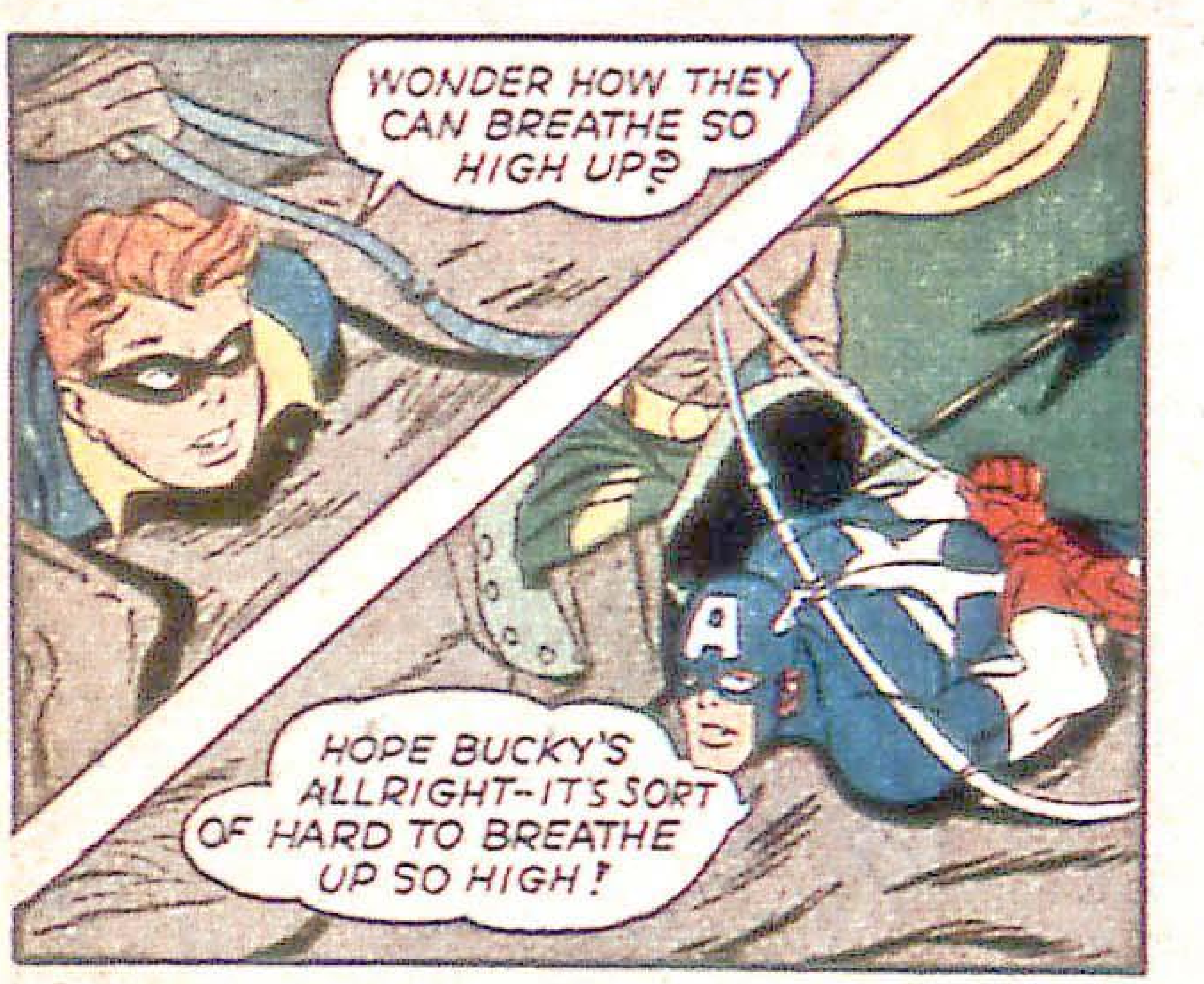

BUCKY DETERMINED NOT TO BE LEFT BEHIND JUMPS ONTO THE WING OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PLANE!
COMMANDER CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA! COMMANDER CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA!
COME IN, GENERAL!
THERE'S A STOWAWAY ON YOUR LEFT WING! LEVEL OFF! LEVEL OFF!
WHY--YOU BRAT! CAPTAIN AMERICA TO GENERAL! SHALL I PUT HER DOWN, SIR?
TIME IMPORTANT--PROCEED DESTINATION--GET STOWAWAY ABOARD AND PLACE HIM UNDER ARREST!
VERY GOOD, SIR!
SERVES YOU RIGHT IF YOU BROKE YOUR NECK!
BE YOUR FAULT IF I DID--SHEAR-ING OFF ON ME!
AS THE TWO PALS ARGUE GOOD NATUREDLY--- OUT OF THE CLOUDS, BENT ON THEIR DESTRUCTION, THE SINISTER FLOCK OF MURDEROUS ZEROS BEAR DOWN ON THE LONE AMERICAN PLANE!
DON'T FORGET--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
SURE--BUT ARE WE HEADED FOR JAPS? I HOPE!
LOOK! ZEROS! DOZENS OF THEM!

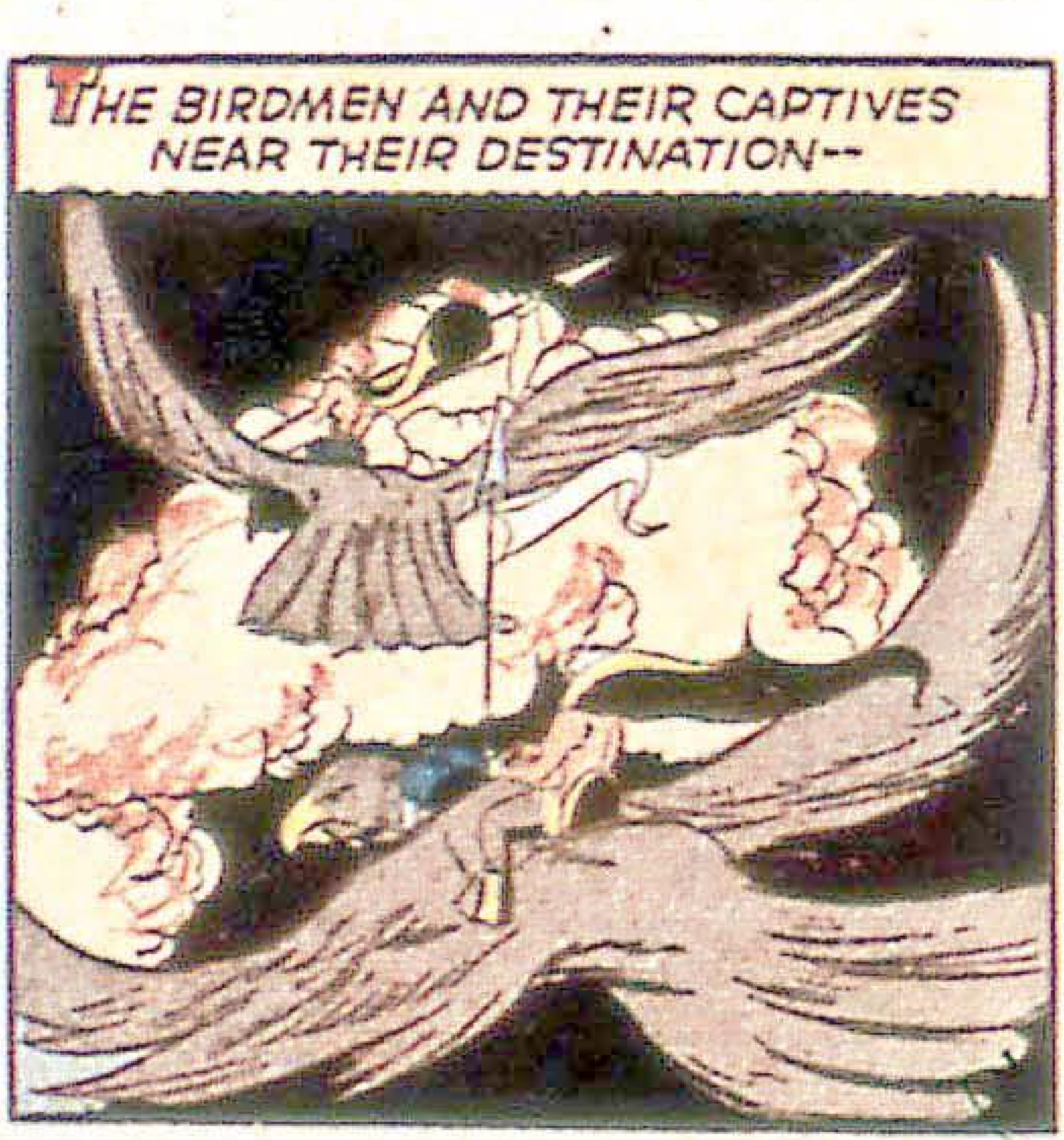

THAT WATER SURE LOOKS GOOD!
I'M SO THIRSTY I'D EVEN DRINK MILK!
OUR TWO HEROES, EXHAUSTED BY THEIR STRUGGLE, PAUSE TO REFRESH THEMSELVES UNAWARE OF THE DANGER LURKING IN THE JUNGLE--!
THE SAVAGE BIRDMEN OF PAPI-RU-GUA POUNCE UPON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIGHT FOR THEIR VERY LIVES AGAINST THESE STRANGE SAVAGES!
RUN FOR IT, BUCKY, WHILE I HOLD 'EM OFF!
NOT ME, CAP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SEES HIS PAL GO DOWN UNDER THE CLUB OF A GIANT SAVAGE!
YOU MURDEROUS DEVILS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

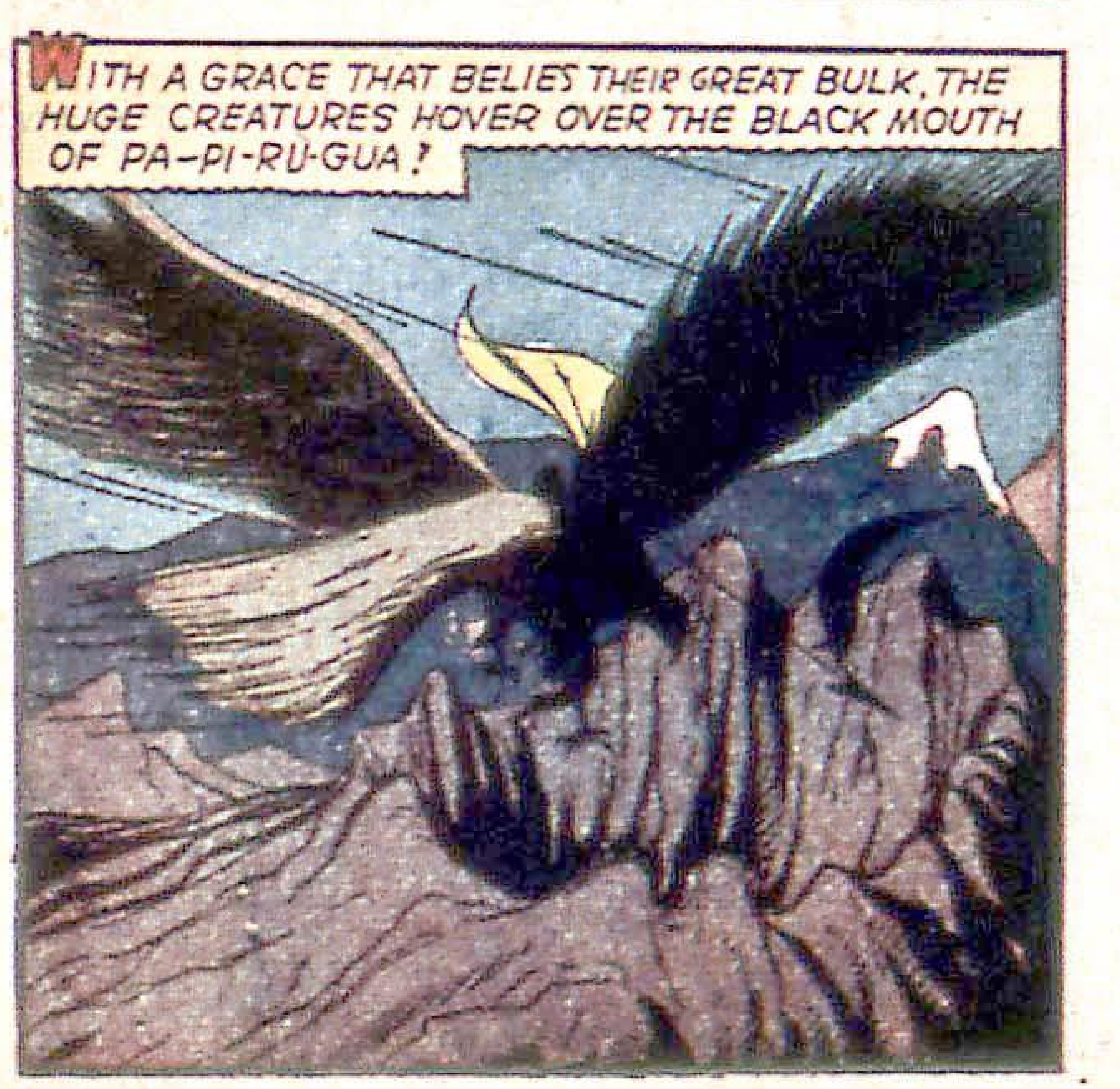

OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR ODDS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE TAKEN CAPTIVE--
ARE YOU ALL-RIGHT, BUCKY?
SURE, CAP!
AFTER HOURS OF TREKKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE CAVALCADE COMES TO A CLEARING
A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS THE CAPTIVE'S EYES-- GIANT BIRDS WITH SADDLES ON THEM!
GOOD LORD! THESE SAVAGES RIDE THOSE GIANT BIRDS!
WOW!
I HAVE A HUNCH WE WON'T FORGET THIS RIDE IN A HURRY!
OH, OH, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA RIDE THEM TOO!
7

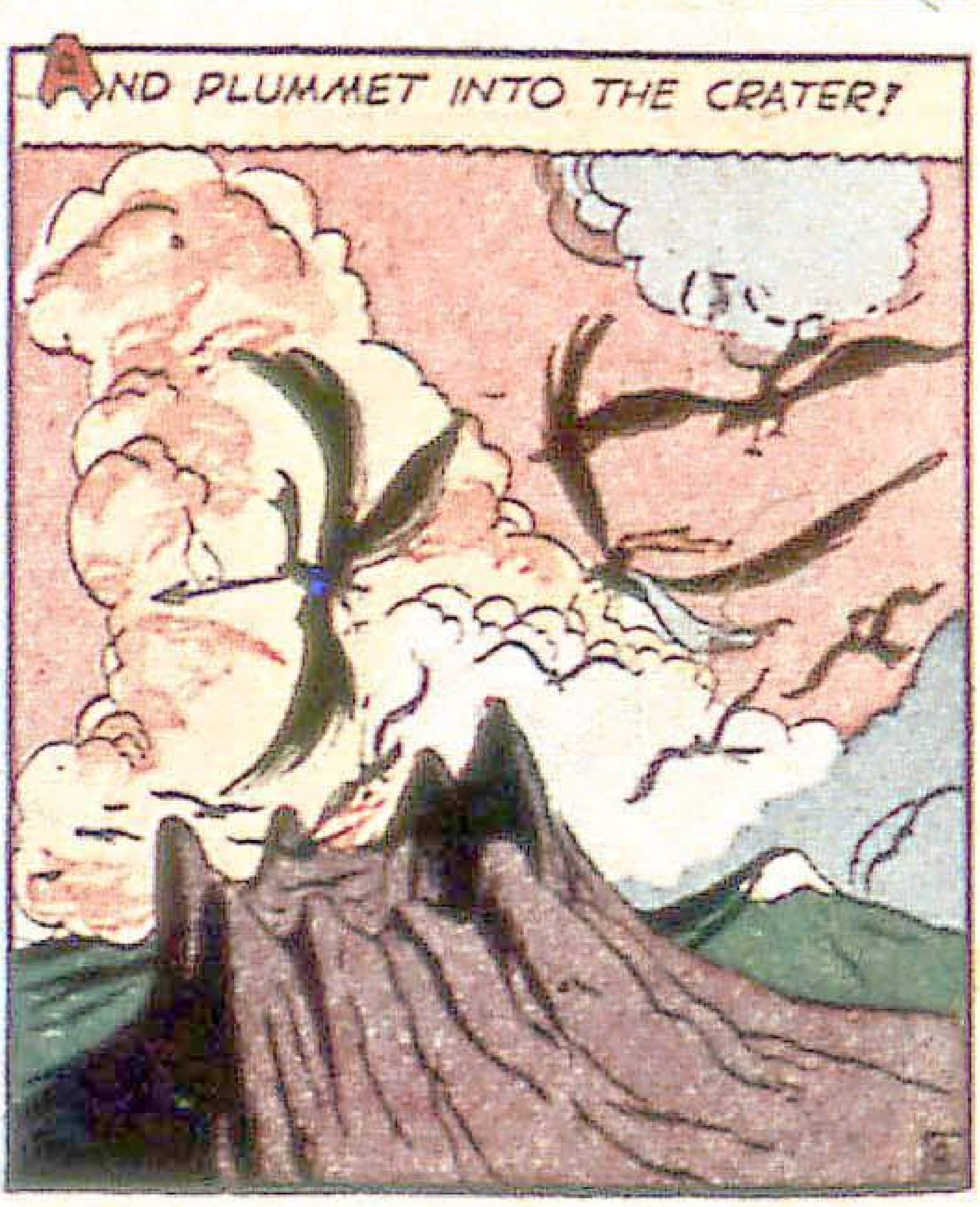

THE GIANT BIRDS TAKE OFF WITH A DEAFENING ROAR OF FLAPPING WINGS--

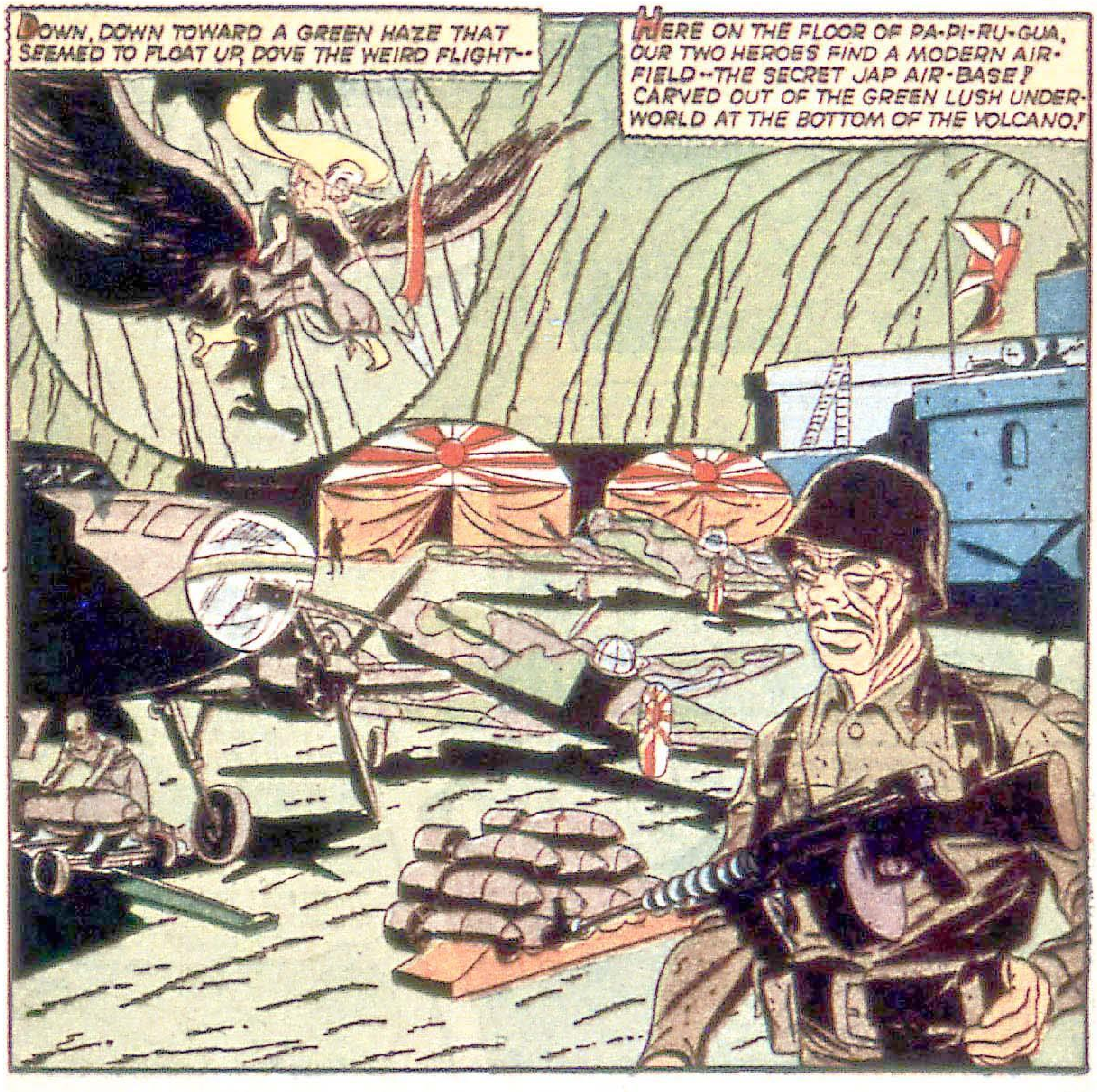

MILES IN THE AIR—THE GIANT BIRDS WING THEIR WAY AT A TERRIFIC PACE--

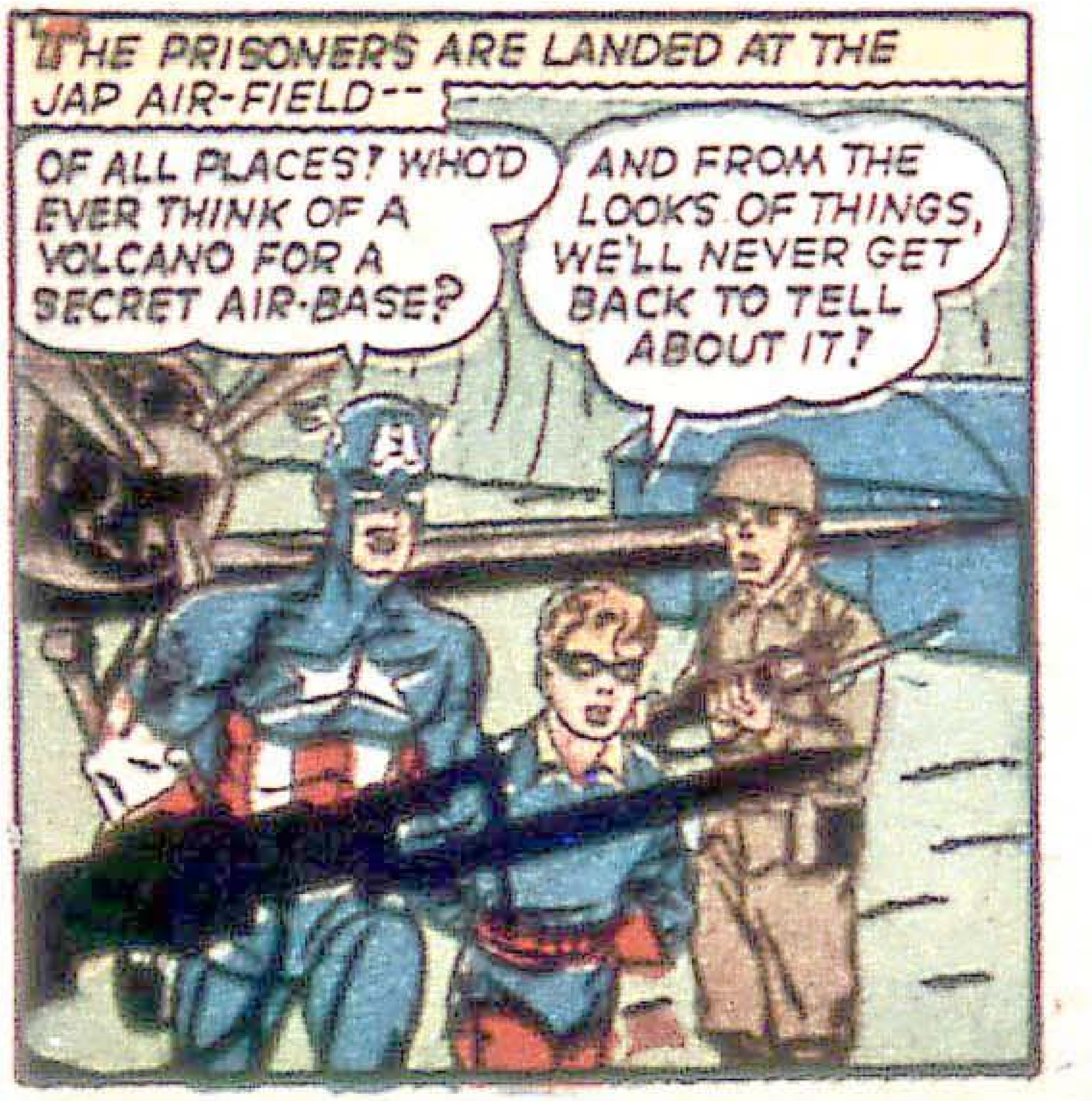

WONDER HOW THEY CAN BREATHE SO HIGH UP?
HOPE BUCKY'S ALLRIGHT—IT'S SORT OF HARD TO BREATHE UP SO HIGH!

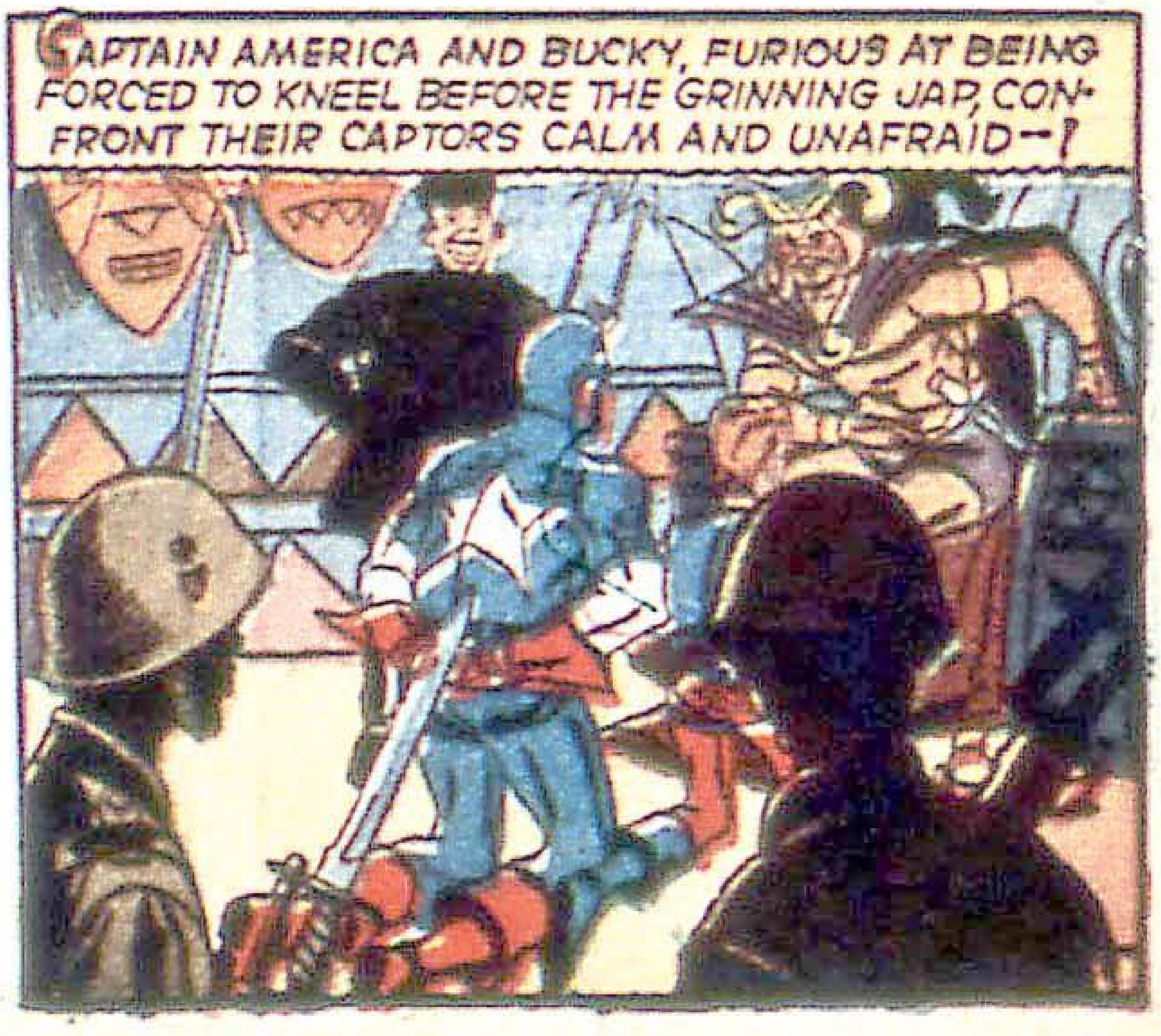

THE BIRDMEN AND THEIR CAPTIVES NEAR THEIR DESTINATION--

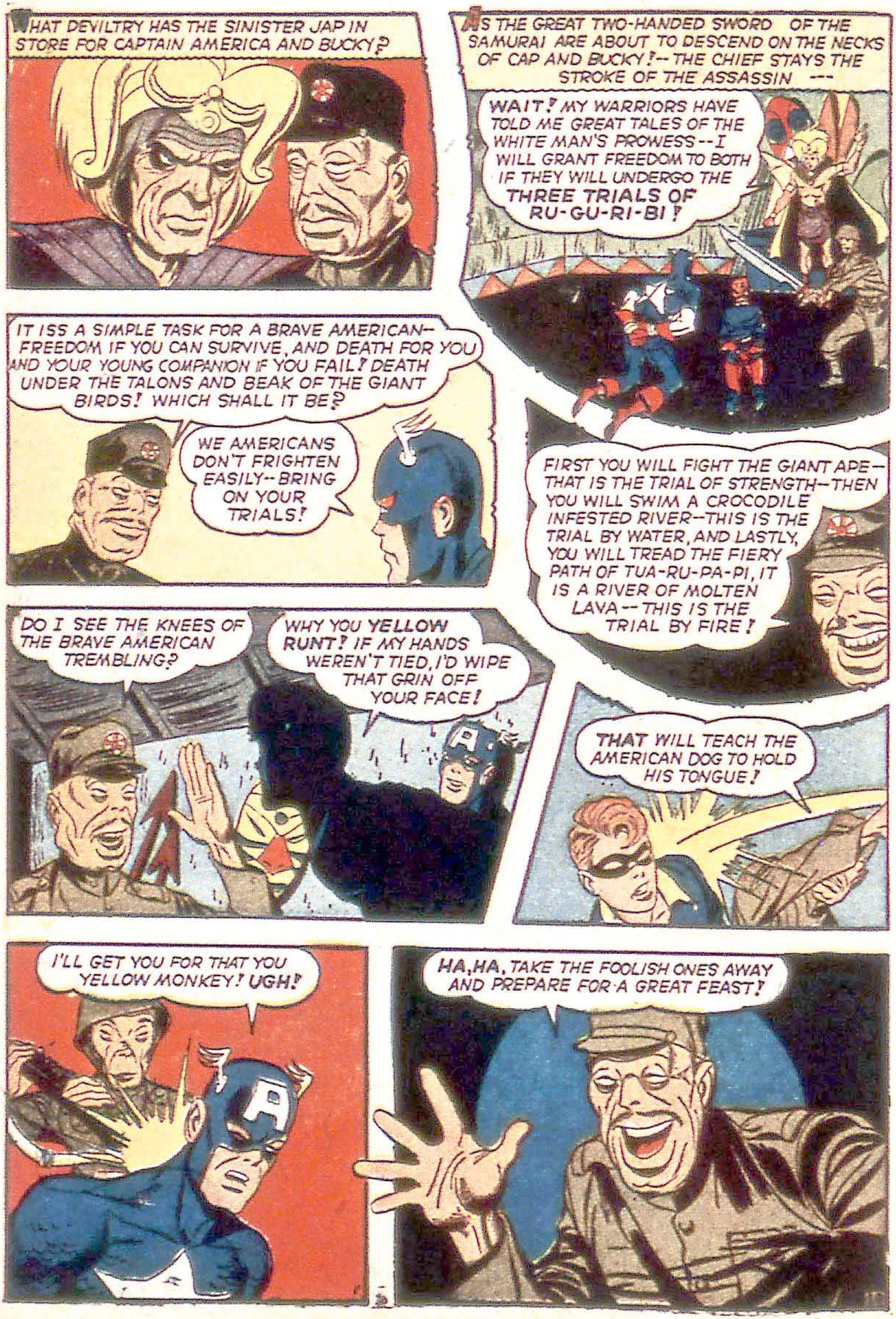

WITH A GRACE THAT BELIES THEIR GREAT BULK, THE HUGE CREATURES HOVER OVER THE BLACK MOUTH OF PA-PI-RU-GUA!

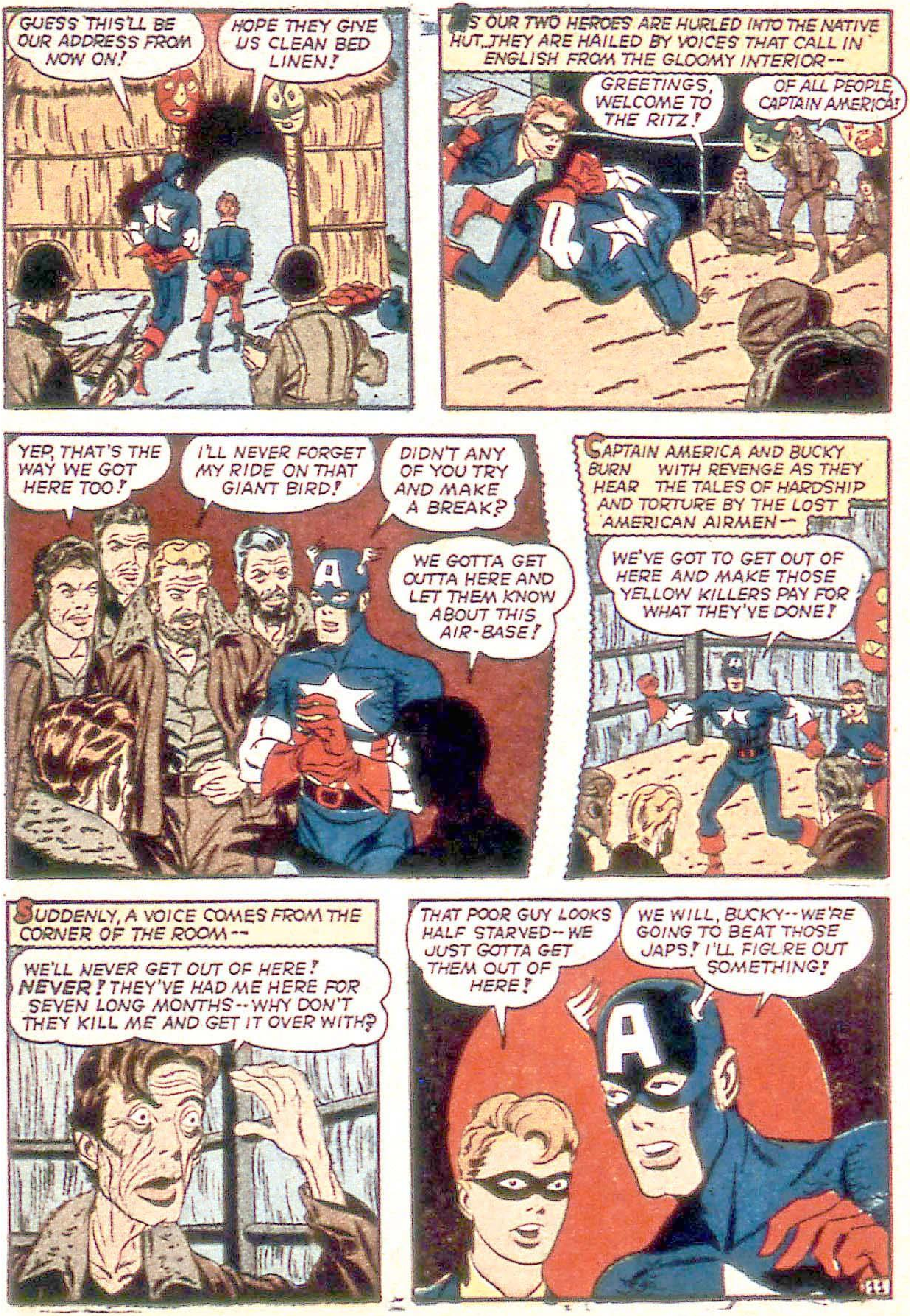

AND PLUMMET INTO THE CRATER!

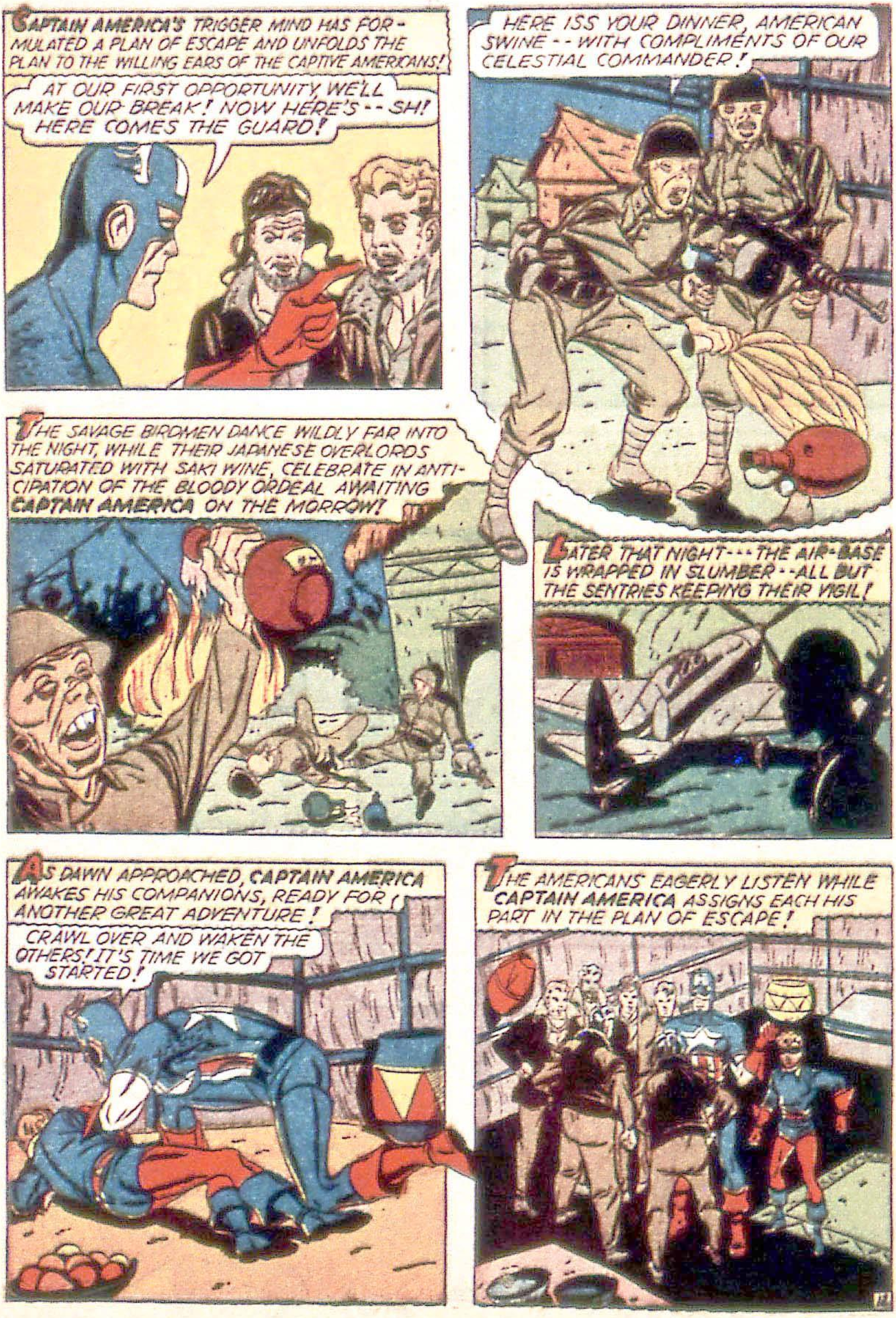

DOWN, DOWN TOWARD A GREEN HAZE THAT SEEMED TO FLOAT UP, DOVE THE WEIRD FLIGHT--
HERE ON THE FLOOR OF PA-PI-RU-GUA, OUR TWO HEROES FIND A MODERN AIR-FIELD--THE SECRET JAP AIR-BASE! CARVED OUT OF THE GREEN LUSH UNDERWORLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE VOLCANO!

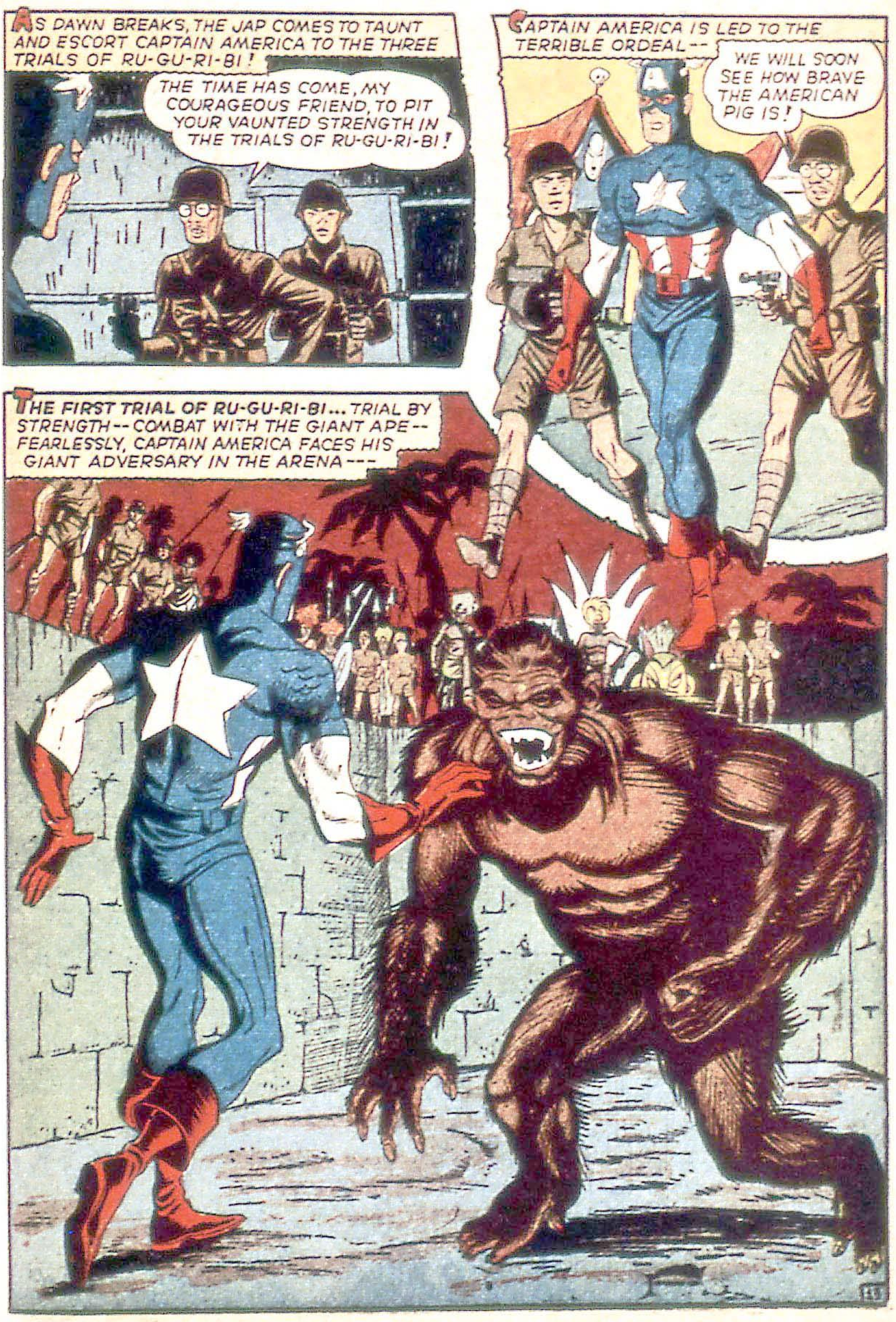

THE PRISONERS ARE LANDED AT THE JAP AIR-FIELD--
OF ALL PLACES! WHO'D EVER THINK OF A VOLCANO FOR A SECRET AIR-BASE?
AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, WE'LL NEVER GET BACK TO TELL ABOUT IT!

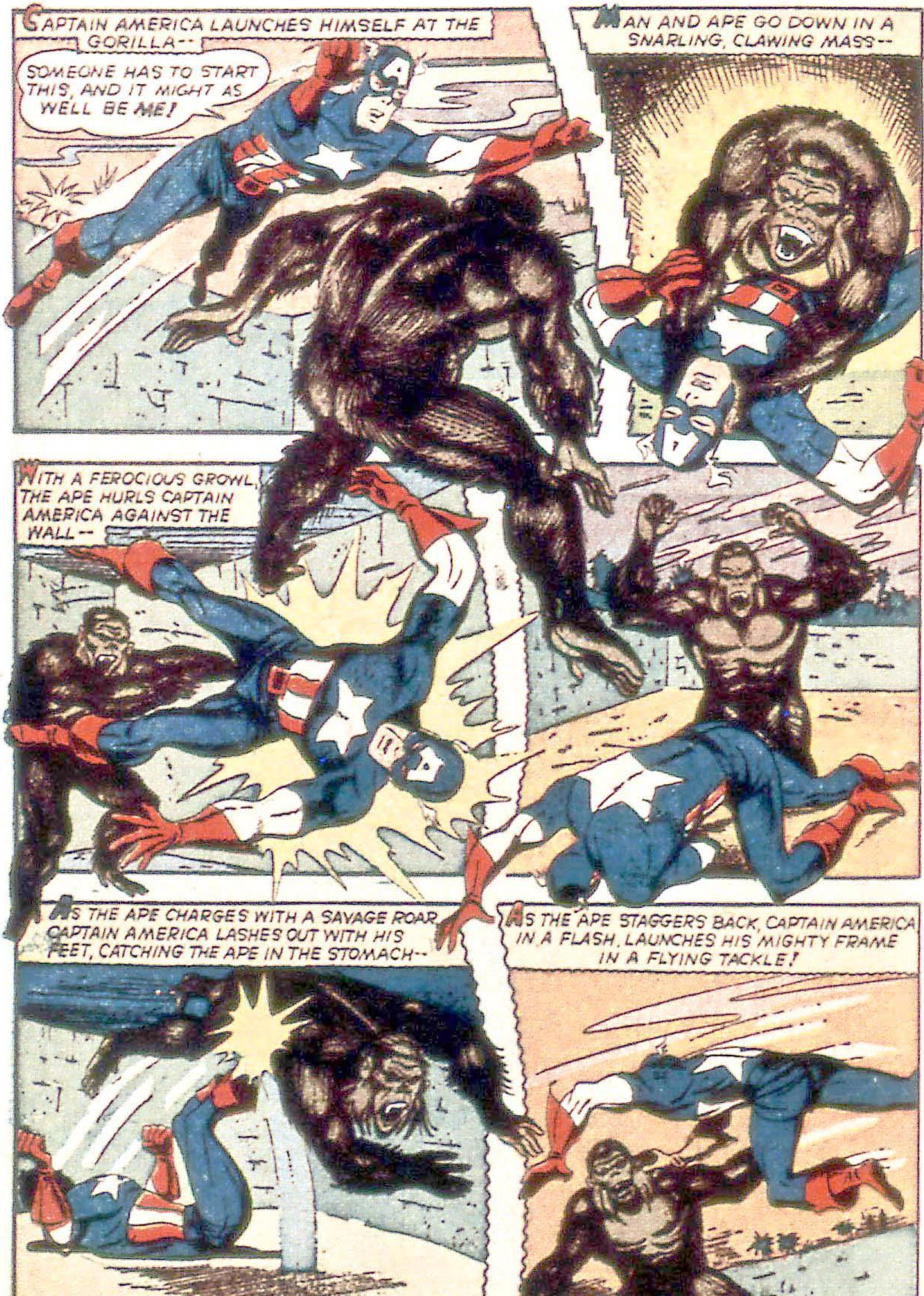

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, FURIOUS AT BEING FORCED TO KNEEL BEFORE THE GRINNING JAP, CONFRONT THEIR CAPTORS CALM AND UNAFRAID--!

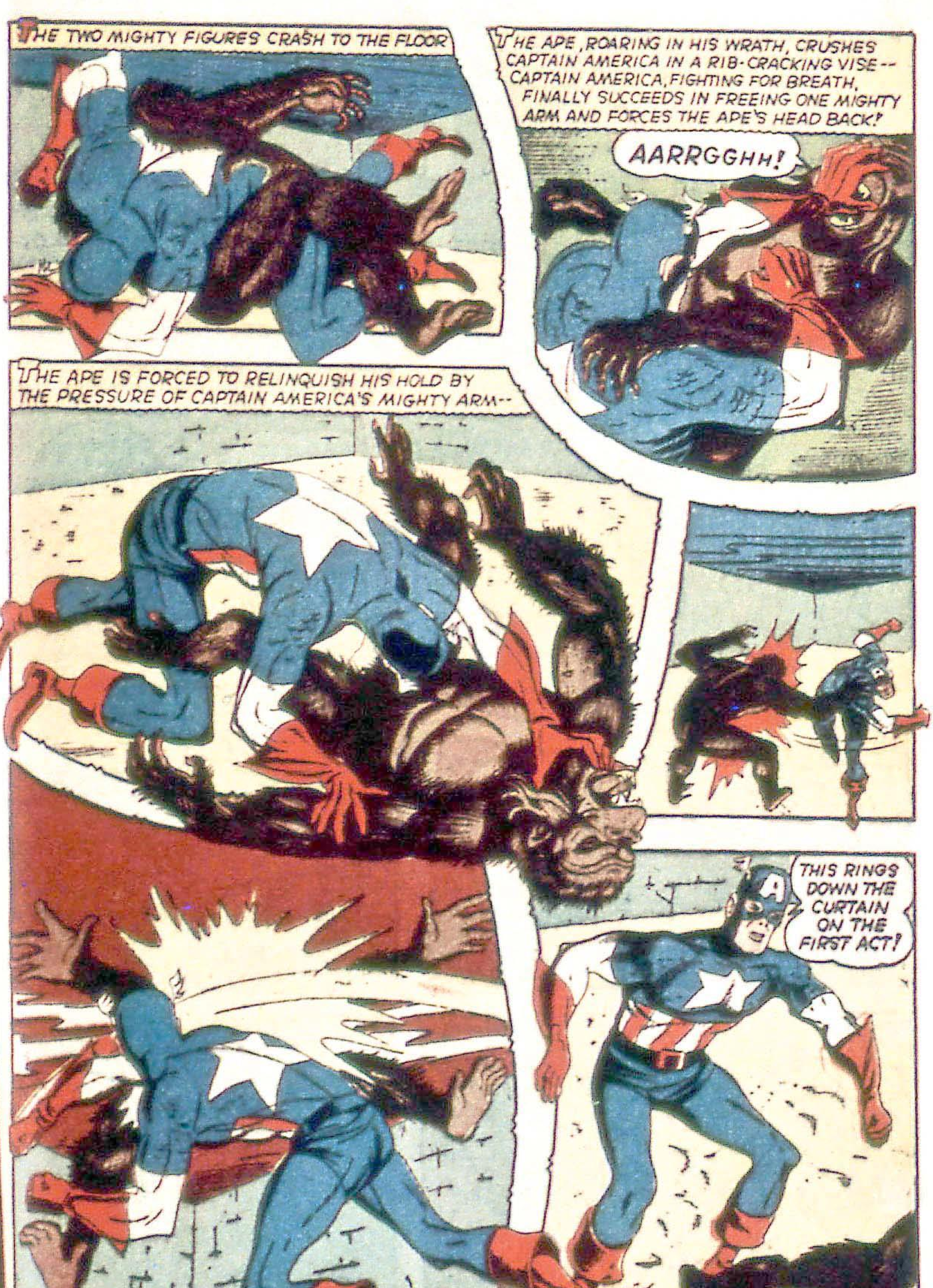

WHAT DEVILTRY HAS THE SINISTER JAP IN STORE FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY?
AS THE GREAT TWO-HANDED SWORD OF THE SAMURAI ARE ABOUT TO DESCEND ON THE NECKS OF CAP AND BUCKY!-- THE CHIEF STAYS THE STROKE OF THE ASSASSIN ---
WAIT! MY WARRIORS HAVE TOLD ME GREAT TALES OF THE WHITE MAN'S PROWESS -- I WILL GRANT FREEDOM TO BOTH IF THEY WILL UNDERGO THE **THREE TRIALS OF RU-GU-RI-BI!**
IT ISS A SIMPLE TASK FOR A BRAVE AMERICAN-- FREEDOM IF YOU CAN SURVIVE, AND DEATH FOR YOU AND YOUR YOUNG COMPANION IF YOU FAIL! DEATH UNDER THE TALONS AND BEAK OF THE GIANT BIRDS! WHICH SHALL IT BE?
WE AMERICANS DON'T FRIGHTEN EASILY-- BRING ON YOUR TRIALS!
FIRST YOU WILL FIGHT THE GIANT APE-- THAT IS THE TRIAL OF STRENGTH--THEN YOU WILL SWIM A CROCODILE INFESTED RIVER--THIS IS THE TRIAL BY WATER, AND LASTLY, YOU WILL TREAD THE FIERY PATH OF TUA-RU-PA-PI, IT IS A RIVER OF MOLTEN LAVA -- THIS IS THE TRIAL BY FIRE!
DO I SEE THE KNEES OF THE BRAVE AMERICAN TREMBLING?
WHY YOU **YELLOW RUNT!** IF MY HANDS WEREN'T TIED, I'D WIPE THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!
THAT WILL TEACH THE AMERICAN DOG TO HOLD HIS TONGUE!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT YOU YELLOW MONKEY! **UGH!**
HA, HA, TAKE THE FOOLISH ONES AWAY AND PREPARE FOR A GREAT FEAST!

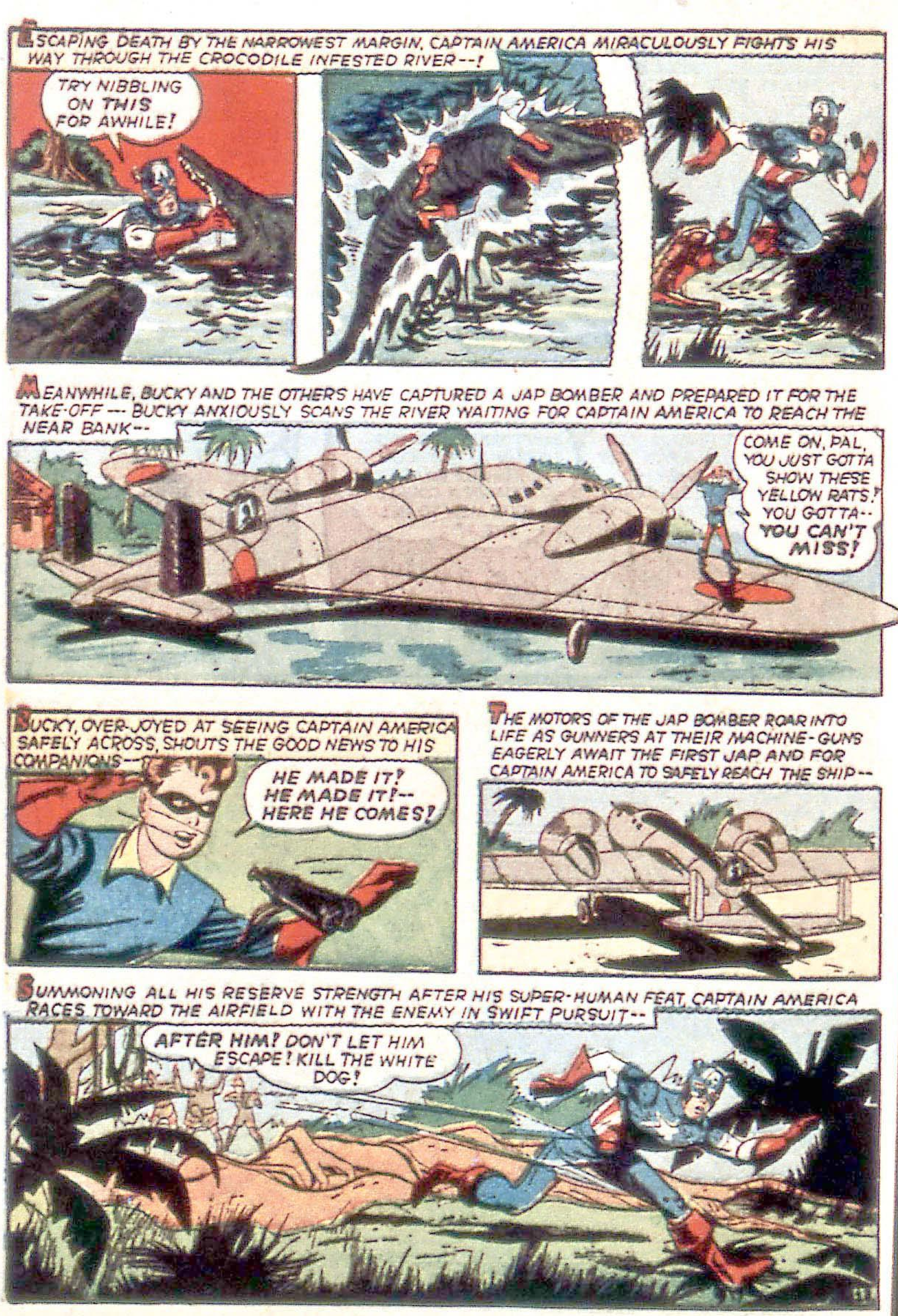

GUESS THIS'LL BE OUR ADDRESS FROM NOW ON!
HOPE THEY GIVE US CLEAN BED LINEN!
AS OUR TWO HEROES ARE HURLED INTO THE NATIVE HUT..THEY ARE HAILED BY VOICES THAT CALL IN ENGLISH FROM THE GLOOMY INTERIOR--
GREETINGS, WELCOME TO THE RITZ!
OF ALL PEOPLE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YEP, THAT'S THE WAY WE GOT HERE TOO!
I'LL NEVER FORGET MY RIDE ON THAT GIANT BIRD!
DIDN'T ANY OF YOU TRY AND MAKE A BREAK?
WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE AND LET THEM KNOW ABOUT THIS AIR-BASE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BURN WITH REVENGE AS THEY HEAR THE TALES OF HARDSHIP AND TORTURE BY THE LOST AMERICAN AIRMEN--
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND MAKE THOSE YELLOW KILLERS PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE!
SUDDENLY, A VOICE COMES FROM THE CORNER OF THE ROOM--
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE! NEVER! THEY'VE HAD ME HERE FOR SEVEN LONG MONTHS--WHY DON'T THEY KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH?
THAT POOR GUY LOOKS HALF STARVED--WE JUST GOTTA GET THEM OUT OF HERE!
WE WILL, BUCKY--WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THOSE JAPS! I'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING!

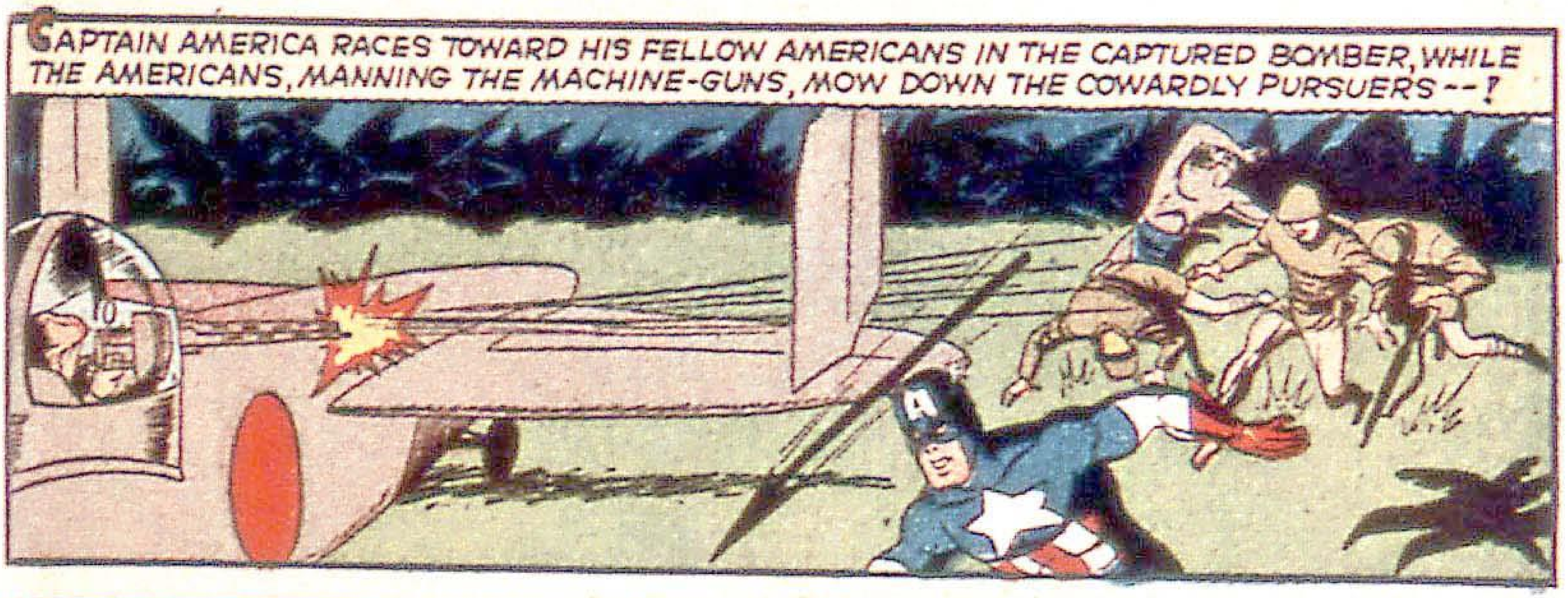

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S TRIGGER MIND HAS FORMULATED A PLAN OF ESCAPE AND UNFOLDS THE PLAN TO THE WILLING EARS OF THE CAPTIVE AMERICANS!
AT OUR FIRST OPPORTUNITY, WE'LL MAKE OUR BREAK! NOW HERE'S -- SH! HERE COMES THE GUARD!
HERE ISS YOUR DINNER, AMERICAN SWINE -- WITH COMPLIMENTS OF OUR CELESTIAL COMMANDER!
THE SAVAGE BIRDMEN DANCE WILDLY FAR INTO THE NIGHT, WHILE THEIR JAPANESE OVERLORDS SATURATED WITH SAKI WINE, CELEBRATE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE BLOODY ORDEAL AWAITING CAPTAIN AMERICA ON THE MORROW!
LATER THAT NIGHT --- THE AIR-BASE IS WRAPPED IN SLUMBER -- ALL BUT THE SENTRIES KEEPING THEIR VIGIL!
AS DAWN APPROACHED, CAPTAIN AMERICA AWAKES HIS COMPANIONS, READY FOR ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE!
CRAWL OVER AND WAKEN THE OTHERS! IT'S TIME WE GOT STARTED!
THE AMERICANS EAGERLY LISTEN WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA ASSIGNS EACH HIS PART IN THE PLAN OF ESCAPE!

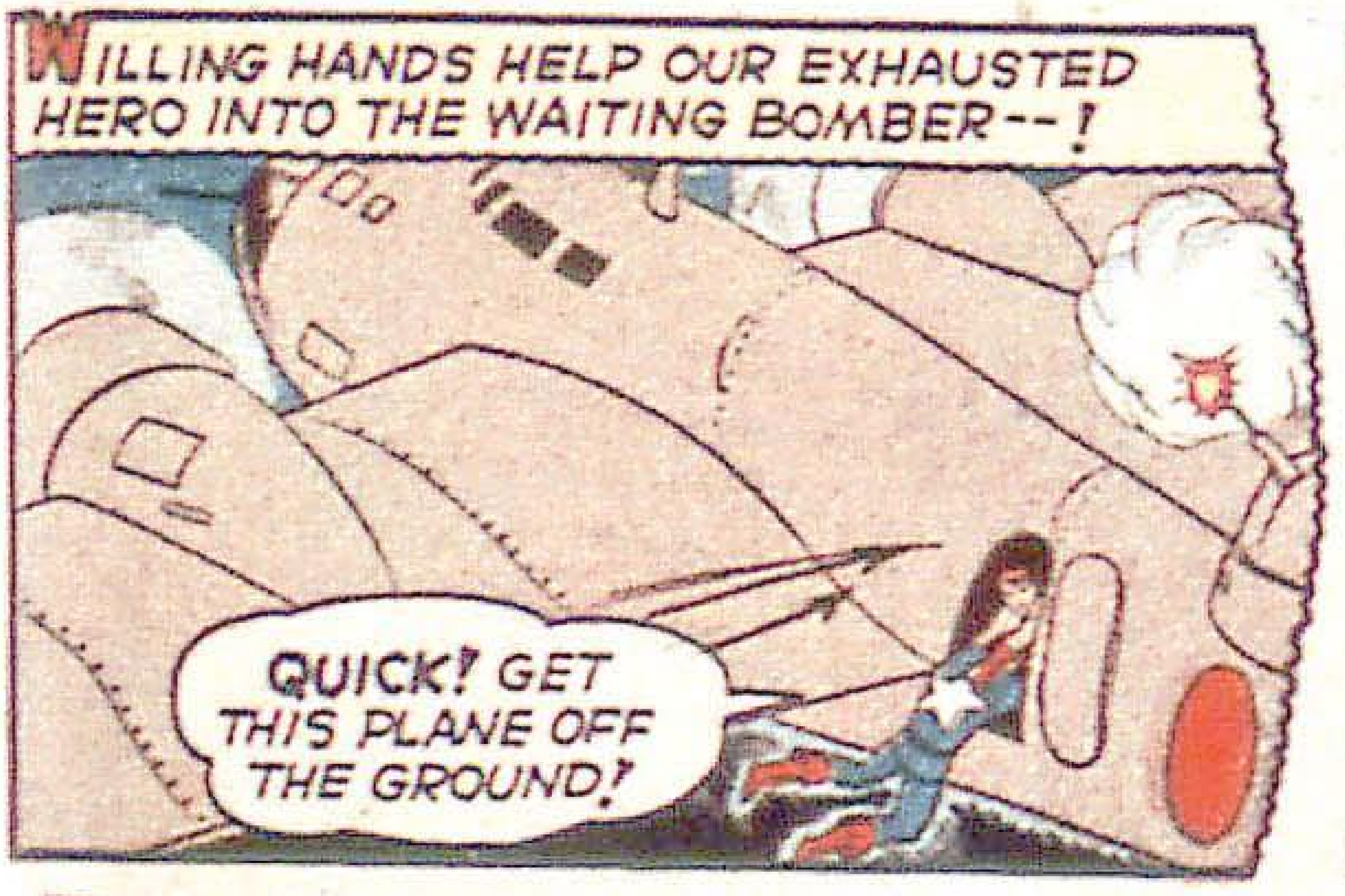

AS DAWN BREAKS, THE JAP COMES TO TAUNT AND ESCORT CAPTAIN AMERICA TO THE THREE TRIALS OF RU-GU-RI-BI!
THE TIME HAS COME, MY COURAGEOUS FRIEND, TO PIT YOUR VAUNTED STRENGTH IN THE TRIALS OF RU-GU-RI-BI!
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS LED TO THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL--
WE WILL SOON SEE HOW BRAVE THE AMERICAN PIG IS!
THE FIRST TRIAL OF RU-GU-RI-BI... TRIAL BY STRENGTH--COMBAT WITH THE GIANT APE--FEARLESSLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA FACES HIS GIANT ADVERSARY IN THE ARENA---

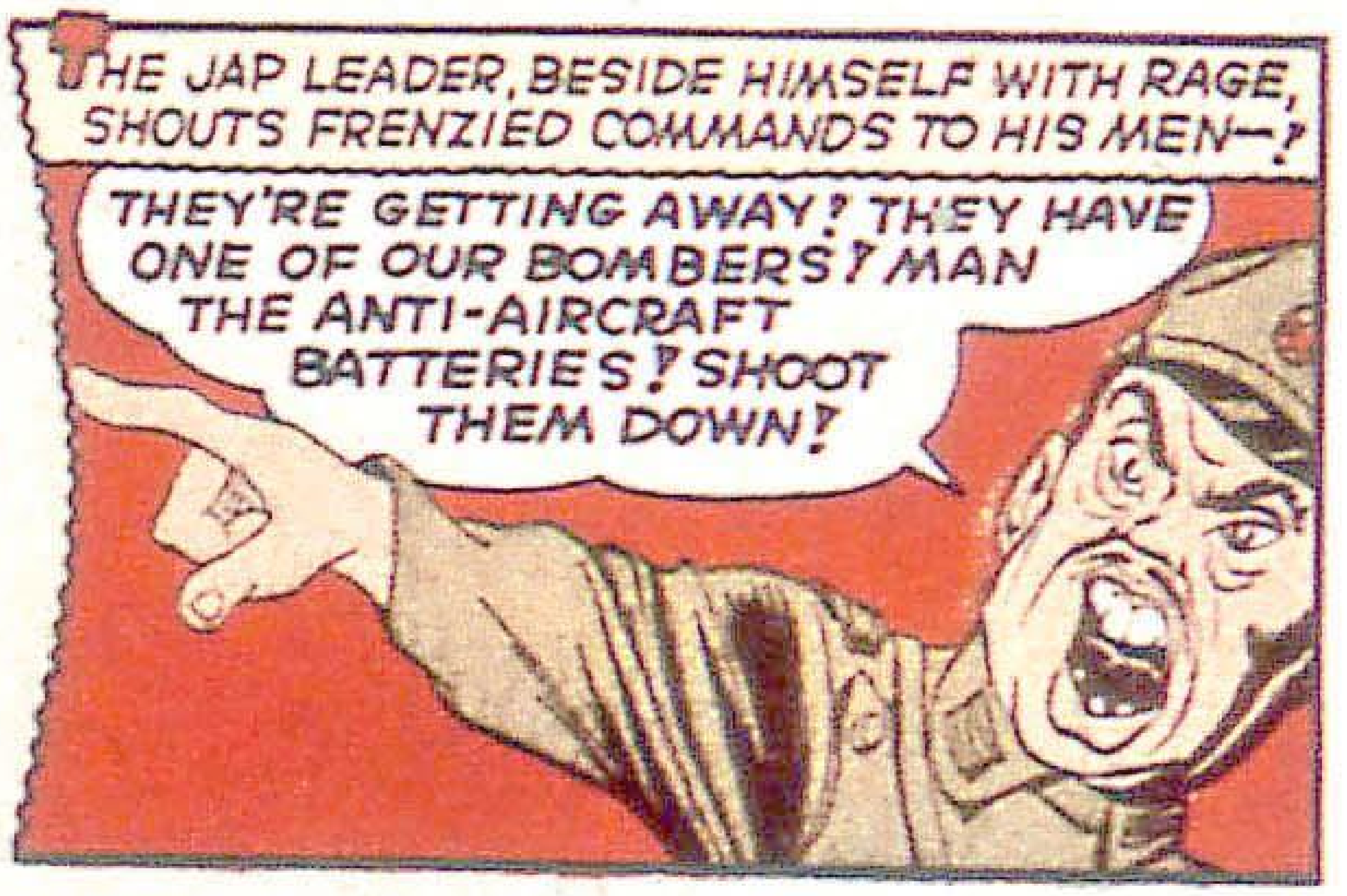

CAPTAIN AMERICA LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE GORILLA--
SOMEONE HAS TO START THIS, AND IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME!
MAN AND APE GO DOWN IN A SNARLING, CLAWING MASS--
WITH A FEROCIOUS GROWL, THE APE HURLS CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAINST THE WALL--
AS THE APE CHARGES WITH A SAVAGE ROAR CAPTAIN AMERICA LASHES OUT WITH HIS FEET, CATCHING THE APE IN THE STOMACH--
AS THE APE STAGGERS BACK, CAPTAIN AMERICA IN A FLASH, LAUNCHES HIS MIGHTY FRAME IN A FLYING TACKLE!

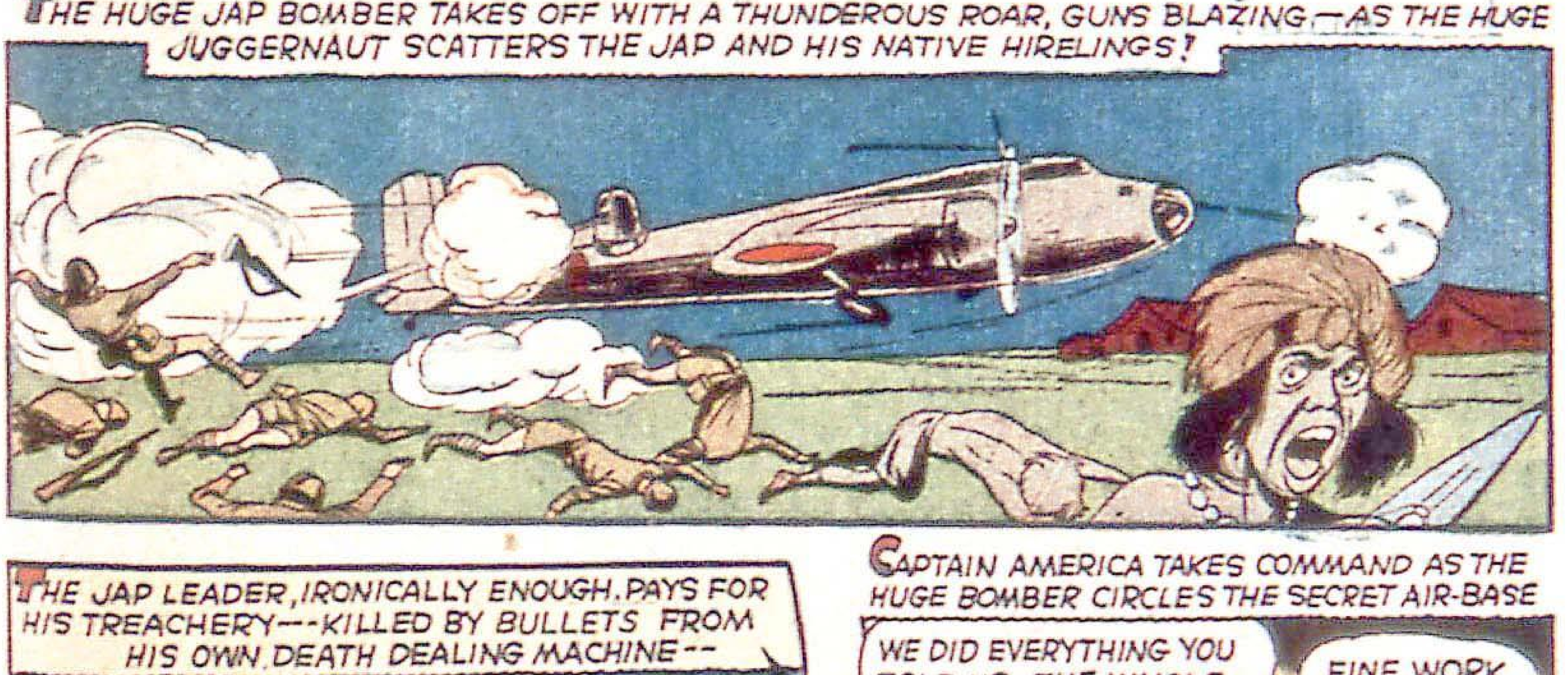

THE TWO MIGHTY FIGURES CRASH TO THE FLOOR
THE APE, ROARING IN HIS WRATH, CRUSHES CAPTAIN AMERICA IN A RIB-CRACKING VISE-- CAPTAIN AMERICA, FIGHTING FOR BREATH, FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN FREEING ONE MIGHTY ARM AND FORCES THE APE'S HEAD BACK!
AARRGGHH!
THE APE IS FORCED TO RELINQUISH HIS HOLD BY THE PRESSURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S MIGHTY ARM--
THIS RINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THE FIRST ACT!

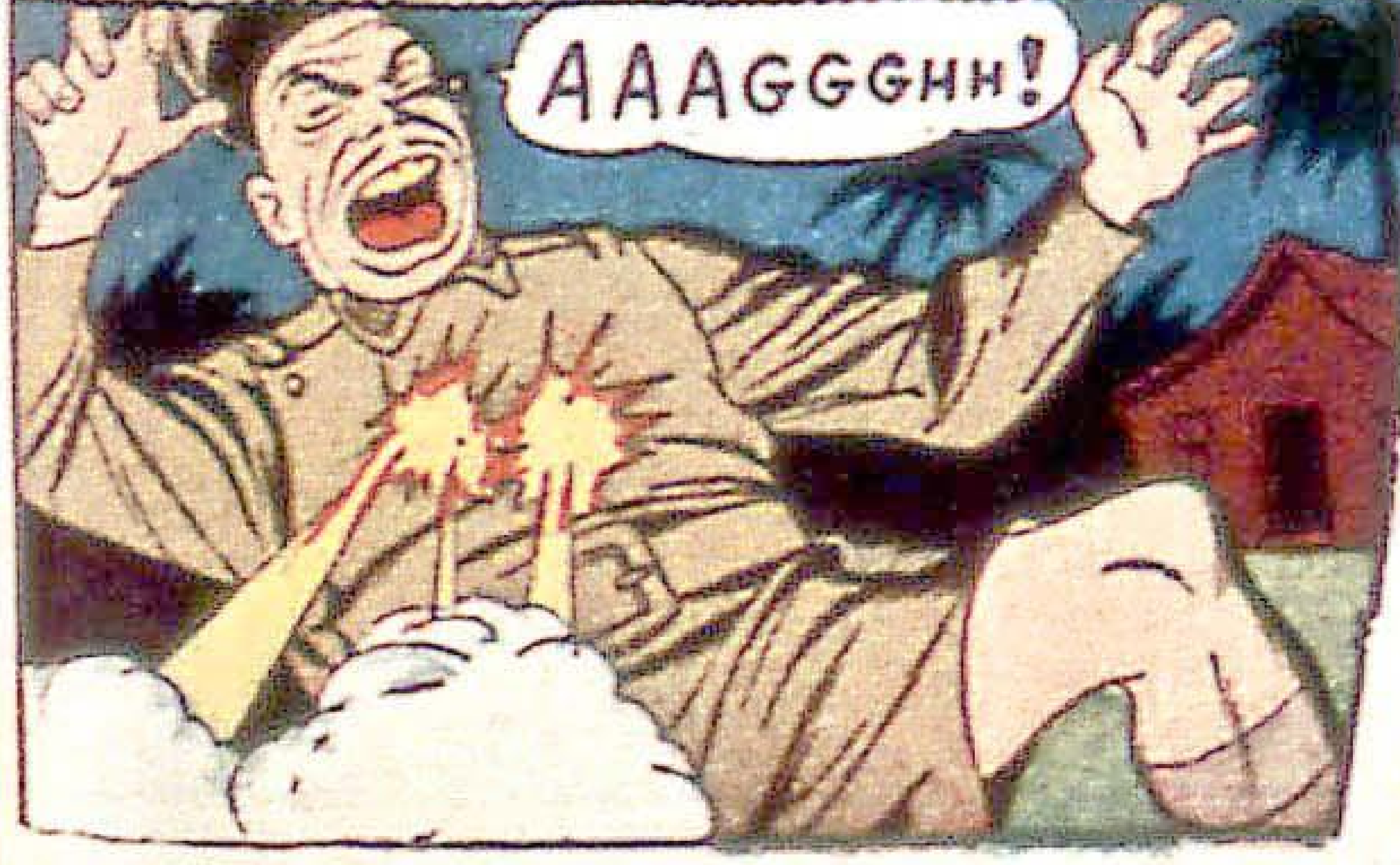

ESCAPING DEATH BY THE NARROWEST MARGIN, CAPTAIN AMERICA MIRACULOUSLY FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROCODILE INFESTED RIVER--!
TRY NIBBLING ON THIS FOR AWHILE!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY AND THE OTHERS HAVE CAPTURED A JAP BOMBER AND PREPARED IT FOR THE TAKE-OFF --- BUCKY ANXIOUSLY SCANS THE RIVER WAITING FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO REACH THE NEAR BANK--
COME ON, PAL, YOU JUST GOTTA SHOW THESE YELLOW RATS! YOU GOTTA-- YOU CAN'T MISS!
BUCKY, OVER-JOYED AT SEEING CAPTAIN AMERICA SAFELY ACROSS, SHOUTS THE GOOD NEWS TO HIS COMPANIONS--
HE MADE IT! HE MADE IT!-- HERE HE COMES!
THE MOTORS OF THE JAP BOMBER ROAR INTO LIFE AS GUNNERS AT THEIR MACHINE-GUNS EAGERLY AWAIT THE FIRST JAP AND FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO SAFELY REACH THE SHIP--
SUMMONING ALL HIS RESERVE STRENGTH AFTER HIS SUPER-HUMAN FEAT, CAPTAIN AMERICA RACES TOWARD THE AIRFIELD WITH THE ENEMY IN SWIFT PURSUIT--
AFTER HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! KILL THE WHITE DOG!

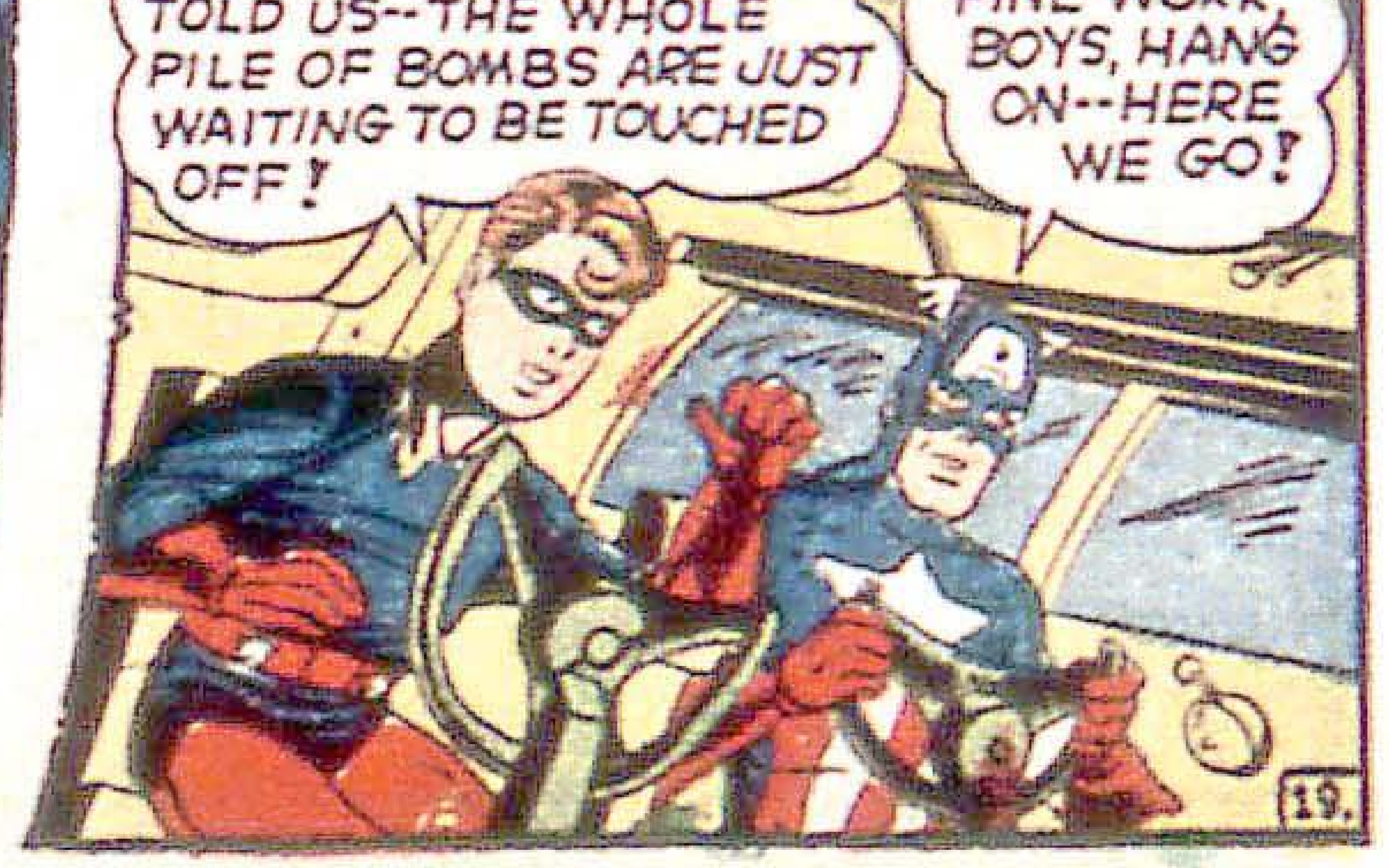

CAPTAIN AMERICA RACES TOWARD HIS FELLOW AMERICANS IN THE CAPTURED BOMBER, WHILE THE AMERICANS, MANNING THE MACHINE-GUNS, MOW DOWN THE COWARDLY PURSUERS--!

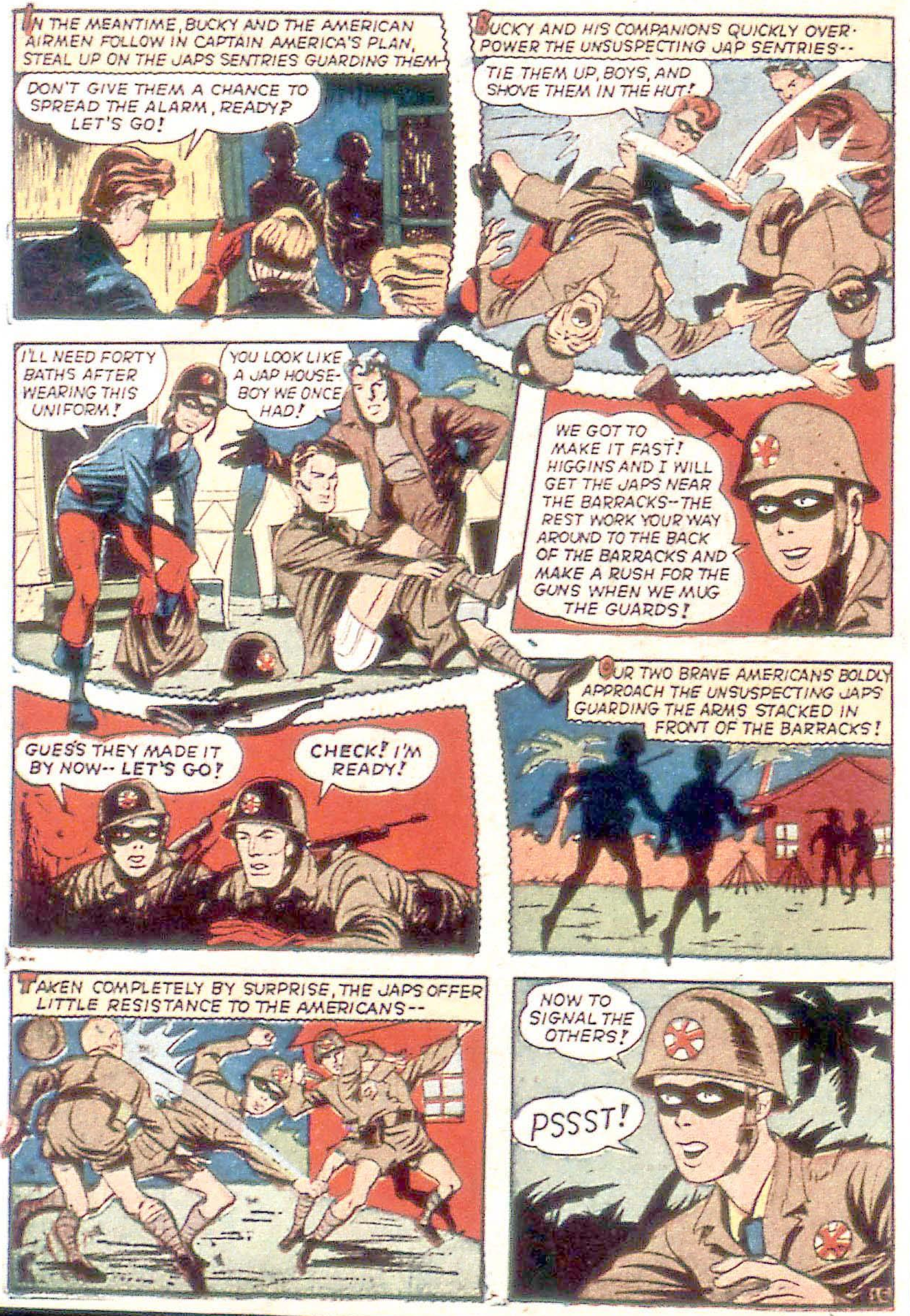

WILLING HANDS HELP OUR EXHAUSTED HERO INTO THE WAITING BOMBER--!
QUICK! GET THIS PLANE OFF THE GROUND!

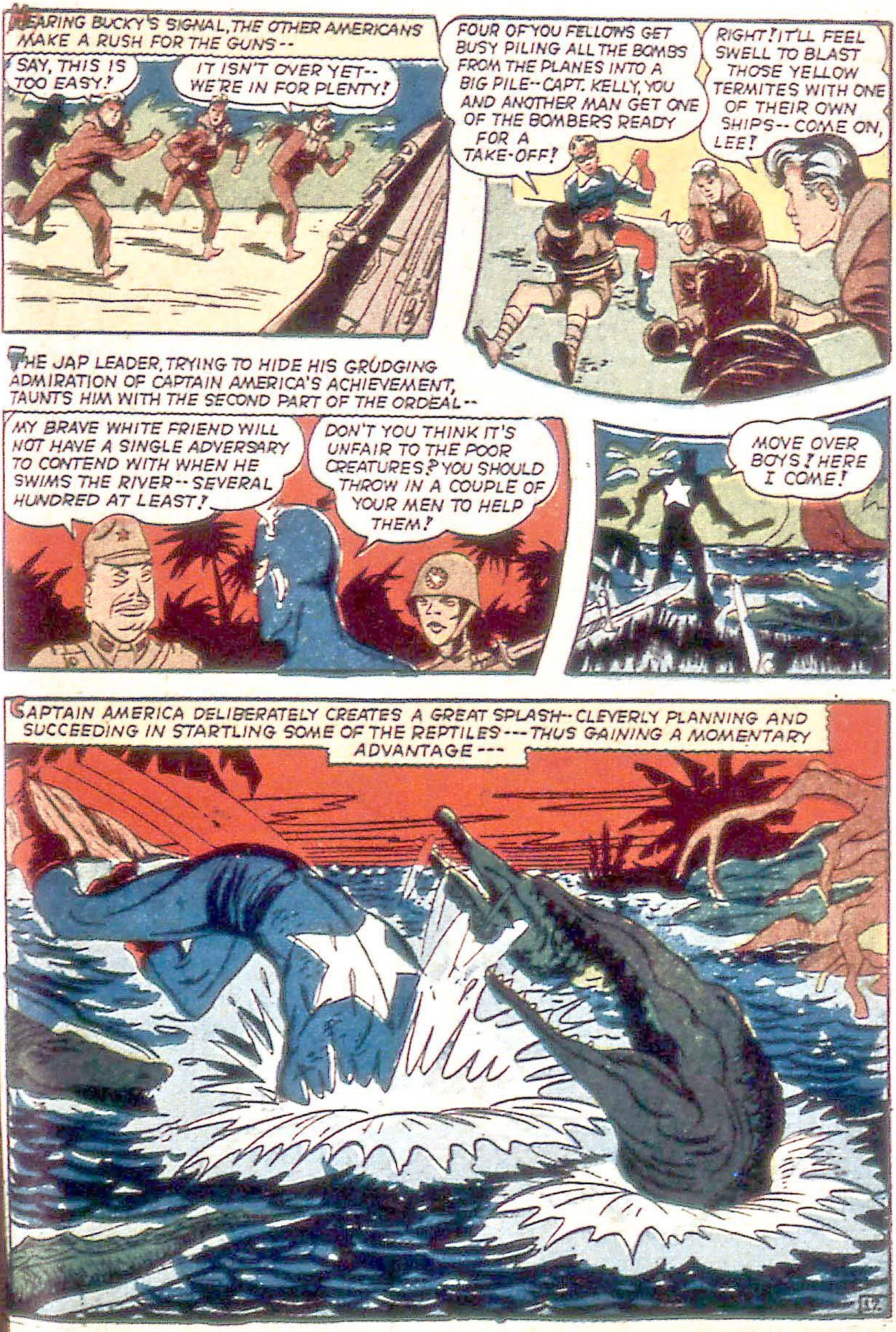

THE JAP LEADER, BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE, SHOUTS FRENZIED COMMANDS TO HIS MEN--!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! THEY HAVE ONE OF OUR BOMBERS! MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES! SHOOT THEM DOWN!

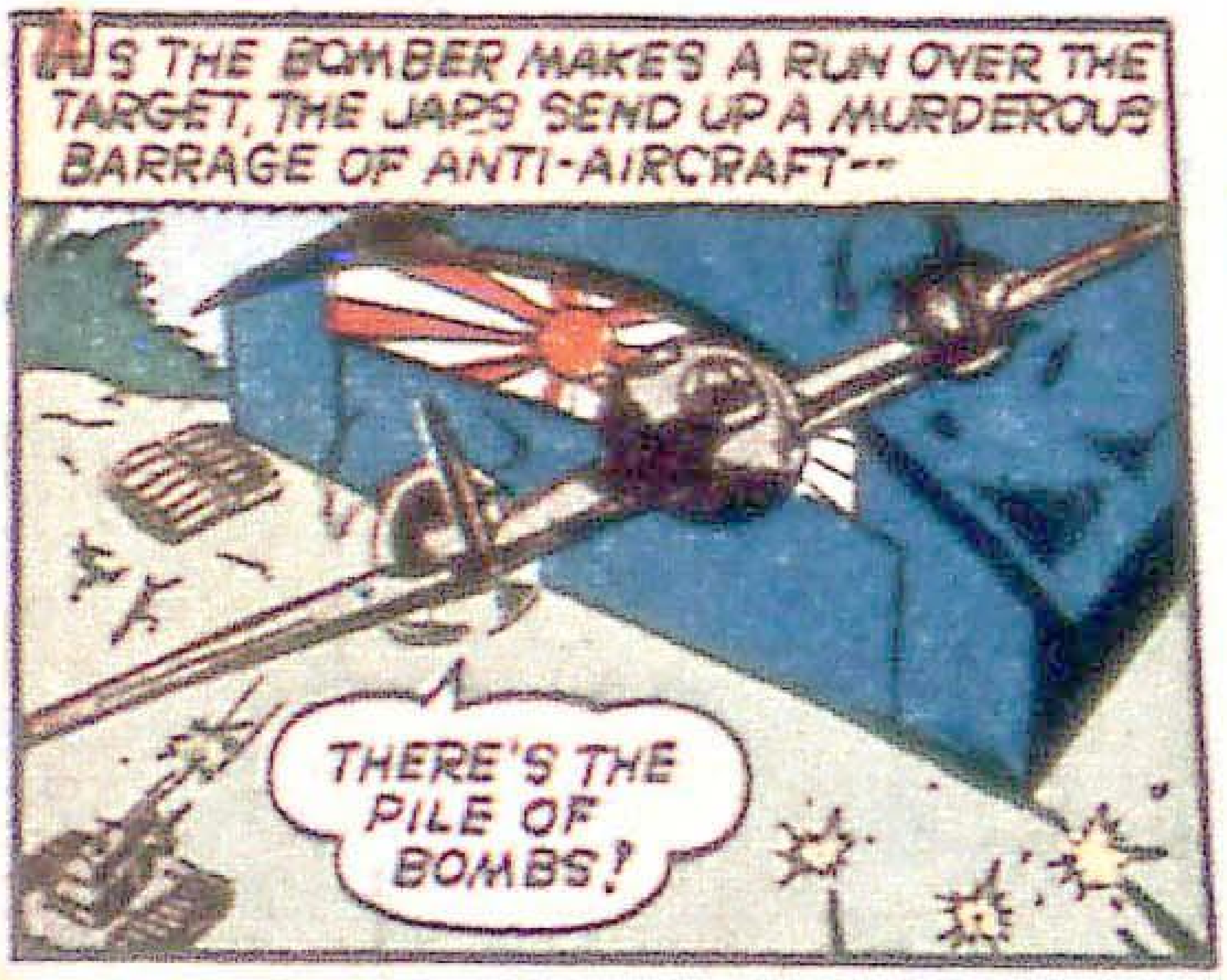

THE HUGE JAP BOMBER TAKES OFF WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, GUNS BLAZING,—AS THE HUGE JUGGERNAUT SCATTERS THE JAP AND HIS NATIVE HIRELINGS!

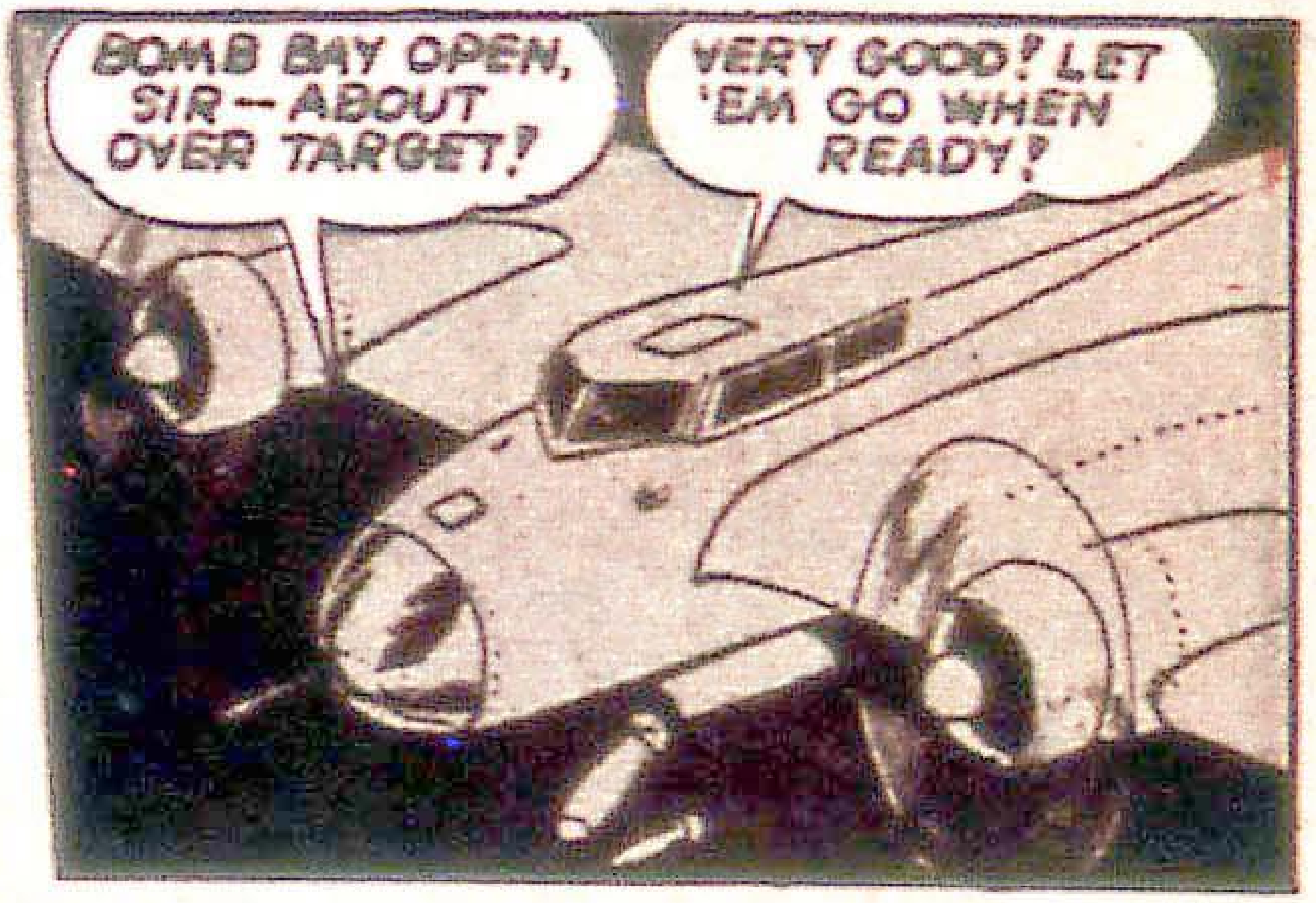

THE JAP LEADER, IRONICALLY ENOUGH, PAYS FOR HIS TREACHERY---KILLED BY BULLETS FROM HIS OWN DEATH DEALING MACHINE--
AAAGGGHH!

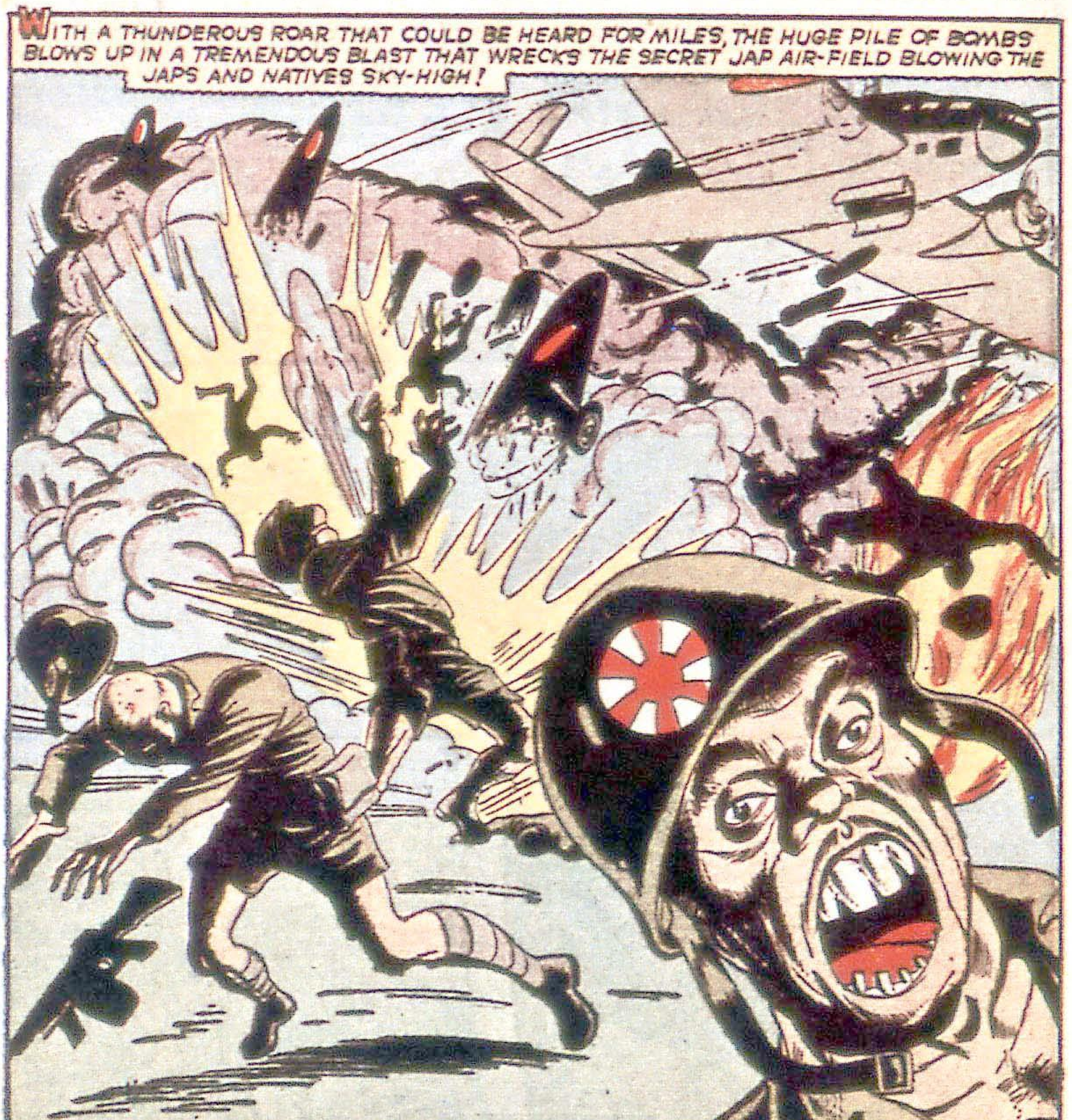

CAPTAIN AMERICA TAKES COMMAND AS THE HUGE BOMBER CIRCLES THE SECRET AIR-BASE
WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US--THE WHOLE PILE OF BOMBS ARE JUST WAITING TO BE TOUCHED OFF!
FINE WORK, BOYS, HANG ON--HERE WE GO!
19.

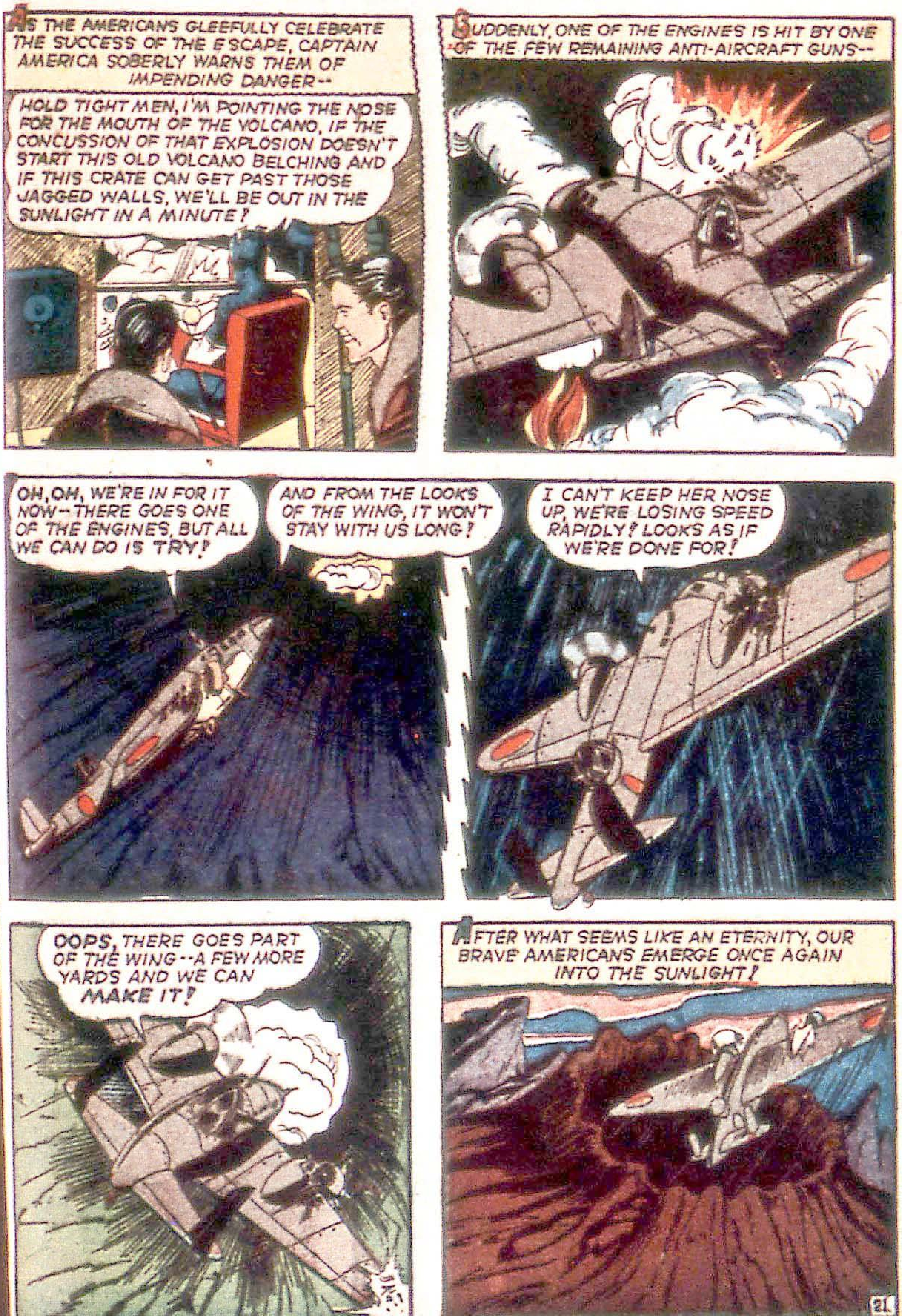

IN THE MEANTIME, BUCKY AND THE AMERICAN AIRMEN FOLLOW IN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PLAN, STEAL UP ON THE JAPS SENTRIES GUARDING THEM--
DON'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SPREAD THE ALARM, READY? LET'S GO!
BUCKY AND HIS COMPANIONS QUICKLY OVERPOWER THE UNSUSPECTING JAP SENTRIES--
TIE THEM UP, BOYS, AND SHOVE THEM IN THE HUT!
I'LL NEED FORTY BATHS AFTER WEARING THIS UNIFORM!
YOU LOOK LIKE A JAP HOUSE-BOY WE ONCE HAD!
WE GOT TO MAKE IT FAST! HIGGINS AND I WILL GET THE JAPS NEAR THE BARRACKS--THE REST WORK YOUR WAY AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE BARRACKS AND MAKE A RUSH FOR THE GUNS WHEN WE MUG THE GUARDS!
GUESS THEY MADE IT BY NOW-- LET'S GO!
CHECK! I'M READY!
OUR TWO BRAVE AMERICANS BOLDLY APPROACH THE UNSUSPECTING JAPS GUARDING THE ARMS STACKED IN FRONT OF THE BARRACKS!
TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE JAPS OFFER LITTLE RESISTANCE TO THE AMERICANS--
NOW TO SIGNAL THE OTHERS!
PSSST!

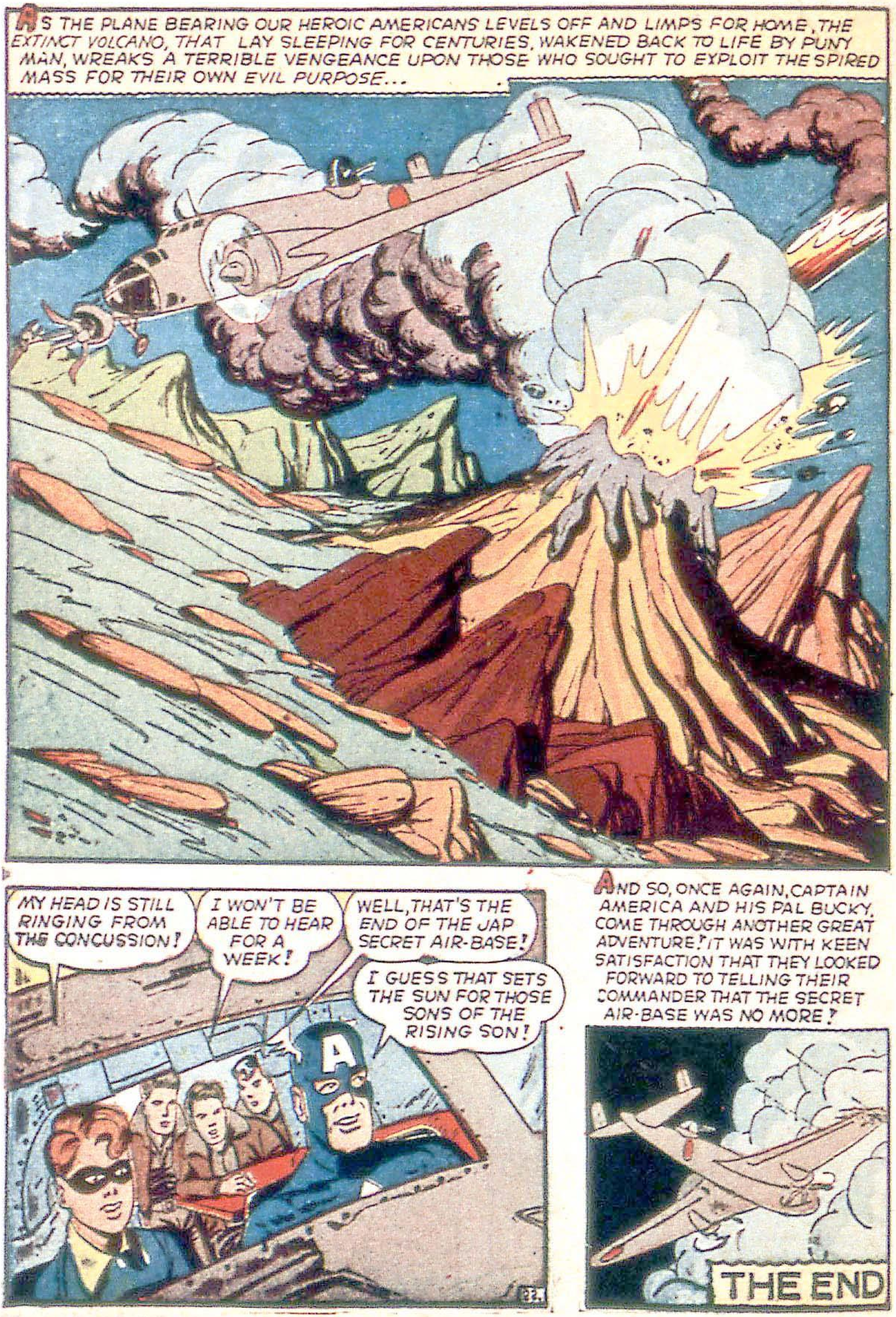

HEARING BUCKY'S SIGNAL, THE OTHER AMERICANS MAKE A RUSH FOR THE GUNS --
SAY, THIS IS TOO EASY!
IT ISN'T OVER YET -- WE'RE IN FOR PLENTY!
FOUR OF YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY PILING ALL THE BOMBS FROM THE PLANES INTO A BIG PILE -- CAPT. KELLY, YOU AND ANOTHER MAN GET ONE OF THE BOMBERS READY FOR A TAKE-OFF!
RIGHT! IT'LL FEEL SWELL TO BLAST THOSE YELLOW TERMITES WITH ONE OF THEIR OWN SHIPS -- COME ON, LEE!
THE JAP LEADER, TRYING TO HIDE HIS GRUDGING ADMIRATION OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ACHIEVEMENT, TAUNTS HIM WITH THE SECOND PART OF THE ORDEAL --
MY BRAVE WHITE FRIEND WILL NOT HAVE A SINGLE ADVERSARY TO CONTEND WITH WHEN HE SWIMS THE RIVER -- SEVERAL HUNDRED AT LEAST!
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S UNFAIR TO THE POOR CREATURES? YOU SHOULD THROW IN A COUPLE OF YOUR MEN TO HELP THEM!
MOVE OVER BOYS! HERE I COME!
CAPTAIN AMERICA DELIBERATELY CREATES A GREAT SPLASH -- CLEVERLY PLANNING AND SUCCEEDING IN STARTLING SOME OF THE REPTILES --- THUS GAINING A MOMENTARY ADVANTAGE ---


AS THE BOMBER MAKES A RUN OVER THE TARGET, THE JAPS SEND UP A MURDEROUS BARRAGE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT--
THERE'S THE PILE OF BOMBS!


BOMB BAY OPEN, SIR--ABOUT OVER TARGET!
VERY GOOD! LET 'EM GO WHEN READY!


WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THAT COULD BE HEARD FOR MILES, THE HUGE PILE OF BOMBS BLOWS UP IN A TREMENDOUS BLAST THAT WRECKS THE SECRET JAP AIR-FIELD BLOWING THE JAPS AND NATIVES SKY-HIGH!


AS THE AMERICANS GLEEFULLY CELEBRATE THE SUCCESS OF THE ESCAPE, CAPTAIN AMERICA SOBERLY WARNS THEM OF IMPENDING DANGER--
HOLD TIGHT MEN, I'M POINTING THE NOSE FOR THE MOUTH OF THE VOLCANO, IF THE CONCUSSION OF THAT EXPLOSION DOESN'T START THIS OLD VOLCANO BELCHING AND IF THIS CRATE CAN GET PAST THOSE JAGGED WALLS, WE'LL BE OUT IN THE SUNLIGHT IN A MINUTE!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE ENGINES IS HIT BY ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS--
OH, OH, WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW-- THERE GOES ONE OF THE ENGINES, BUT ALL WE CAN DO IS TRY!
AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THE WING, IT WON'T STAY WITH US LONG!
I CAN'T KEEP HER NOSE UP, WE'RE LOSING SPEED RAPIDLY! LOOKS AS IF WE'RE DONE FOR!
OOPS, THERE GOES PART OF THE WING--A FEW MORE YARDS AND WE CAN MAKE IT!
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, OUR BRAVE AMERICANS EMERGE ONCE AGAIN INTO THE SUNLIGHT!

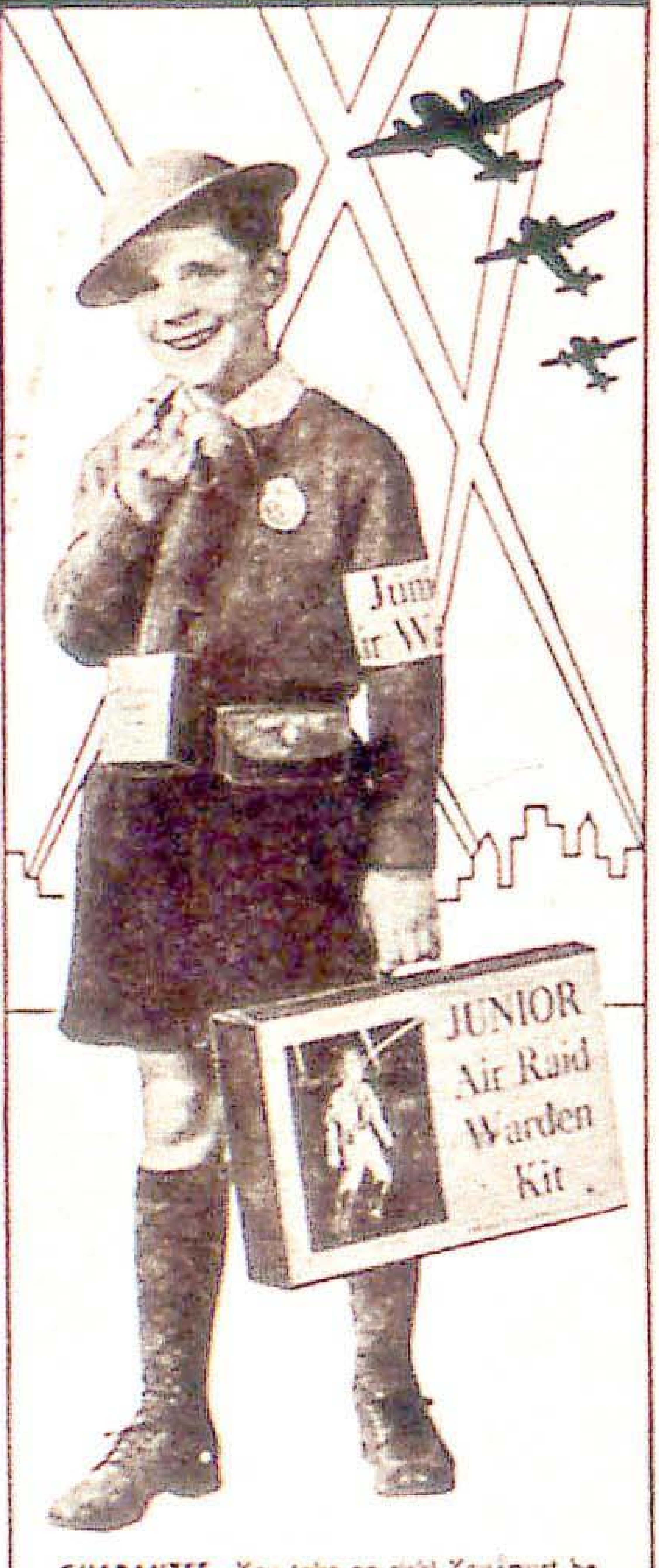

AS THE PLANE BEARING OUR HEROIC AMERICANS LEVELS OFF AND LIMPS FOR HOME, THE *EXTINCT VOLCANO,* THAT LAY SLEEPING FOR CENTURIES, WAKENED BACK TO LIFE BY PUNY MAN, WREAKS A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE UPON THOSE WHO SOUGHT TO EXPLOIT THE SPIRED MASS FOR THEIR OWN *EVIL PURPOSE*...
MY HEAD IS STILL RINGING FROM THE CONCUSSION!
I WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR FOR A WEEK!
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE JAP SECRET AIR-BASE!
I GUESS THAT SETS THE SUN FOR THOSE SONS OF THE RISING SON!
AND SO, ONCE AGAIN, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS PAL BUCKY, COME THROUGH ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE! IT WAS WITH KEEN SATISFACTION THAT THEY LOOKED FORWARD TO TELLING THEIR COMMANDER THAT THE SECRET AIR-BASE WAS NO MORE!
THE END

Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ *FREE* OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

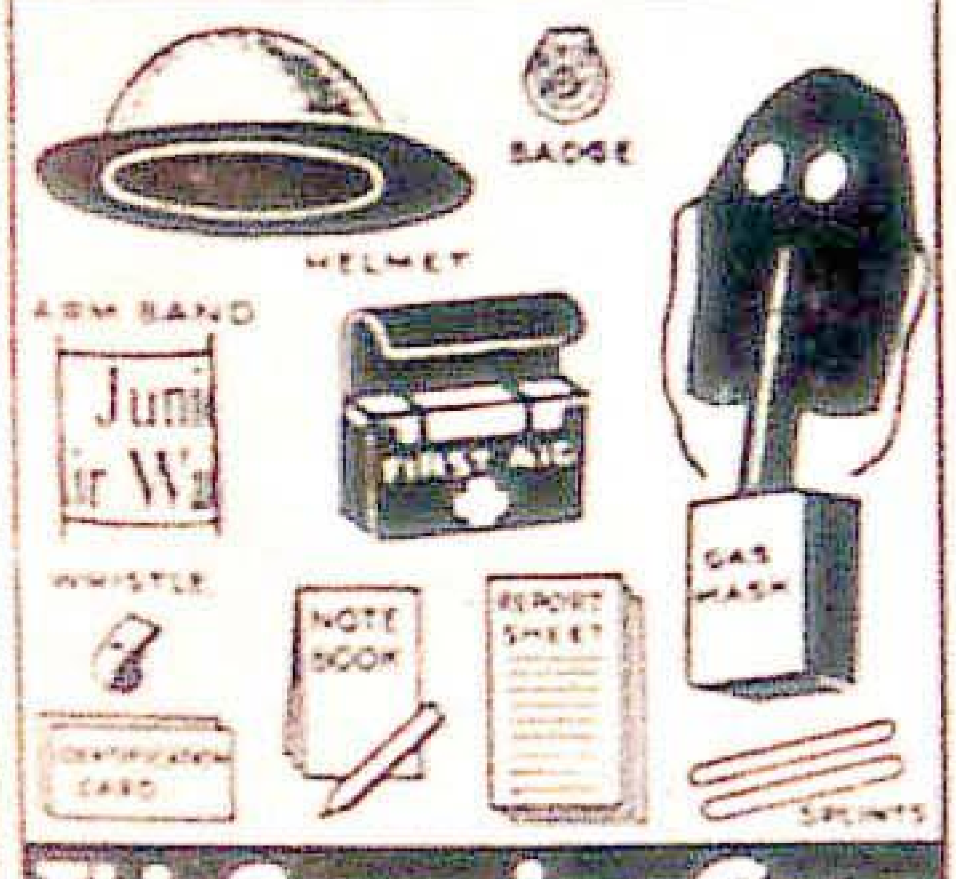
BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.


Junior Air Wa
JUNIOR Air Raid Warden Kit

GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER

JUNIOR Air Raid Warden Kit

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69 plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 306,
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 306 535 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________________

NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

THE SOLDIER-SAILOR Des-kit HAS

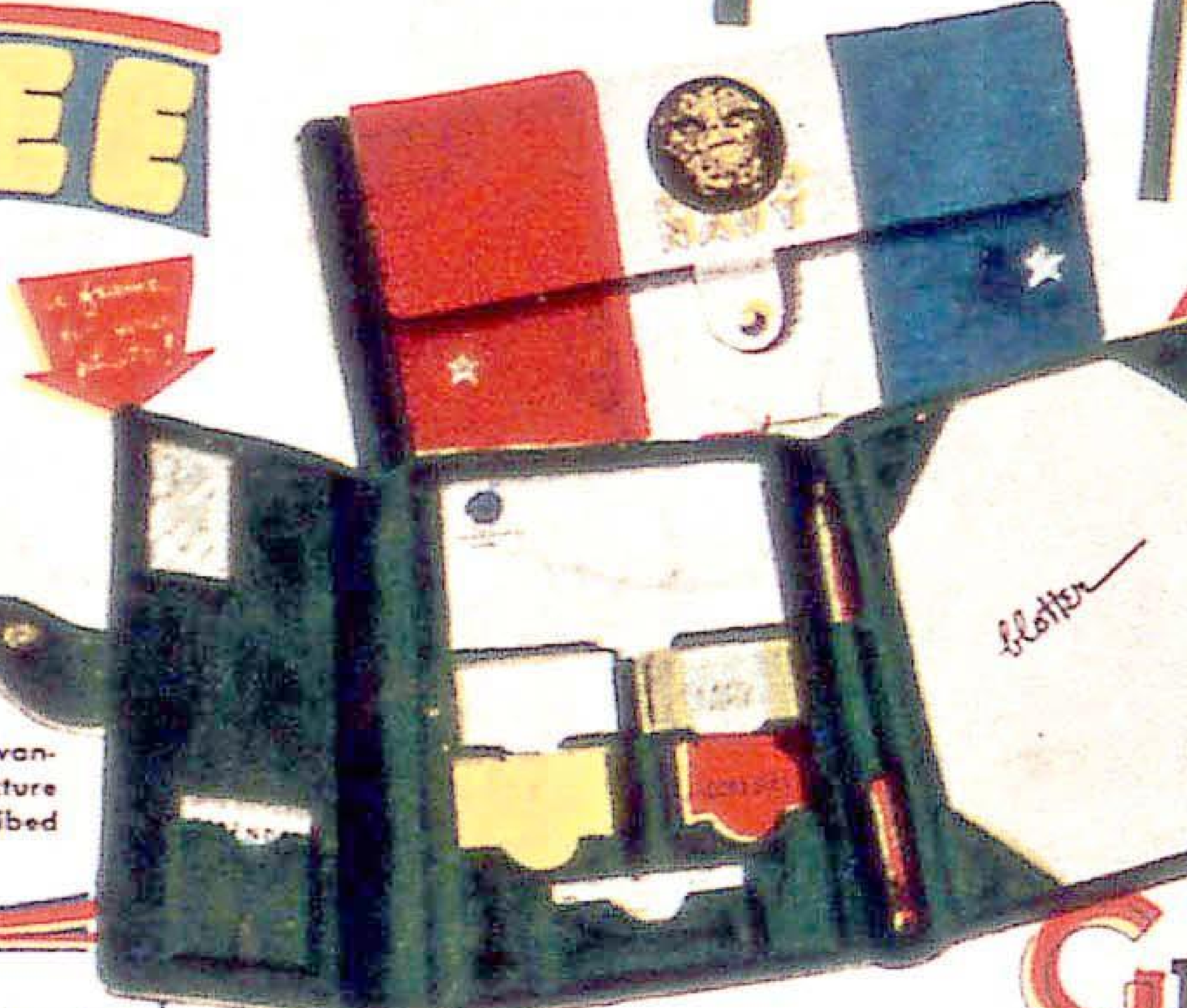
Pat. Pending

everything—!

FREE

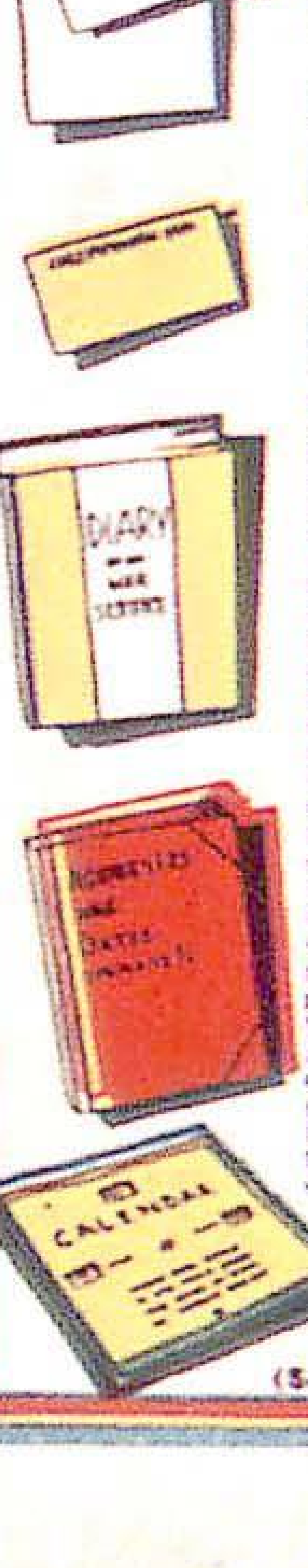
with YOUR ORDER

Get your favorite photograph of your sweetheart, mother, dad or baby free with this offer. Fits in frame or inside of Des-Kit. Des-Kits are made in three convenient price ranges from $1.50 up...order a deluxe Des-Kit and get the advantage of this FREE picture offer which is described below.



ONLY $1.50

-deluxe kits at $2.95 & $7.00



What The Wonderful DES-KIT Contains:

Each Des-Kit contains 100 sheets of stationery and 50 envelopes of fine quality bond-paper. 6 correspondence cards are included... an identification card. A diary is given so that notes of experiences can be recorded. You get an address book which permits listing of names and addresses for quick reference. There is also a convenient compartment for V-Mail forms. A revolving calendar makes it possible to perpetuate dates of the year. You also get a pencil containing a good quality lead, and last but not least, when Des-Kit is opened, it becomes a writing desk upon which there is a large blotter. (See Illustration.)

GIVE HIM DES-KIT and he will write often!

Here is an ingenious invention that fulfills the need for everyone in the service . . . . Des-Kit is a complete writing unit containing entire equipement for quick, ever-ready correspondence. The amazing thing about Des-Kit is that while it is compact, folds flat and is easily portable, when it opens it acts as a writing desk. Everyone in the service, no matter if they are a **SOLDIER, SAILOR, MARINE, COAST GUARD, AVIATOR, WAAC, WAVE, SPAR,** or even civilians who travel, will find Des-Kit the most practical correspondence outfit ever invented. When he or she has a Des-Kit, they will write more often because they always have stationery, pencils, etc. at their fingertips. Each Des-Kit is furnished complete with writing paper imprinted with the service insignia you want represented. **NO MATTER WHAT INSIGNIA IS DESIRED, WE CAN FURNISH IT, EVEN IF IT IS NOT MENTIONED.** (For those in civilian life, we will print your name instead of the insignia.)

DES-KITS are furnished as follows:

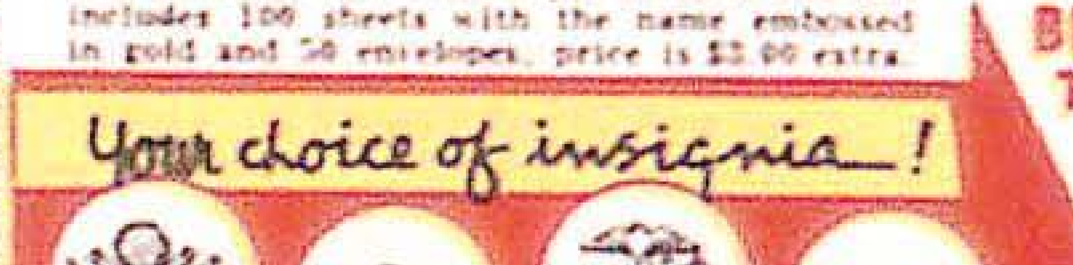
Des-Kit #1 contains: 100 sheets • 50 envelopes • 1 address book • ½ doz. post cards • identification photo frame • desk blotter • pencil • revolving calendar • diary • insignia. **Price $1.50**
Price for refills: 100 sheets of paper • 50 envelopes. **$1.00 extra**

Des-Kit #2—This is our DeLuxe Des-Kit. It contains all of the items mentioned in Des-Kit #1, but you also get, in addition, a free photograph of your favorite, together with the name you designate imprinted on the letterheads and on the front of the Des-Kit. When ordering this Des-Kit, be sure to send along a clear snapshot for reproduction, which will be returned in good condition. **Price $2.95**

Des-Kit #3—This is our Super DeLuxe Des-Kit. The Des-Kit itself is made of sturdy, long-wearing material of extra-heavy weight. With it, you get 100 sheets of stationery with the name embossed and 50 envelopes. We also stamp the name in gold on the front of the Des-Kit. An automatic pencil with extra lead is included, in addition to all the other features that make up Des-Kits #1 and #2. When ordering a Super DeLuxe Des-Kit, be sure to enclose a favorite snapshot so that we can make one to fit the frame of your Des-Kit. **The stationery will be of extra-quality, making this a rich, handsome correspondence outfit that even a General will be proud of.** **Price $7.00**

Extra stationery for the Super DeLuxe Des-Kit includes 100 sheets with the name embossed in gold and 50 envelopes, price is $2.00 extra.

Your choice of insignia—!



HOW TO ORDER:

Des-Kits are made to special order, they will not be shipped C.O.D. Sign your name and address to coupon, checking Des-Kit desired. Enclose money order or check. We ship charges prepaid.

THE WHITELY CO. P. O. Box 1, Station X
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BUY BONDS TO WIN V...—

THE WHITELY CO. Dept. 507
P.O. Box 1, Station X, New York, N.Y.

Accept my order for ☐ No. 1 Des-Kit, $1.50 ☐ No. 2 Des-Kit. Make to order DeLuxe Des-Kit, $2.95. ☐ No. 3 Des-Kit. Make to order Super DeLuxe Des-Kit, $7.00. It is understood that the above outfit will contain all of the items described in this advertisement.

Please fill in insignia desired..............................
Name desired on letterheads and on Des-Kit No. 2 or No. 3
....

If you desire extra stationery, add amount to this order in accordance with description above.

Enclosed you will find $.............................. in full payment. I understand you will make this order up and ship promptly.

NAME..............................
ADDRESS..............................
SPECIAL . . . Don't forget to enclose a snapshot when ordering No. 2 or No. 3 Des-Kits. Snapshot will be returned to sender.